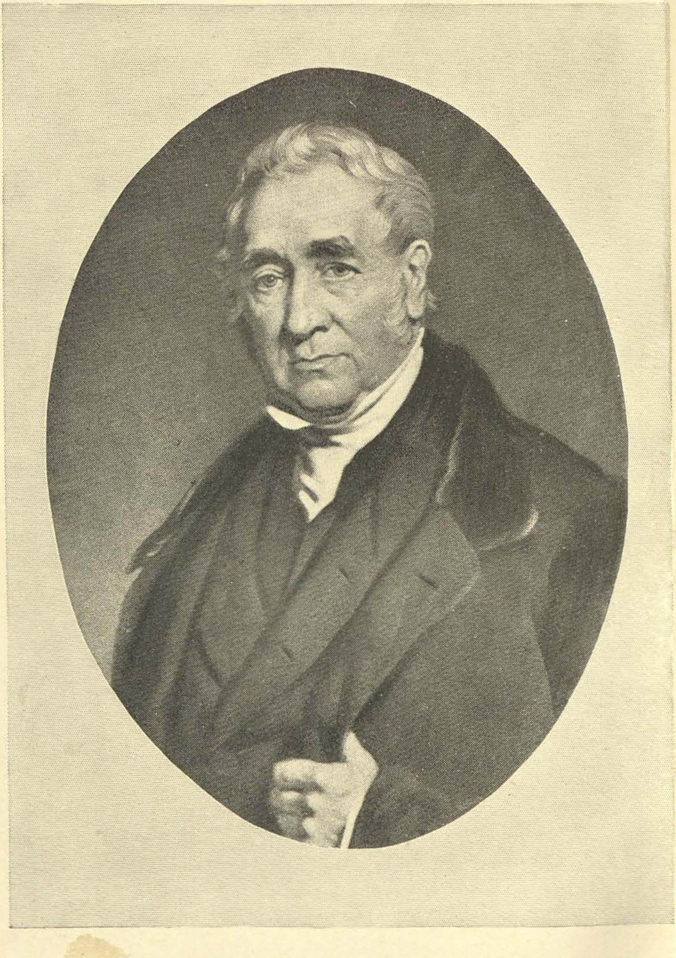
MEN WHO WIN

THAYER



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Aftab Alam.
Senior Camb. 1946

MEN WHO WIN

OR

MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER

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"Round the Hearthstone,"
&c., &c.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York

1908

PREFACE.

THINGS happen because men make them happen. If they waited for them to occur, they would never occur. They who wait for a favourable turn of affairs will wait in vain. They must create the favourable turn desired. God has furnished the faculties, but men must use them; and they must know how to use them, too. They must help themselves or never be helped. The way may not open; they must open it. "Find a way, or make one," is the old maxim, as true as it is old. While they hesitate difficulties multiply, and to win may become impossible. Each man must be "the artificer of his own fortune;" no one else can, and God will not. God created the world, but man must make its history. History is made in no other way. The biographies of the world's achievers constitute the history of the world. Emerson said: "There is no history; it is all biography." It is what men do. They plant, cultivate, and harvest. They conceive and grow mighty enterprises, and build nations. They make their own lives sublime by making the lives of others better. Right is a prominent factor of their success. The greatest courage, the most per-

sistent efforts, the loftiest aim, and the most invincible purpose, are born of a consciousness of acting for the right.

The biographical sketches in this volume have been prepared with the foregoing facts in view. Each subject illustrates our theme. The object is not to show merely that these men were among the world's achievers, but *how* they got there. That they were there is of little consequence compared with how they came to be there. Their occupations were different, but the elements of their success were the same. With the same qualities the mechanic and merchant won as readily as the poet and preacher. The occupation may be humble, but these qualities make it grand. The conditions are divine; the work is human. When the latter is in harmony with the former, the end is sublime.

These sketches prove that "luck" is a myth, and that "good fortune" is but another name for hard work, enlisting the best there is in man. They show, also, that in one's life-work nothing is left to "chance." It is plan, purpose, aiming at the mark and hitting it, that succeeds. There is no "chance" in human life, nor, indeed, can be; but all "the building is fitly framed together:" all else is wreck. Every well-ordered life, accomplishing the purpose of its being, bears faithful witness to this truth. We offer this book as proof.

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

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MEN WHO WIN.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

PASTOR.

THE most romantic things are often found in real life. Men are disposed to look for them in fiction, but fact is often "stranger than fiction." What some men are is often more wonderful than what fiction would represent them to be. The life of many an achiever, put into a story, would be declared fiction by the average reader. Sometimes there is found on the title-page of a book, "Founded on Fact," and it is no credit to the book, for *fact* itself is more attractive and remarkable than that which is simply founded on it.

The foregoing is true of the life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who was born at Kelvedon, county of Essex, England, June 19, 1834. His parents were rich in children, but poor in property. There were seventeen sons and daughters—enough to constitute a colony of Spurgeons in any part of the world. Their parents were godly people, having the one single aim to obey the divine will, otherwise they would have lost heart on finding themselves at the head of such a large

settlement. Happy and content, they reared their large family in the fear of the Lord, with no other aim than to make good men and women of them. They did not expect great things of them, but good things. There were no great men and women among their ancestors, back to time immemorial; but there was a long line of saints, whom God had honoured by accepting their honest and useful labours in his church.

Charles's father must have been a man of much native intelligence, or he would not have been so anxious as he was to educate his children. He denied himself in many ways that his sons and daughters might be educated. He said: "I have frequently worn a shabby coat when I might have possessed a good one, had I cared less for my children's education." He was engaged in some kind of mercantile business until he reached middle life, the profits of which must have been somewhat limited, for family expenses were reduced to the minimum. He never worried, however. He thoroughly believed that the posterity of the righteous would never be found begging bread. So he was ever cheerful and entertaining in his family, never thinking of or asking for a better lot. A daughter wrote the following about him:—

"His sons and daughters were never so happy as when he gathered them around him for recreation, instruction, and devotion. They hailed his return from business and from religious services with delight, for they knew he would not fail to delight them by relating in his own captivating manner the incidents which had come under his observation during the day. Thus pleasant evenings were wisely provided at home, and the temptations which characterize and endanger

modern society were avoided. Those early days of happy family life are remembered with devout gratitude."

This is a graphic picture of a noble father. If the reader does not see the father in Charles, as he peruses the following pages, it will not be because the old adage, "like father like son," is untrue. The likeness is there. As an illustration of the impressive and indelible teaching of his father, Mr. Spurgeon, in the prime of his life, rehearsed the following experience of his childhood:—

"When I was a very small boy in pinafores, and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate-pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often; for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare to ask at home—what, then, was I to do? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts, and tops, and cakes, and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dearson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and perhaps a whole silver sixpence. I would therefore go into debt for a stick of slate-pencil, and be sure to pay for it at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still I screwed my courage up and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed anything before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind dame, and *I was in debt*......How my father came to hear of this little piece of business, I never knew; but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right

earnest. God bless him for it! He was a sensible man, and none of your children-spoilers. He did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what is called financing, and therefore he lectured me severely for getting into debt, saying how like it was to stealing, and how many people were ruined by it, and how a boy who would owe a farthing might one day owe a hundred pounds, get into prison, and bring his family to disgrace. It was a lecture indeed. I think I can hear it now, and can feel my ears tingle at the recollection of it. Then I was marched off to the shop like a deserter marched into barrack, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. How my little heart did declare and vow that nothing should ever tempt me to run into debt again! It was a fine lesson, and I have never forgotten it......Ever since that early sickening I have hated debt as Luther hated the Pope. To keep debt, dirt, and the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish ever since I set up housekeeping; and although the last of the three has sometimes gotten in by the door or the window, yet thanks to a good wife, hard work, honesty, and scrubbing-brushes, the other two have not crossed the threshold. Debt is so degrading that if I owed a man a penny I would walk twenty miles in the depth of winter to pay him, sooner than feel that I was under an obligation. I should be as comfortable with peas in my shoes, or a hedgehog in my bed, or a snake up my back, as with bills hanging over my head at the grocer's, and baker's, and tailor's. Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible."

That his father had the ability to make a deep

impression on the heart of a child is clear as day from this narrative. Hence the manifest evidence of his character and decision in the children. That such a man should enter the ministry after middle life, as he did, is not strange; the only strange thing about it was that he did not become a minister long before he did. But after he entered the ministry he crowded his years with usefulness. He was not a great preacher, but he was faithful.

Of Charles's mother we need only say what his father once told Dr. Ford about her: "I had been from home a good deal, trying to build up weak congregations, and felt that I was neglecting the religious training of my own children while I toiled for the good of others. I returned home with these feelings. I opened the door, and was surprised to find none of the children about the hall. Going quietly upstairs, I heard my wife's voice. She was engaged in prayer with the children. I heard her pray for them, one by one, by name. She came to Charles, and specially prayed for him, for he was of a high spirit and daring temper. I listened until she had ended her prayer, and I felt and said, 'Lord, I will go on with Thy work; the children will be cared for.'"

Although this incident is enough to satisfy the reader about the mother, we may add that she proved herself an unusually useful woman in her husband's flock—quiet, tender, and always in full sympathy with the poor and sick. She endeared herself to all who knew her. After her son had become popular in London, the church at Fetter Lane called his father to its pastorate, where he remained, a neighbour to the great preacher, for many years.

If Charles had not started well in life, with such

parents and such a home, it would have been his own fault. But he appears to have understood his advantages, and improved them. He was by no means a precocious boy; on the other hand, he was accounted somewhat dull, though persistent. Whatever he undertook to do, he did, whether learning a lesson or doing a piece of work. He was neither lazy nor afraid of work. All his tasks were performed. Nor was he given to delays: he could not endure being behind time, at dinner or at school. His school was poor, and kept in a poor place, and yet it was as good as the times permitted. He was homely and awkward, as thick as he was short, so that he was never imperilled by grace or by beauty. He cared less for sports than most of his schoolmates, although he was a boy of spirit.

His paternal grandfather was a minister, pastor of a church at Stamborne, Essex, for fifty-four years—an excellent preacher, and a respected citizen. Charles spent much of his time at his grandfather's in his childhood, where "Aunt Ann" lavished upon him her affection, and instructed him in the common things of life. It was an old manse which the grandfather occupied, large and imposing. In the ample hall there was a large fire-place, over which there was a painting of David contending with Goliath, and this painting made a deeper impression upon him than anything else in the house, save only the kindness of its inmates. Hour after hour he would study this wonderful work of art, and listen again and again to the Bible story which it represented. Here, too, he read the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Book of Christian Martyrs" for the first time, in both of which he became altogether absorbed. His saintly grandmother was a

daily benediction to him, and gladly, Sabbath after Sabbath, he walked with her to the house of God. But there came a Sunday morning when the good old lady said, "I do not feel able to attend service to-day." She remained at home, while the other members went to meeting. She was sitting in the old arm-chair, with the Bible in her lap, and spectacles adjusted, when the other members of the family left the house. On their return she was still there, but her head was bowed on her breast, her spectacles were lying across the Bible, and her finger was pointing to the words, "The hand of God hath touched me." She was dead. The melancholy event caused great sorrow to no one more than to Charles. From that time he had a new idea of death. Coming so suddenly and unexpectedly, and removing one he loved so dearly, his views were entirely changed about it. It became more real to him, and had much to do with turning his thoughts to right living.

Perhaps no quality of his early life was so prominent as his observation, in consequence of which he was very inquisitive He desired to know about everything he saw or handled. Once he was reading the Scriptures at family prayers at his grandfather's, the lesson of the morning being in Revelation, where the "bottomless pit" is spoken of. Charles stopped and inquired, "Grandpa, what can this mean?" The reply was not at all satisfactory to the boy: "Pooh, pooh, child; go on." The next morning Charles selected the same chapter, and when he read again about the "bottomless pit," he repeated his inquiry, and received about the same reply. He selected the same chapter morning after morning until he received a satisfactory answer to his question, "Grandpa, what can this

mean?" Evidently the venerable grandpa's eyes were opened to see that the little fellow's question was proof of an inquisitive mind that ought to be respected. "Well, dear," answered grandpa, "what is it that puzzles you?" The child's response was quite unexpected; for, in substance, it was that baskets without bottoms can hold nothing; how, then, can a pit without bottom hold anybody? "Where would all the people go to?" The gravity of the situation was somewhat disturbed by this turn of affairs, all of which would have been avoided if grandpa had condescended to explain the passage instead of asking the boy what puzzled him.

About this time the celebrated Rev. Richard Knill stayed at Grandpa Spurgeon's over night, and he became very much interested in Charles on account of his inquisitive turn. In the morning he invited Charles to walk with him. They spent two hours in the garden and vicinity, conversing all the while about Jesus and salvation, the preacher answering the questions of the little boy as rapidly as they were put, and that was fast enough. On returning to the house, Mr. Knill said, "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that, when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing,—

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'"

Charles promised, and the grandparents smiled. When Charles H. Spurgeon had become the famous London preacher, he said, referring to the remark of

Knill, "The prophetic declaration was fulfilled. When I had the pleasure of preaching the word of life in Surrey Chapel, and also when I preached in Mr. Hill's first pulpit at Wotton-under-Edge, the hymn was sung in both places."

The foregoing is one of the facts in Spurgeon's life that are stranger than fiction—one of the real things about a human life that surpass the creations of the imagination.

When Charles was fifteen years of age he was sent to a school in Newmarket under the charge of a Mr. Swindell, a noted teacher, who prepared young men for college. The son knew at what sacrifice his father sent him to that school, and he resolved that his application and progress should prove that the money it cost was a good investment. He made the best use of his time and opportunities possible. Here, too, he was converted, the published account of which he once gave to the public. After describing his sense of sinfulness—"the most accursed of all men"—and that he started out for a place of worship on Sunday morning, he said: "I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodists' Chapel. I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's heads ache; but that did not matter, I wanted to know how I might be saved. A very thin-looking man came into the pulpit—Rev. Robert Eaglen—opened the Bible, and read these words, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said, 'Young man, you are in trouble. You will never get out of

it unless you look to Christ.' And then, lifting up his hands, he cried out as I think only a Primitive Methodist could do, 'Look, look, look!' Then he added, with emphasis, 'It is only look!' I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh how I did leap for joy at that moment!"

He began his new life at once. He said to his teacher the next day, "The matter is settled: I must preach the gospel." He commenced work for the Lord among his schoolmates, and called upon neglected families around, to carry the tidings of salvation. His father and grandfather were Congregationalists: should he be the same? he asked himself after a time. He knew somewhat of the Baptists' belief, and he studied his Bible, with what helps he could find, and finally concluded that baptism by immersion was the proper mode, and he must be a Baptist. He conferred with his father and grandfather, both of whom advised him to obey his conscience in the matter; and so he cast in his lot with the Baptist denomination—an example of his conscientiousness and independence of thought and action. His mother said to him, "I have prayed much that you might become a Christian, but I never prayed that you might be a Baptist."

He began to attend prayer-meetings here and there, wherever he could find one. Rising early in the morning, he would pursue his studies with all his might during the day, and, in the evening, look for a meeting. Every evening in the week found him engaged in Christian work. He prayed and exhorted with the earnestness and ability of a veteran, and people were surprised that a "boy" could acquit himself so well. Sometimes he walked eight and ten miles to conduct a prayer-meeting in a neglected

neighbourhood. Doubtless here he laid the foundation of his great work in London, for he was ever looking after the neglected classes, and thousands of them were raised to be honourable and useful citizens through his ministrations. The same earnestness, singleness of aim, self-denial, and unwearied labours that characterized the first year of his Christian life continued to the end of his ministry. The torch that he lighted at sixteen, he bore aloft until he died.

He began to preach before he planned for it. It was on this wise, as told by himself. "I had been asked to walk out to the village of Faversham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening, and on the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labours. 'Oh dear!' said he, 'I never preached in my life. I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you, and I sincerely hope God will bless *you* and *your* preaching.' 'Nay,' said I, 'but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort.' We walked together until we came almost to the place, my inmost soul being all of a tremble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled, and no one else there to speak of Jesus, although I was only sixteen years of age, I found that I was expected to preach, so I did preach."

Evidently it was a contrived plan to test the "boy." He was modest, and did not know that there was preaching ability in him, and friends wanted that he should discover himself. The plan was successful. He had not spoken more than ten minutes before he was in full possession of his faculties, all his fear and

lack of confidence gone, and instead, a degree of fervour, point, and power attended his words that filled his hearers with wonder. The young preacher, too, was fully as much surprised as his hearers. The effort had disclosed two things to him: first, God will help the speaker who looks to Him for his message; and, second, for this reason, preaching is less difficult than he supposed. In other words, the effort made him acquainted with himself. He had no trouble about preaching now, and his labours were in demand. A somewhat new course of reading was opened to him by this experience. He read all the printed sermons he could find, and such books as he thought would assist him in his future chosen profession. He planned, also, to take a collegiate course of instruction. His father strongly recommended this plan. He continued to attend prayer and conference meetings in the evenings, visit the sick, seek personal interviews with a class of the impenitent, and soon he preached somewhere every Sabbath. He was called "the boy preacher."

He was but eighteen years old, and not at all prepossessing in his general appearance. But whenever and wherever he spoke, the people listened with surprise and delight. He was invited to deliver an address at Waterbeach, a short distance from Cambridge, where a Baptist church, so small and poor that the pastor received but twenty pounds as salary, was located. The congregation were greatly pleased, and they called him "the dear, good boy," but did not think of calling him to their pastorate. They were without a pastor at the time, and pastoral work was sorely needed in the families. He went to work among them whenever he could command any time,

and new life soon appeared in the place. He was so industrious, between study and Christian work, that some of the old ladies asked him if he ever slept. The good angel had taken possession of him, so that he knew nothing but service for Christ.

The result was that he was called by the church at Waterbeach to become their pastor just as he was entering upon his nineteenth year. The call was unsought, and at first he was not at all inclined to accept it. He was going to pursue a collegiate course of study, so that it was not possible for him to become pastor of the church. Such was his view of the call, and the people were made acquainted with his decision. But they were importunate, and would not be denied. They pressed their suit with so much earnestness that he made his answer a subject of prayer. He asked the Lord to direct him to the right conclusion. It seemed to him that nothing ought to stand in the way of a college course. But the more and longer he prayed, the more he came to feel that a collegiate education might not be indispensable. It was certain that he must give up Waterbeach or Regent's Park College, one or the other. Could it be possible that the divine will would lead him into the ministry without more preparation? He was disposed to answer the question in the negative. But he continued reflecting and praying. It was a question for God to settle. His father would have advised him to go to Regent's Park College; but he wanted to know what God would advise. While thus perplexed, he was brought to a decision in the following manner, as related by himself:—

"That afternoon, having to preach at a village station, I walked in a meditating frame of mind over

Midsummer Common to the little wooden bridge which leads to Chesterton, and in the midst of the common I was startled by what seemed to be a loud voice, but which may have been a singular illusion. Whatever it was, the impression it made on my mind was most vivid. I seemed very distinctly to hear the words, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.' This led me to look at my position from a different point of view, and to challenge my motives and intentions......I did there and then renounce the offer of collegiate instruction, determining to abide, for a season at least, with my people, and to remain preaching the Word so long as I had strength to do it. Had it not been for these words, I had not been where I am now. Although the ephod is no longer worn by the ministering priest, the Lord guides His people by His wisdom, and orders all their paths in love; and in times of perplexity, by ways mysterious and remarkable. He says to them, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'"

Mr. Spurgeon never regretted his decision. He always felt confident that, had he decided for college, he never would have become pastor of the Tabernacle Church in London, and his great work there never would have been done. He wrote afterwards: "I am more and more glad that I never went to college. God sends such sunshine on my path, such smiles of grace, that I cannot regret if I have forfeited all my prospects for it. I am conscious I held back from the love of God and His cause, and I had rather be poor in His service than rich in my own."

He never undervalued culture—never. He secured to himself the equivalent of a college curriculum by a course of study and reading which he mapped out for

himself. Probably no man ever lived for whom reading did more than for him. It was his education; for he became a scholar of distinction, and was particularly advanced in Greek and Hebrew. Edward Leeding, who was once his tutor, declared that Spurgeon could have taken the university degree on examination at any time after reaching his manhood, of which there can be no doubt. Reading did it chiefly, a fact that is worthy of the serious attention of young people, and all adults who desire to advance in knowledge.

Mr. Spurgeon wrote of his preaching at Waterbeach as follows: "Well I remember beginning to preach in a little thatched chapel, and my first concern was, would God save any souls through me? They called me a ragged-headed boy; I think I was. I know I wore a jacket. I preached, and I was troubled in my heart because I thought, 'This gospel has saved me, but then somebody else preached it; will it save anybody if I preach it?' Some Sundays went over, and I used to say to one of the deacons, 'Have you heard of any one finding the Lord?' My good old friend said, 'I am sure there has been; I am quite sure about it.' 'Oh,' I said, 'I want to know it, I want to see it.' And one Sunday afternoon he said, 'There is a woman who lives over at So-and-so, who found the Lord three or four Sundays ago through your preaching.' I said, 'Drive me over there, I must go directly;' and the first thing on Monday morning I was driving down to see my first convert."

There was a Sunday-school convention in Cambridge a few months after Spurgeon entered upon his pastorate, and he was invited to give a short address. So many duties engrossed his time that he gave little

or no thought to the address until the convention assembled. When his turn came, he made a very brief address and sat down. It was a very feeble effort compared with his Sunday preaching in his own pulpit. But there was a person in the audience who was deeply impressed by his spiritual power; and soon after he met one of the deacons of Park Street Chapel, London, whose attention he called to the "boy preacher." He represented him as being very precocious; that his preaching was as thoughtful and able as that of an experienced minister. The outcome of that casual meeting was that, a few months thereafter, Mr. Spurgeon was called to become the pastor of the London church where the aforesaid deacon officiated.

There is no doubt that he felt honoured by the call from a city church, but he was not vain over it. Nor did he consider it only in the light of duty. He doubted whether he could fill so important a place, and, therefore, whether it was not his duty to decline peremptorily. The following extract from his letter of reply shows with what humble feelings he accepted the call:—

"With regard to a six months' invitation from you, I have no objection to the length of time, but rather approve of the prudence of the church in wishing to have one so young as myself on an extended period of probation; but I write after well weighing the matter, when I say positively that I cannot—I dare not—accept an unqualified invitation for so long a time. My objection is not to the length of time of probation; but it ill becomes a youth to promise to preach to a London congregation so long, until he knows them, and they know him. I would engage

to supply three months of that time, and then, should the congregation fail or the church disagree, I would reserve to myself liberty, without breach of engagement, to retire; and you would on your part have the right to dismiss me without seeming to treat me ill. Should I see no reason for so doing, and the church still retain their wish for me, I can remain the other three months, either with or without the formality of a further invitation; but even during the second three months I should not like to regard myself as a fixture, in case of ill-success, but would only be a supply, liable to a fortnight's discharge or resignation.

"Perhaps this is not business-like—I do not know; but this is the course I should prefer, if it should be agreeable to the church. Enthusiasm and popularity are often the crackling of thorns, and expire. I do not wish to be a hindrance, if I cannot be a help.

"Thus, my dear sir, I have honestly poured out my heart to you. You are too kind. You will excuse me if I err, for I wish to do right to you, to my people, and to all, as being not my own, but bought with a price."

Referring to his beloved people at Waterbeach, he said in another part of the same letter, "Now my heavenly Father drives me forth from this little Garden of Eden; and while I see that I must go out, I leave it with reluctance, and tremble to tread the unknown land before me."

Before he received a call from London, or dreamed of having one, he wrote to his mother of his people thus:—

"I have all that heart can wish for; yea, God giveth more than my desires. My congregation is as

great and loving as ever. During all the time that I have been at Waterbeach, I have had a different house for my home every day. Fifty-two families have thus taken me in, and I have still six other invitations not yet accepted. Talk about the people not caring for me because they give me so little! I dare tell anybody under heaven, ''Tis false! they do all they can.'"

Mr. Spurgeon went to London, and the whole Christian world knows what he accomplished there. But here we will tarry for a moment and look a little more closely at this young man, now twenty years old. He was not spoiled; most youths would have been spoiled by the attentions lavished upon him. He occupied a morally dangerous attitude to the public. Did he himself ever know of a youth before so praised and honoured? Never! Yet he was just as meek and humble as ever, beholding only the hand of God in his exceptional experience. The reason is found in three noble qualities—modesty, humility, and true Christian principle.

From the time he commenced his labours in Park Street Chapel, the place of worship was crowded. Within a few months all the people who came to the Sabbath service could not be accommodated. It was settled that Mr. Spurgeon had fallen into the niche which God ordained he should fill. No doubt many came to hear him because of his youth; but they were surprised by the breadth and depth of his thinking. He was not really an orator; certainly he was not graceful. He was sometimes awkward, and never elegant. Nor was he a sensational preacher, nor time-serving in the least. He was plain, sincere, direct, faithful to rebuke Christians for their shortcomings, and warn sinners "of the wrath to come."

He had something for sinners in every sermon, believing that no other preaching wins souls. A newspaper correspondent describes him in his pulpit, at twenty-three years of age, thus:—

"He is of medium height, at present quite stout, has a round and beardless face, not a high forehead, dark hair, parted in the centre of the head. His appearance in the pulpit may be said to be interesting rather than commanding. He betrays his youth, and still wears a boyish countenance. His figure is awkward, his manners are plain, his face (except when illuminated by a smile) is admitted to be heavy. His voice seems to be the only personal instrument he possesses by which he is able to acquire such a marvellous power over the hearts and minds of his hearers. It is powerful, rich, melodious, and under perfect control. Twelve thousand have distinctly heard every sentence he uttered in the open air; and this powerful instrument carried his burning words to an audience of twenty thousand in the Crystal Palace."

His biographer says: "He could talk interestingly to a ploughman, and once won the highest favour from an audience composed entirely of hawkers or street peddlers. He seemed to be able to enter fully into their sympathies, disappointments, successes, and anxieties; and he found, while speaking, that even their language, which is local and peculiar, flowed spontaneously from his lips......In England there are four or five distinct dialects, and but for a third and more general language, the citizens of one locality would be entirely unable to communicate with those of another. Yet it is said that Mr. Spurgeon, when visiting any one of these localities, where their lan-

guage differed so greatly from that of London, was able to speak so naturally in their own local tongue as to mislead many of his audience as to the place of his birth or residence. Each locality which he visited claimed him as its own, as almost every auditor in his great congregation felt that each sermon Mr. Spurgeon delivered was intended specially for him."

It was necessary to enlarge their place of worship —the new Park Street chapel — and the plan was adopted. Exeter Hall was engaged for the place of meeting while the enlargement was being made. No money had been collected for the purpose, and some of his people thought, for that reason, that the movement was premature. But Spurgeon maintained that money would be forthcoming as it was needed, and such proved to be the case. People in London knew that Exeter Hall would accommodate more hearers than Park Street chapel, and so they flocked to it on the first Sabbath of worship there, and filled it to the door.

The enlargement of the chapel was not near completion before it was perfectly evident that the great numbers desirous of hearing Mr. Spurgeon could not be accommodated in the remodelled sanctuary, and a tabernacle that would seat five thousand worshippers was suggested. But it seemed necessary to try the enlarged place of worship, and note the leadings of Providence. On returning to their largely-increased accommodations, the audience-room overflowed from the first Sabbath. It looked as if the talk about a tabernacle were not idle talk. While Mr. Spurgeon was considering what to do, he received a letter from a gentleman enclosing a liberal donation for a tabernacle that would accommodate five thousand people.

This was more than a hint—it was a special providence; and from that time the tabernacle was assured. On the 16th of August 1859, the corner-stone was laid by Sir Samuel Morton Peto. Its location was among the working people—the class for whom Mr. Spurgeon specially laboured. It was at Newington Butts, among "factories and the humblest dwellings of London mechanics." The whole cost of the building was about thirty-two thousand pounds, and it was paid for, of course, as Mr. Spurgeon continued to have a horror of debt.

We sketch Mr. Spurgeon as pastor instead of preacher, not because his greatness did not appear in the pulpit, but because of the wonderful achievements he wrought as pastor of the Tabernacle Church. It would seem as if a congregation of five thousand people would tax the powers of a pastor to the utmost, without any additional work. But Mr. Spurgeon was a remarkable organizer. He possessed the ability to economize and utilize not only his own time and talents, but also the time and talents of others. He worked like a Trojan himself, and set his own church-members to work with equal success. He could execute as well as organize. He was a self-made man, and therefore eminently practical. His early training was on the line of self-help. Here was why he was ever helping those who would help themselves. It was easy for him to labour thus, almost as easy as it was to breathe. Hence his prodigious work, without a parallel in pastoral success.

He was ever praying and looking for "open doors," and they seemed to open easily on noiseless hinges, one after another. Each one added to his labours, and to his enjoyment as well. One of the first

things that he started, after having organized the working forces of his church as a successful general organizes his army, was the *Sword and Trowel*—a magazine conducted for the class of people whose salvation he sought. He saw an opening to homes and hearts here, and he entered.

Scores of young men were drawn to the Tabernacle to hear him preach. Mr. Spurgeon's sharp eye saw every young man who came. He desired to win this class; his church needed them, and the world needed them. He understood how to reach them. He was young himself; and here was a bond of sympathy between them. The result was that many young men of his congregation were converted every year. Among them were some of ability and decided force of character, who aspired to something higher and better than what they were. Mr. Spurgeon saw a great opportunity here for good. These young men could be fitted to preach the gospel and do other Christian work; but there was no chance for them. There was no institution for just this class; for they had little culture. A "Pastors' College" would meet the want exactly. So the Pastors' College was founded. It began with one pupil, for whom Mr. Spurgeon employed a tutor. Soon there were forty, some of them paying all their bills, but more unable to pay anything. But pay or not, the right kind of young men were admitted to the college.

The college must have a building: how secure it? Mr. Spurgeon thought that here, as in other matters, if he devised a way, the Lord would direct his steps. So he, and those in sympathy with him, besought the Lord. A party sent a thousand pounds to him for the structure. The building was commenced. One

thousand pounds more were added to the fund, and three hundred pounds were raised by the students. Then a gentleman who died left a bequest of five thousand pounds; and the students became solicitors among the men of London, and raised two thousand five hundred pounds more. When the college building was completed, it cost fifteen thousand pounds, and there was a debt of about five thousand pounds on it. But Mr. Spurgeon was not distressed over it long; for, "three thousand pounds toward the payment was given by a lady as a memorial to her husband, and two thousand pounds was left to the college by the will of a stranger who had regularly read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons."

Hundreds of young men have been educated in the college, and are at work as pastors, preachers, and missionaries in all parts of the world. An average of about one hundred annually were graduated here before Mr. Spurgeon's death. Three hundred and fifty-five of them were preaching in Great Britain, and nearly as many more in the United States, not a few of them settled over the largest Baptist churches in both countries. A large number became home and foreign missionaries, and are found in every part of the world where missionary labours are needed.

Other benevolent work grew out of the college. One day Mr. Spurgeon was lecturing to the students upon reading, insisting that no time should be wasted upon books that would not be a real help to them in their chosen work. His wife was present, and, knowing that most of the students and a multitude of ministers in their fields of labour were too poor to purchase necessary books, she proposed to her husband a "Book Fund." It was so practical a proposition

that Mr. Spurgeon adopted it at once, and the "Book Fund" was founded on the spot by a liberal donation from his own pocket. Thousands of preachers, without distinction of sect, have been supplied with books from this fund, which began small like all great things. The recipients are found in all nations. In one of her reports Mrs. Spurgeon says:—

"I recall the first donation which reached me for sending books to poor ministers. It was but five shillings' worth of stamps, yet it was very precious. ......'You'll see,' I said to my boys, 'the Lord will send me hundreds of pounds for this work.' For many a day afterwards mother's 'hundreds of pounds' became a household word of good-humoured merriment and badinage. And now the Lord has made me to laugh, for the hundreds have grown into thousands. He has done exceeding abundantly above what I could ask or even think; and faith, with such a God to believe in and depend upon, ought surely to smile at impossibilities, and say, 'It shall be done.'"

There was his Boys' Orphanage also. He was always welcomed by children. He loved them, and they loved him. His pastoral work brought to light much want and suffering among children as well as adults. He was surprised at the number of fatherless and motherless ones. His heart ached over their tales of woe. What could be done for them? He asked God to open the door; and the door was opened in this way. He published an account of the number and poverty of orphans in London, and the great need of an institution where they could be supported and educated. The article was published in his *Sword and Trowel*, where it was read by a wealthy lady, whose heart was touched. "Perhaps this is my oppor-

tunity," she thought. She made it a subject of prayer, and the result was that she wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, offering to give TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS for an orphanage, if he would found one. Two or three months later Mr. Spurgeon wrote:—

"Let the facts which with deep gratitude we record this month strengthen the faith of believers. In answer to many fervent prayers, the Lord has moved His people to send in during last month, towards the general fund of the orphanage, the sum of £1,075, for which we give thanks unto the name of the Lord. More especially do we see the gracious hand of God in the following incidents: A lady (Mrs. Tyson), who has often aided us in the work of the college, having been spared to see the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage-day, her beloved husband presented her with £500 as a token of his ever-growing love for her. Our sister has called upon us and dedicated the whole amount to the building of one of the houses, to be called the 'Silver-Wedding House.' The Lord had, however, another substantial gift in store to encourage us in our work; for, a day or two ago, a brother believer in the Lord called upon us on certain business, and when he retired, he left in a sealed envelope the sum of £600, which is to be expended in erecting another house. This donation was as little expected as the first, except that our faith expects that all our needs will be supplied in the Lord's own way. The next day, when preaching in the open air, an unknown sister put an envelope into my hand, enclosing £200 for the college, and another £20 for the orphanage. What has God wrought!"

Mr. Spurgeon's plan was to have a number of buildings for the Orphanage, instead of one large building into which all classes and conditions of orphans must be crowded. On the 9th day of August 1867, the corner-stones of three of the houses were laid, named respectively, the "Silver-Wedding House," the "Merchant's House," and the "Working-men's House." The labour on the latter was contributed by workmen who were employed upon the Tabernacle.

Eight different houses were embraced in the plan, and the annual expenses of the eight, when completed, would be at least three thousand pounds. Some of the trustees doubted whether the money would be forthcoming; but Mr. Spurgeon only answered, "It will come," and it did come.

Then followed the "Girls' Orphanage," just as much needed as that of the Boys. The method employed to obtain the necessary buildings was the same as that used for the Boys' Orphanage. In due time the Girls' Orphanage was completed, and occupied. Both the Boys' and the Girls' Orphanage together accommodated five hundred orphans. And here were supported and trained hundreds of girls and boys, many of whom filled places of honour and trust in manhood and womanhood. It is impossible to estimate the benefit of these institutions to the poor of London.

Mr. Spurgeon found the Old Ladies' Home established when he took up his residence in London. It was designed for the poor women of the church, penniless and homeless ones, sixty years of age and upwards. As his congregation increased, and his field of pastoral labour enlarged, the Old Ladies' Home

had to enlarge also. Mr. Spurgeon met with the same success in this department of philanthropic work that he did in others. The importance and value of such a home was appreciated more and more, and it came to be classed with the Orphanage and Pastors' College.

His Colportage Association, a less pretentious society, perhaps, was of great value in its place. In a report Mr. Spurgeon describes its work thus: "Where there are not enough dissenters to support a minister, or where ministers are unable to cover large and scattered districts, the colporteur makes his way with his pack, and speaks a word for Jesus at every door, either by personal conversation or by leaving a tract. Besides this, he preaches by the roadside or in village chapels, gets up temperance meetings, visits the sick, and above all sells good books."

To carry forward the great work, so briefly and imperfectly described, Mr. Spurgeon was a large contributor. When the College, Orphanage, or other institution under his care was in a pecuniary strait, as they often were, his own purse tided them over, and the Macedonian cry for help from any quarter awakened in him a prompt response. Friends presented him with five thousand pounds on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, and he turned it over to the Orphanage fund. On his fiftieth birthday, another five thousand pounds was given to him, and he divided it among the various charities of his church. The large income from the sale of his sermons in Great Britain and the United States, amounting to hundreds of pounds annually, was all expended, with his salary, in the Christian and philanthropic work which we have endeavoured to

explain. Often unpaid bills, incurred by different departments of his noble work, came in, and he paid them without reporting the same to any one, except that he turned over the receipted bills to his wife. The amount of bills paid in this manner rose into thousands. He considered that he was engaged with others in a common cause, to which his talents, time, influence, and money were honestly pledged.

His fiftieth birthday was celebrated, as we have said, when a touching address was presented to him, beautifully embossed, from which we make a single extract:—

"You braved much calumny at the outset of your career, and you have outlived it. The Secularists, who once denounced, now salute you. Where your theology has failed to convert them, your philanthropy has sufficed to enchant them. You are lifted in public esteem above suspicion, as a true man—no traitor or time-server. Your kindness to everybody has made everybody kind to you. You have illustrated the force and the fullness of a divine proverb which has puzzled many a philosopher: 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'"

Mr. Spurgeon lived to see his church number 5,334 members. "There were at that time connected with the church eighteen missions where the gospel was preached, and there were a great number of societies in the church organized to send the gospel to the heathen, support teachers among the poor of London, maintain gospel-wagons for the distribution of tracts and the preaching of the Word, flower missions, and several aid societies."

He went to Mentone, in Southern France, where he

died, in January 31, 1892. There were thirty-seven volumes of his sermons printed in the language of every civilized country on the globe at the time of his death. He had been thirty-eight years in the ministry, and these sermons were preached to his own people during the last twenty-five or thirty years of his life. His great Commentary on the Psalms, known as the "Treasury of David," was received by the Christian public as a standard work, and ministers and Biblical scholars on both sides of the Atlantic accepted it as an authority—a fact that is quite marvellous, when we consider that the author was a self-made man, too busy with other necessary work to make theology a special study. This work comprised seven large octavo volumes. He was the author of quite a number of other religious books which had a large sale at home and abroad.

His funeral was attended in the Tabernacle Church by a throng of as sincere mourners as ever wept over a bier. One of his deacons had said, "Any of us would die for Mr. Spurgeon;" a remark that suggests what oppressive sadness must have borne down all hearts when the last tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the great and good man. Nor was the lamentation confined to his own people. His death was mourned in every land. Clergymen, statesmen, legislators, authors, rulers and ruled, spoke words of tender regard when the news of his death was wired around the globe. A friend of humanity had ceased his labours. There was a void in the affairs of men. Mankind missed him.

One man, and he a poor, obscure, and unpretentious youth at the start, made all the foregoing matters of history happen. Neither man nor money assisted

him to accomplish so much. Single-handed and alone, without college or theological school, he accomplished what the most scholarly minister never achieved, and left behind him a record that challenges all history for its counterpart.

Henry Ward Beecher.

PREACHER.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago children were not specially cared for as compared with to-day. There were no books to instruct parents in the principles of good family government; none printed for children to read, and no papers for them; no juvenile organizations for their benefit; no preaching for them, and no thought that any special line of teaching and training was indispensable to their becoming good men and women. Very short and poor schools were provided for them generally, kept in structures often that would now be condemned as unsuitable shelter for cattle. They were of little or no account until old enough to work on the farm or in the shop.

The subject of this sketch once said, "I think I was about as well brought up as most children, because I was let alone. My father was so busy, and my mother had so many other children to look after, that, except here and there, I hardly came under the parental hand at all. I was brought up in a New England village, and I knew where the sweet flag was, where the hickory trees were, where the sassafras trees were, where the squirrels were, where all those things were that boys seek after; therefore

I had a world of things to do, and so I did not come much in contact with family government."

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. His father was the eminent divine, Dr. Lyman Beecher, a minister of great talents, influence, and worth; a man, too, whose word was law in both family and church. Henry Ward's view of the let-alone system of family government, as well as that of his sister, Mrs. Stowe, may have been substantially correct; but in his particular case we discover one feature of family government that ranks to-day with the best. It is found in the following paragraph from Mrs. Stowe's pen:—

"The childhood of Henry Ward was unmarked by the possession of a single child's toy as a gift from any older person, or a single fête. Very early, too, strict duties devolved upon him; a daily portion of the work of the establishment, the care of the domestic animals, the cutting and piling of wood, or tasks in the garden, strengthened his muscles and gave vigour and tone to his nerves. From his father and mother he inherited a perfectly solid, healthy organization of brain, muscle, and nerves; and the increasing let-alone system under which he was brought up gave him early habits of vigour and reliance."

In this brief paragraph we really find the key to Mr. Beecher's character. His parents may not have studied the science of family government as it is understood at this time, but here is disclosed one of the fundamental principles of good family government; and then, as now, it was so regarded. Mark Mrs. Stowe's words—"*Strict* duties." This implies a rigid parental demand for behaviour on the right line. His father, at least, commanded his household. Know-

ing that early habits of work, obedience, and usefulness would make him a man in the best sense of the word, toys were of no account whatever, nor holidays, nor presents of this, that, and the other thing, because they would not do that. They did not tend to enforce "strict duties." Then, Mrs. Stowe goes on to tell what the "strict duties" were, such as taking care of the horse, cows, and pigs, cutting wood, and working in the garden—a family government that so far was never surpassed in excellence. Had this feature of training been absent, and plenty of toys, games, holidays, and sports, that abound in our day, taken its place, a boy of his love of fun, vigorous will, and juvenile dash, never would have become a great preacher, if he had not made a great rowdy. Those "strict duties," did altogether more than to make "solid brain, muscle, and nerves"—they fortified the soul against the temptations that beset a boy then, as they do now, between twelve and twenty. It was the good start in life on which his whole future career depended. Its value cannot be overstated—"a perfectly solid, healthy organization of brain, muscle, and nerves"—who will deny that this is fundamental work? Without these results of observing "strict duties," Henry Ward Beecher would never have been known as the great preacher.

Henry Ward's mother was a talented and noble woman, but she died when he was three years old. Her place was subsequently filled by a step-mother, who was equally qualified to preside over the Beecher family, which was no inferior task, since there were ten children to manage, Henry Ward being the eighth. A resolute, loving, efficient Christian woman only could have filled the place with

any sort of success. Soon after she was installed as step-mother in the family, she wrote a letter to a friend, from which we make an extract that will convince the reader of her superior qualities.

"It seems the highest happiness of the children," she wrote, "to have a reading circle. They have all fine capacities, I think, and good taste for learning. Edward probably will be a great scholar. Catherine is a fine-looking girl, and in her mind I find all that I expected. Mary will make a fine woman, I think—will be rather handsome, than otherwise. The four youngest are very pretty. George comes next to Mary. Harriet and Henry come next, and they are always hand-in-hand. They are as lovely children as I ever saw—amiable, affectionate, and very bright." Later on she wrote: "George and Harriet go to school to Mr. Bruce and Miss Pierce; Henry and Charles to Miss Osborne, at the new school-house. Charles learns quite fast, and will overtake Henry, who has no great love for his books."

Another element of a good start in life in Henry Ward was his love for his mother. While he was too young, at the time of his mother's death, to remember much about her, he was not too young to love her. He missed her as much as any one of the family, and put many childish questions about her absence. He was told that she had gone to heaven. As he had seen her put into the ground, he supposed that the way to heaven was through the ground, and he decided to go after her. One morning Catherine heard a noise under her window, and looking out, saw Henry Ward with a shovel, digging with all his might. "Why, what are you doing there, Henry?" she inquired, "Why, I am going to heaven to find

ma." Dear, loving child, how he missed his mother! Could his child-heart have been turned inside out, how much of bereaved filial love would have been discovered! The affectionate little fellow would have turned over the whole earth, a shovelful at a time, to get to her. He loved his step-mother also. He was glad when she came, and glad all along thereafter. Strong love for his mother was equal to the "strict duties" as a fundamental principle for a wide-awake boy like him. Without it, his future possibilities would have been seriously curtailed.

Another guiding and uplifting influence to Henry Ward is disclosed in the step-mother's letter about the children. It was that "reading circle," source of "the highest happiness to the children." That was an educating and saving agency in Lyman Beecher's household. Henry Ward Beecher, fifty years thereafter, spoke from experience that dated back to his childhood when he said, "Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it, and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices." Books were not abundant at that day, but Lyman Beecher obtained what he could, because he knew their value to the young. They were a grand substitute for "toys" and "Christmases," and that surplus of plays and games that must fill childhood-life unless something better is provided. Lyman Beecher understood this—he did not blunder into this arrangement. That "reading circle" was a studied, well-planned part of his family government. At the table, as Mrs. Stowe relates, there was no gossip allowed, no senseless talk, no discussion of unim-

portant or worthless matters; but the conversation was about books read, and topics suggested by them; about authors, reforms, and religion, all of which was instructive and elevating. Such an arrangement was not accidental; it was the outcome of parental wisdom, foresight, and decision, without regard to the care, trouble, time, and labour involved. There can be no doubt that this "reading circle," with the conversation that was inseparable from it, had much to do with the remarkable literary career of the family.

When speaking of Henry Ward's love for his mother, we should have quoted an extract from one of his sermons to his people; we will quote it now: "Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of woman? It is because I had a mother; and if I were to live a thousand years, I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to the fact that I had a mother ......No devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember, though I was but three years old when she went singing to heaven......No picture that hangs on prince's wall or in art gallery would I not give, if I might choose, for a faithful portrait of my mother. Give me that above all other pictures under God's canopy."

We discover, too, in this connection, another element of superior family government in the Beecher family. Mr. Abbot says: "The family government was firm and decided, and was administered wholly by the father......consisted in impressing upon the children's minds, the need of willing, cheerful, and quick obedi-

ence. In instances requiring special emphasis, the lesson was conveyed by a severe discipline, always feared and never forgotten, so that a mere word was ever after that effectual in securing prompt obedience, uncomplaining and unquestioning." Solomon has laid down a form of family government that once was considered very wise, and this of the Beecher family appears to have been a good imitation of it. There was nothing indifferent about it; it meant business.

We have, then, so far, four principles of Beecher family discipline that are fundamental. These are, first, the early habit of industry, being obliged to perform daily tasks; second, reading useful books, and discussing them and their authors, instead of talking nonsense and gossiping; third, love for a good mother, such as begets real gratitude for her care and tenderness; and fourth, "quick obedience"—no dilly-dallying about it, but the surrender must be "quick." If this be the "let-alone system" of family government, then let us have more of it; for it is a vast improvement over modern methods of training families. Even Henry Ward, who spoke from experience, said in his manhood that his father's method "was the right way." We wish he had explained how it was that he was brought up well, "because I was let alone."

An incident which Mr. Beecher rehearsed in his manhood sheds much light upon the foregoing. It was as follows:—

"I remember of being very mad once, when I was a boy. I went out to the south side of the house, and, unable to hold in any longer, I gave expression to my feelings in an oath. In a minute the sky looked to me like copper; I thought

my soul was gone for ever. The idea that I had sworn produced a terrible impression of horror upon me. It was the first time I had ever done it. I was brought up to look upon profanity with utter abhorrence, and I was frightened almost out of my wits. I really expected that the house would fall on me, or that the earth would open and let me down. In my terror I started to run, and I fled into the kitchen quicker than I had ever done before. The sweat stood out on me in great drops—I felt the shock all over." Boys of his brightness and spirit are not so troubled about the use of profane words if they live under a let-alone government at home.

We must add one more incident from Mr. Beecher himself, because it fortifies our opinion that he enjoyed an exceptional family discipline, though he dubs it as the "let-alone" policy. His mother had given her consent for him to sit in the gallery with other boys on Sunday; with many admonitions designed to secure the best behaviour. Mr. Beecher says at this point:—

"As I sat there, a martyr of propriety, on a hard seat, one of the roguish boys of the neighbourhood gave me a shove, and pushed me off on the floor, and tore my coat. When I went home the hole in my coat was espied, and my mother said, 'Henry, how came that hole there?' I resolved in my mind what I should say. I wanted to tell her that it was not my fault; and I thought I used the words that would convey that idea when I said, 'O mother, it was done in *fun*.' I did not know what the meaning of *fun* was; but I found out! and I was not allowed for years afterwards to go into that gallery where *in fun* I had torn my coat, though there was not a person in

the church that put forth half the effort that I did to behave."

If such were the "let-alone" government in the Beecher household, what would the other kind have been? It appears to have been just the type necessary for so lively and roguish a boy, filled so full of *fun* that it overflowed. Of course, the same vein of frolicsome temper characterized him through life, but it was so well controlled that it became an element of his power on the platform. But for a firm, wise family discipline, it might have conducted him into folly instead of the ministry.

He derived little benefit from his schools until after he was ten years old First he attended a private school, the chief purpose of which was to keep children out of mischief. Then he patronized the district school, where "the switch and ferule," instead of a "let-alone" administration, struck terror to his soul. He was not a lover of school, though his brightness was quite manifest.

At ten years of age he was placed in the private school of Rev. Mr. Langdron, in Bethlehem, a few miles distant. Here he was not under much restraint, and was allowed to scour the fields and forests to his heart's content, so that his advancement was very limited. His father said, "His writing was bad, his spelling worse, and the smoothness of his Latin recitation showed unmistakable 'cribbing,' the result of necessity and an unwise expedient." At the end of a year he was taken from this school, and soon after placed in his sister's "Young Ladies' School" at Hartford, "the only boy among forty girls."

One incident in Mr. Langdron's school deserves our attention, because it discloses an element of Mr.

Beecher's success on the platform in manhood. His teacher was trying to fasten in his mind the distinction between the definite and indefinite article, and he said, "You can say a man, but you cannot say a men." "Oh yes, I can," Henry replied instantly, "I say it very often, and my father says it at the end of all his prayers." He wanted some "fun" out of that lesson, and the teacher thought he got it. Precisely this characteristic spiced Mr. Beecher's efforts on the platform when he was at his best.

He remained at Hartford less than a year, the result showing a "minimum of scholarly acquirement and a maximum of careless fun and practical joking, although the impression prevailed that only the spur of necessity was needed to arouse a dormant ability, the existence of which no one doubted."

His father was called to a pastorate in Boston, which made Henry's removal thither necessary. He was twelve years old at the time, with an enterprising spirit that needed the broad acres of the country to range, instead of being cramped up within the walls of a city. He loved nature as few children ever did, and there was no nature in the city for him to love. He disliked the change. He was placed in the Latin school, where his dislike of city life was increased. He acquitted himself quite well in his several classes, because he was obliged to do it, but was dissatisfied, and became irritable and discontented. His father endeavoured to quiet his restless spirit by providing him with such thrilling biographies as the lives of Lord Nelson and Captain Cook. But the effect of reading these books of wonderful adventure seems to have awakened a desire for a seafaring life, about which he began to talk much. That he was in

a perilous situation at this time there could be no question. He wrote about it himself, forty years after, as follows: "I recollect three or four instances in which it seems to me that if certain occurrences had not taken place just as they did, I should have been overthrown. If I had not been taken out of Boston at the time, as I was, I do not see what would have prevented me from going to destruction."

He was so decided upon a seafaring life that he took a singular method to acquaint his father of his plans, not daring to speak to him directly on the subject. He wrote a letter to some one with the understanding that it should get into his father's hand, and it did. Understanding the boy thoroughly, his father adopted a wise disposition of the case. "Well," he said to Henry, "it may be a good thing for you to take a voyage, but you need to know more of mathematics, and to study navigation before you go. You must be prepared for so important a step."

Henry was happily disappointed, the result was so different from what he anticipated. His father's suggestion, too, was reasonable; he could find no fault with it if he tried. At once he accepted the suggestion, and soon was a member of Mount Pleasant School in Amherst, Massachusetts. The teacher into whose charge he was specially given was a genial, bright, and lively young man—just the one to capture such a boy as Henry. He saw immediately that his new charge was no ordinary boy; that he possessed a high order of talents, and a warm, hearty, affectionate nature, and he managed him accordingly. Under his wise instruction and discipline, Henry made rapid progress in his studies, and enjoyed them too. He had some trouble with his voice—not stammering, but a

thick, indistinct utterance, to remove which he studied elocution under Professor J. E. Lovell. His improvement on every line of culture was satisfactory, and he was quite another youth under the inspiring renewal of country life and the care of teachers who knew how to handle him. The sweet, humorous part of his being asserted itself anew, and a happier, more industrious, and faithful pupil was not found in the school. In his satisfaction and growing love of study he forgot all about a seafaring life, and began to talk about going to college. Of course, he was encouraged in all such plans, and found admirable helpers in his teachers.

Near the end of his first year at Amherst there was a revival of religion in town, and many of the pupils became interested, among them Henry Ward. His conversion was marked, and he came forth a bright, joyous, working Christian youth. Now his thoughts were turned to the ministry, and his soul was on fire with religious enthusiasm. Subsequently, he united with his father's church in Boston, and returned to Mount Pleasant School to prepare for college. He pursued his preparatory course with so much vigour and thoroughness that he might have entered the second-year class, but his father thought that if he entered Freshman, he would find more leisure time for reading, in which he had become deeply interested.

In college he was very popular, because of his genial qualities. He attended to his duties as a student with becoming fidelity, and conducted himself as a Christian young man should. His standing in his class was not high, except in the rhetorical department. Here his brilliant talents appeared at their

best. Both faculty and classmates regarded him as a very gifted young man. His wit and humour had free course in college, and everybody enjoyed it fully as much as he did. Yet, he remembered his church vows, and conducted himself as a follower of Christ. One of his classmates—Thomas P. Field—spoke thus of him in college:—

"I first felt Beecher's power in the class prayer-meeting. On the first meeting I attended, Beecher was present, and made an exhortation on the duty of labouring for a revival of religion in the autumn term. There had been, I think, a revival in the previous spring term. He thought it wrong to suppose there could not be a revival of religion again so soon. I was struck with the fluency of his speech, with the earnest Christian feeling, and with the power and impressiveness with which he spoke. His extemporaneous speech, even when he was a student, was always able and eloquent." Mr. Field adds: "Beecher was interested, even in college, in matters of reform. He was then decidedly anti-slavery in his views, and totally abstinent in opinion and practice in respect to the use of intoxicating drinks. He had then, as he always has had since, a decided vein of humour and love of fun. And you would often see on the chapel steps a large number of fellows around Beecher, when there would be sure to be continuous roars of laughter."

Some time in his second year at college there was another revival of religion, and Henry Ward entered into it with all the fervour of his religious nature, and came out of it with a richer Christian experience than ever. Now he began to preach. He went out to a village a few miles away, where there was neither

church nor preaching, and conducted a service Sabbath after Sabbath. There is no doubt that this Christian work was of great value to him, developing his ability to speak in public, and bringing him into sympathy with a class who needed the gospel. His hearers were wonderfully pleased with him; some of them wished that the professors in the college, and the settled ministers in the vicinity, could preach as well as "this college-boy."

We must not allow the reader to lose sight of that home "reading circle" in Connecticut, for here in Amherst College its good influence appeared. We have said that Henry Ward did not stand high in his college studies, except in the rhetorical department. It was not because he could not have stood at the head of his class had he coveted the honour, but he believed that a systematic course of reading, selected with special reference to his own intellectual gifts, would be of far greater advantage to him than the regular studies in the course. So, while he stood well in the prescribed course, he saved all the time possible for reading. He believed that a liberal course of reading should be included in the college curriculum, and that the time would come when it would be included. That he was right is proved by his phenomenal success as a public speaker. He made little use of his college studies in the ministry, but more use than ever of reading. On this he depended for knowledge, inspiration, and success. On this point Mr. Field says: "I was not impressed with his recitations at all. Indeed, I knew very well that he had no desire, and made no effort, to be a good recitative scholar. He always argued against the study of mathematics, maintaining that it

afforded no good discipline for the mind, and gave himself, as it was understood, more to general reading than to the prescribed course of study, because he thought that was the best way to cultivate the mind."

After he had graduated at Amherst College, he entered Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, to pursue his theological studies. His father, perhaps the most widely-known theologian in the whole country, then presided over that institution. It was for this reason that Henry Ward went there instead of to Andover or Yale. He was happy in this new field of study, although he believed that too much attention was given to denominational dogmas, and not enough to practical religion. On entering the seminary, Professor Stowe, his brother-in-law, inspired him "with the idea," as Mrs. Stowe wrote, "of surveying the books of the Bible as divinely-inspired compositions, yet truly and warmly human, and to be rendered and interpreted by the same rules of reason and common sense which pertain to all human documents." This exactly met Henry Ward's religious views and feelings, although it led him to discard some teachings of his father. He was an independent thinker in theology as he was in any branch of knowledge, and Professor Stowe's counsel tallied with his previous line of thought, and encouraged him to press forward, for Mrs. Stowe wrote of her brother's aim on entering the ministry, thus: "To present Jesus Christ personally as the Friend and Helper of Humanity; Christ as God impersonate, eternally and by a necessity of His nature helpful and remedial and restorative; the Friend of each individual soul, and thus the Friend of all society—this was the one thing which his soul rested on as a worthy object in entering the ministry."

On completing his theological studies, he accepted the first call, which was from a small place near Cincinnati—Laurenceburg. The reader may get an idea of the place from Mr. Beecher's description of it twenty years after. "I remember," he said, "that the flock which I first gathered in the wilderness consisted of twenty persons. Nineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing. I remember the days of our poverty, our straitness. I was sexton of my own church at that time. There were no lamps there, so I bought some, and I filled them and lit them. I swept the church and lighted my own fire. I did not ring the bell, because there was none to ring. I opened the church before prayer-meetings and preaching, and locked it when they were over. I took care of everything connected with the building. And do I not remember every one of those faces? I think there are but two persons among them who did not earn their daily living by actual work, and these were not wealthy—they were only in moderate circumstances. We were all poor together. And to the day of my death I never shall forget one of those faces or hear one of those names spoken without having excited in my mind the warmest remembrances. Some of them I venerate, and the memory of some has been precious as well as fruitful of good to me down to this hour."

We learn from the foregoing something more than the character of that church organization; we learn much about the young pastor. He had no ambition for a large and wealthy church, as most young ministers of so much ability would have had. He entered the first door that was opened, and did the work nearest at hand—an almost indispensable spirit

to success in any pursuit. Not the least exhibit of conceit or vanity is traceable so far in his study and work, a circumstance that added largely to his influence. Conceit has upset the plans of many a talented young man who otherwise would have made great things happen. But conceit never made one good thing happen, and never can. Humility and faith in the gospel invested young Beecher with power.

He did not labour long in Laurenceburg, however. His reputation as a preacher spread abroad, and the members of a church in Indianapolis heard of him. They had no pastor, and they sought Mr. Beecher, heard him, liked him, and called him. Here in Indianapolis he grew more popular than ever. Here he studied men more than he ever did, and his sermons became more practical than ever. It was here that he delivered his famous lectures to young men, that were printed and sold throughout the world. Indianapolis was then known more for its wickedness than for its goodness. The city abounded with drinking saloons and gambling dens into which young men by the hundred were drawn and ruined. The lectures were to sound the alarm to young men, and arouse the good people of the city to the fearful peril; and they accomplished the purpose. The discourses evinced a remarkable acquaintance with human nature as well as with the actual condition of the city. Many gamblers heard them. One of them said to Mr. Beecher, "How could you describe the thing so correctly unless you had been there?" Mr. Beecher's ready humour flashed here, and he said, "How could you know that my description was correct unless *you* had been there?"

His was a pleasant, happy pastorate in Indianapolis. On speaking of it, many years afterwards, he said, "How many times I think of five or six rare, beautiful, sainted ones who sent me messages from the other side—I think they were half-way across at any rate—that my preaching of Christ was true; that they had gone so far they felt it to be true! I felt as though they were messages from heaven itself. And shall I have under my own roof spirits that are more sacred to me than these?"

About the close of the eighth year of his ministry, he received a call from Park Street Church of Boston, and from Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. His heart was drawn towards Boston; but the physicians decided that the location and climate of Brooklyn were more favourable for Mrs. Beecher, who was an invalid. Therefore he accepted the call from Brooklyn, and commenced work there, October 10, 1847. From that date begins the history of the most remarkable pastorate in American annals. As an orator, lecturer, preacher, and, we may add, Christian statesman, his record was absolutely unparalleled. We call him PREACHER in this sketch rather than Pastor, because he was eminently a preacher, and desired to be so regarded by the public. He said to his people:—

"I am, in the providence of God, so circumstanced in reference to public speaking, which seems to be my speciality that I put my whole strength into that, and give up everything else to it. Paul said that he could not administer ordinances, and that still less could he observe tables, because his call was to preach, and it would seem as though my call was to confine myself to public speaking. Therefore I cannot follow out any detail of friendships and acquaintanceships

with the different members of my congregation; but that does not prevent my feeling the strongest heart-yearnings towards them."

His popularity as a preacher brought calls for sermons at ordinations and installations, religious anniversaries and conventions, as well as lectures on the reforms of the day, from every part of the land—many more calls than it was possible for him to accept. There was no speaker so stirring upon the reforms of the day as he, so that here a door was opened to great usefulness, and he responded to many calls. He was enthusiastic and fearless for the right at a time when reformers took their lives into their hands in carrying on their work. Once Wendell Phillips was advertised to speak in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on a given night, and, when the time arrived, the authorities refused to open the hall, because a mob had broken up an anti-slavery meeting in New York a few days before. Mr. Beecher opened his church for the meeting, and gave Mr. Phillips a hearty welcome. On the next Sabbath, in his sermon, he administered so hearty a rebuke to the city governments of New York and Brooklyn for yielding to mob-violence that the anti-slavery friends were not again refused the Academy of Music in Brooklyn or a hall in New York. He was a mighty power in the anti-slavery reform. He, through his pulpit, and his sister, Mrs. Stowe, through her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," did vastly more than any other family in the land to overthrow slavery.

His humour bubbled over in his pulpit, and some ministers and others criticized him for it. But Dr. William Taylor took a common-sense view of the matter when he said: "This power is possessed by

him in large measure, and, like everything else about him, it is perfectly natural. He never goes out of his way to say a funny thing, nor does he ever say a thing for fun's sake, for it is with him a power more telling than the artillery of logic."

As in college he put in practice his father's idea of reading, so in the ministry it was his chief dependence as a preparation for his work. He was wont to take a book to the table with him, and read between the courses. In this way he read Froude's "History of England." He filled every vacant space in his portmanteau with books whenever he left home on a business or lecture trip. It was reading, reading, reading, not for entertainment, but for aid in his pulpit efforts.

He did not prepare his sermons as other preachers do. He always had on hand topics to read up and study, jotting down thoughts and incidents, perhaps arguments and analyses. The whole week was spent in reading, investigating, and thinking over the topics of his morning and evening sermons for the next Sabbath; but he did not prepare his sermon until Sunday morning. Then he made an outline, or brief, filling it up from his notes of the previous week, and writing whatever he desired and his time would permit. In the afternoon he prepared his evening sermon in the same way. He found many of his subjects on the street, noting business methods, studying men, and catching remarks of people whom he met. Everywhere his experience and observation gathered material for his discourses. If he did not find "sermons in stones," he did find them in Wall Street and on 'Change, in houses and shops, on steamers and railroad trains, and wherever humanity, in traffic or

pastime, was met. Some such method was indispensable for a preacher with so many demands upon his time. He once said, "I never dare, nowadays, to write a sermon during the week; that always kills it. I have to think around and about it, get it generally ready, and then *fuse it* when the time comes."

In 1873 he was to make an address at the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association. When the hour arrived he had made no preparation, so many demands had been made upon his time. But another speaker was to address the assembly first. While this speaker was entertaining the audience, Mr. Beecher took his pencil, and wrote the outline of his address upon the back of a programme. The report of the society for that year contained the following reference to his address:—

"The speech of Mr. Beecher, in which many of his friends thought he surpassed himself, was so far extempore that the notes for it were written after he entered the church on the blank leaf of an 'order of exercises' which he found in the seat. We exceedingly regret that no full report was taken of it, for it deserved a larger audience than that which listened to it, large as that was."

Mr. Beecher's ability was many-sided. In journalism, the author of the "History of Journalism in America" says he was "one of the two great editors of the United States." His experience in this department was long and remarkable. Before he accepted the call to Brooklyn he had experience in editorial work, both in Cincinnati and in Indianapolis. But it was after he settled in Brooklyn that he became known—first as the editor of the *Independent* and subsequently of the *Christian Union.* The anti-slavery conflict was

raging when he went to Brooklyn, and his whole soul was enlisted in the cause. Before becoming editor of the *Independent*, he was a weekly contributor to its columns, and his articles made the paper famous, especially his articles upon slavery and the way to abolish it. He was greatly exercised over the pro-slavery attitude of statesmen like Clay and Webster, ministers like Drs. Adams and Blayden of Boston, and religious journals like the *New York Observer* and *Boston Recorder*. Compromise measures were before the country, and such proposed outrage upon humanity as the Fugitive Slave Law—enough to stir the soul of a man like Beecher to its lowest depths. His editorials, like his speeches, were all ablaze with fiery condemnation of compromise with American slavery. He dared to say in print, as in speech, what was in his heart. Abuse, criticism, ostracism, mobs, served only to arouse his genius to nobler deeds. His points were telling, his exposures apt. Like bullets, his burning words went straight to the mark. He never missed. He brought down his game with every shot. His influence was felt widely and deeply. His ability, aptitude, and power as an editor were conceded by all lovers of freedom.

As a platform orator he was without a peer. And this is a remarkable fact when we remember what was said of his indistinct and disagreeable utterance when he was in the Mount Pleasant School at Amherst. Mr. Beecher once wrote about it thus:—

"I had from childhood a thickness of speech, arising from a large palate, so that when a boy I used to be laughed at for talking as if I had pudding in my mouth. When I went to Amherst, I was fortunate in passing into the hands of John Lovell, a teacher of

elocution; and a better teacher for my purpose I cannot conceive. His system consisted in drill, or the thorough practice of inflections by the voice, of gesture, posture, and articulation. Sometimes I was a whole hour practising my voice on a word, like 'justice.'"

That a youth should overcome such an impediment in his speech, and become, in his early manhood, the prince of orators, speaks well for his resolution and perseverance. We need not go back to Demosthenes for an example of patient drill to overcome a born trouble, for here is one close at hand, inspiring enough to beget hope in the heart of even the dullest student.

The South was indignant over Northern assaults upon slavery, and threatened to dissolve the Union. Congress was controlled by Southern slaveholders, who carried their infamous measures to protect and perpetuate slavery, with the assistance of some Northern members, who feared their shadows. Fugitives were seized even in Boston, and carried back to their chains in the south. Great excitement prevailed. Many good men favoured compromise with the evil. For the sake of peace, thousands of pulpits were silent and thousands of journals non-committed. The nation was in peril. The common people needed to be aroused and instructed. Who could arouse and instruct them? One man above all others was thought of—Henry Ward Beecher. His people voted him several months' absence, and he was sent forth to blow a blast for liberty that was heard from Maine to California. Fearless, honest, true to his convictions, his speeches were trumpet-tongued, and they rallied the yeomanry of the North to avert the danger.

Subsequently he visited England to instruct the working-class, and enlist their sympathies for the

loyal North. Politicians had misled them. The example of the wealthy and aristocratic men had inclined them to favour the Southern cause. Parliament itself was bitterly arrayed against the North, and the prospect was that the Southern Confederacy would be recognized by the English Government. At this juncture, Mr. Beecher went to England to set the common people right. High officials and dignitaries of various ranks declared that he should not speak in England. They threatened to mob him and kill him, or drive him out of the country, if he made the attempt. The streets of Manchester, where he made his first speech, were placarded in flaring letters, threatening violence to him should he appear in Manchester Hall. The two gentlemen who escorted him from the station told him of the great excitement in the city as they passed the threatening placards. Read what Mr. Beecher said about it:—

"The streets were all placarded in blood-red letters, and my friends were very silent, and seemed to be looking at me to see if I would flinch. I always feel happy when I hear of a storm, and I looked at them and said, 'Well, are you going to back down?' 'No,' said they, 'we didn't know how you would feel.' 'Well,' said I, 'you'll find out how I'm going to feel. I'm going to be heard, and if not now I am going to be by-and-by. I won't leave England until I have been heard.'" And he was heard after the mob-element of the vast audience had tried for an hour and a half to silence him. He said to them: "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every county and principal town in the kingdom of Great Britain. I am not

going to be broken down nor put down. I am going to be heard, and my country shall be vindicated." The martyr spirit of the man may be learned from his description of the scenes through which he had passed: "I had worked for my country, God himself being witness, with the concentrated essence of my very being. I expected to die. I did not believe I should get through it. I thought at times that I should certainly break a blood-vessel or have apoplexy. I did not care. I was as willing to die as ever I was, when hungry or thirsty, to take refreshment, if I might die for my country."

Mr. Beecher's herculean efforts in England for his country changed the whole current of affairs. From that time the mass of her population stood squarely with the North in its fight for freedom.

After the civil war closed, Mr. Beecher lectured much through the country upon topics that were suited to the times. In 1883, under the auspices of Mr. J. B. Pond, he made a lecture tour to Washington Territory, thence to San Francisco, Colorado, Utah, Texas, Alabama, and Georgia. He travelled eighteen thousand five hundred miles, and lectured seventy-five times. He made a similar tour through England, where he was welcomed with open arms, and received more applications to lecture than he could possibly accept.

In his lecture tour south with Mr. Pond, he was engaged to speak in Richmond, Virginia. On reaching that city, one of the first things that he saw was a circular or poster reading thus:—

"Shall Beecher be allowed to speak in Richmond? The brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin!' Henry Ward Beecher, who

sent the Sharp's rifles to Kansas! Henry Ward Beecher, who helped to dig the graves of millions of our best sons of the South! Henry Ward Beecher, who has been false to his country, false to his religion, and false to his God! Shall this man be allowed to speak in Richmond?"

A crowd went to hear him. The Board of Trade, the legislature which was in session, and several organizations, voted not to attend his lecture, and to prevent all the people they could from going; but they were all there, even the legislature in a body, filling the hall clear out to the steps. Mr. Beecher lectured on "Hard Times," and there was an attempt made to interrupt him at first, but in five minutes he held the great audience spell-bound, and spoke two hours and a half.

Mr. Beecher's death was unexpected to himself, family, and public. He had returned from a European trip much improved in health, and was arranging to prepare the second volume of his Life of Christ for the press, also his Autobiography—quite an amount of extra work to take upon himself for a man of his years. He must have felt quite vigorous to undertake so much, and he said that his health was good. In response to the inquiry, "Going to Europe for your health?" "Health!" he exclaimed, "I have so much health now that I don't know what to do with it." Yet he was stricken down with apoplexy the next day, and after lingering for a few days he passed away. A few days before, he was with Rev. Lindsay Parker, who said to him, "Now, tell me, Brother Beecher, frankly, are you really glad to be getting near the end of it all? Do you like to think that your great work, your fame, the excitement, the ap-

plause, and all that, will soon be done with for ever? Wouldn't you, if you might, begin again, and go through it once more, and have you really no shrinking from death?" "No, no," Mr. Beecher replied, "I wouldn't have it otherwise. God knows that I am glad to be getting near home. I've had a long, full life; my work is almost done. I've enjoyed the world, and life, and my work—yes, I've enjoyed it all." After a pause he added, "Not that I would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Fitting words with which to close a life so full of labours and achievements!

He died March 8, 1887, after lingering five days in a state of unconsciousness. News of his attack of apoplexy had spread over the land, causing sadness and sorrowing everywhere. More people had listened to his eloquent words than ever listened to any other man; for his audiences, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, had been phenomenal for numbers. Tens of thousands of people mourned that he must die. They knew that death must follow apoplexy, and waited with bated breath for the next message that would be wired over the continent. The demise of a governor or a president would not have created a wider and more sincere demonstration of sorrow than did his death. His relations to the country had been such that statesmen and patriots received the sad tidings with profound grief. Men of science and letters, patrons of education, and friends of humanity everywhere paid loving tribute to his memory.

For nearly two days before his burial, his body lay in state before the altar in Plymouth Church, and more than one hundred thousand people viewed his remains. They were not a curious throng, but friends,

acquaintances, and true admirers of the dead preacher's heroic life-work for God and his fellow-men. It was the last tribute of respect they could pay to the memory of one who had done so much for his race. Dr. Charles H. Hall said, as he stood beside the bier, before it was removed to the church, "There was no man whom I have ever met or heard of, or whose works I have ever read, who impressed me so deeply with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He was a man of men, the most manly man I ever met; but he was also a man of God in a pre-eminent sense of the word."

Thomas Arnold.

SCHOOLMASTER.

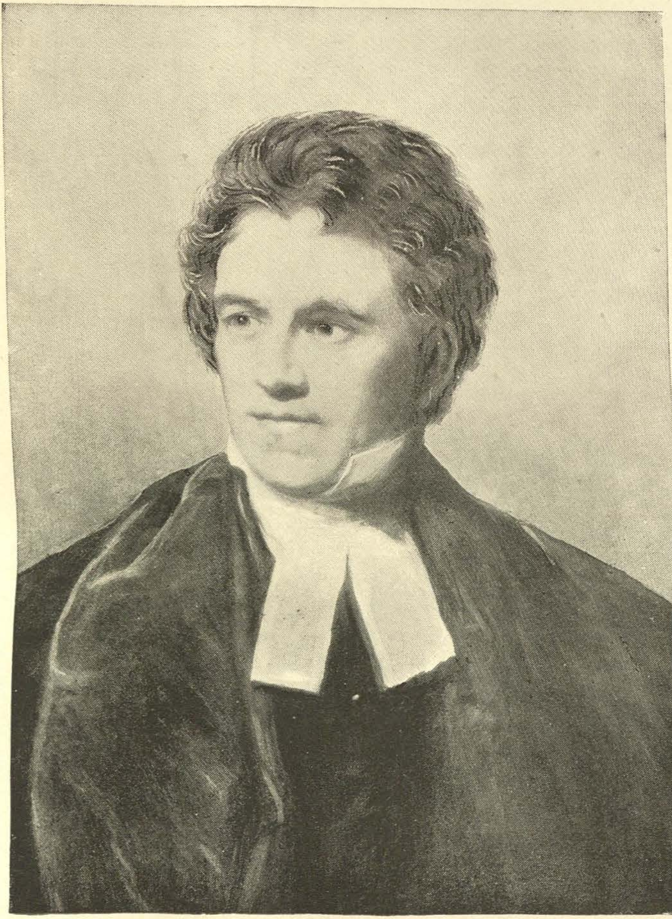
A FRIEND of Dr. Arnold was told that he had accepted the mastership of Rugby school. "What a pity," he replied, "that a man who might be a great statesman should spend his time on schoolboys!" It is quite evident that the speaker undervalued professional teaching. A schoolboy was not much of a character with him; the statesman was. Forgetting that the latter was a schoolboy before he was a statesman, he let drop the aforesaid thoughtless remark. He belittled, too, the work of a schoolmaster—a work that busies itself at the springs of life, just when that life bears its most important relations to manhood. Dr. Arnold's career proved that schoolmasters make statesmen.

Thomas Arnold was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 13th day of June 1795. He was the seventh child in a large family of sons and daughters, several of whom died before Thomas attained his majority. His father was collector of the customs at Cowes; an intelligent, Christian man, who made his home a pleasant and attractive retreat for all the family. He died very suddenly when Thomas was six years old, bringing great sorrow into the household. His mother courageously accepted

the additional responsibilities which the death of her husband imposed upon her, and, like the Christian woman that she was, devoted herself with true consecration to the highest good of her children.

Thomas was a remarkable boy. When a mere child, the evidence of a strong, vigorous mind appeared. His father saw, before he died, that Thomas promised even more than he dared to express. For this reason, the whole care of him, after Mr. Arnold's demise, was committed to his mother's sister, Miss Delafield. She was a member of the family, a cultured, Christian lady, whose love for Thomas was not less sincere than that of his mother. She was abundantly qualified to direct all his studies, and to train him in the way he should go. She was deeply interested, also, in this kind of work, and gladly assumed the trust as a pleasant occupation. It was equally agreeable to Thomas, for, next to his mother, his aunt shared his strongest affections. He never questioned her counsels; her word had the authority of law. No doubt Miss Delafield's discipline had much to do with his methods and success at the Rugby School thirty years thereafter.

Thomas could read well at three years of age. Judging from the books he used, he must have been able to comprehend subjects in his childhood that were far above the abilities of other boys. His father made him a present on his third birthday of Smollett's "History of England," "as a reward for the accuracy with which he had gone through the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the successive reigns." We are not quite sure how much this means, but it certainly indicates that he was a very precocious child. Another statement may throw



THOMAS ARNOLD.

light upon it: "At the same age he used to sit at his aunt's table arranging his geographical cards, and recognizing by their shape at a glance the different counties of the dissected map of England." This fact shows that his young head carried a large brain, and that his aunt had good reason for prophesying great things concerning his future.

His childhood in the Isle of Wight was made familiar with naval and military affairs, as it was a time of war. These things made a deep impression upon his mind, so that his early sports were in the military line. He sailed miniature warships at the foot of his father's garden, and acted mimic war with playmates, armed with wooden weapons. As he grew older, and became familiar with Homer's "Iliad," he impersonated Homer's heroes, and fought battles, rendering them more real by reciting the speeches of the old Grecian warriors.

His memory was singularly retentive from his earliest childhood. He never forgot anything that was told him. Even dates and names he retained after once being told. Unlike most children, he was never heard to say, "I forgot," when reminded of a breach of wholesome counsel. He was uniformly obedient; if an exception ever occurred, it was not chargeable to forgetfulness. Almost anything belonging to history and geography his memory retained, after it was once learned. In this respect he was quite a prodigy even when a child.

He was sent to Warminster School when he was eight years old. Dr. Griffiths was the principal, whose reputation as a teacher won a good name for the institution. He was assisted by a corps of competent instructors. Here Thomas spent four years,

in which he made rapid advancement, and endeared himself to his teachers. Each year Dr. Griffiths discovered more and more of talent and worth in him; and each year Thomas became more and more attached to the school. On completing the course of study he found that he was bound to the school by very strong ties of love. It cost him a good deal of feeling to quit it.

He went to Winchester at twelve, where he entered as a "commoner," afterwards becoming a scholar of the college. Higher studies and harder work awaited him here, all of which he enjoyed as only a thoughtful, aspiring, and gifted pupil could. In some respects he became more social and genial here; there was less reserve in his intercourse with his schoolmates, and he was more inclined to engage in sports with them. Here he produced a play in which his classmates figured, and it was regarded as a remarkable production for a boy to compose. About the same time he wrote a poem on "Simon de Montfort," in imitation of Scott's "Marmion," which attracted much attention. There was another boy in school of the same name, and, in order to distinguish the one from the other, Thomas was called Poet Arnold. It was not new for him to write poetry; for he wrote a short tragedy in blank verse when he was seven years old, on "Percy, Earl of Northumberland," suggested by Home's play of "Douglas." The language and structure of the play were worthy of an adult author.

It does not appear that there was occasion to reprove him during his connection with this institution, except for one thing. He was not inclined to rise early enough, although he was a boy of much force. In his childhood it was thought best for him to sleep

in the morning as long as he could, for sleep would do him more good than early rising. So he formed the habit of lying in bed in the morning, and it required considerable will-power to break the habit later on. But he did overcome the habit, so that it was no trial for him to be prompt in the morning. He was a boy of much will—perhaps he was obstinate at times; but this trait was a great help to him through life. He was independent, could say "no" to temptation with emphasis, and do right whether his schoolmates did or not. He was very fond of reading, and at Warminster read many books that contributed to his enjoyment and profit. At Winchester he was systematic in his reading, never allowing it to encroach upon his time for regular studies. He read Dr. Priestley's "Lectures on History" the first year he was at Warminster, at eight years of age; and now, at Winchester, he took up Russell's "Modern Europe" and Gibbon's and Mitford's histories. He read them so thoroughly and profitably that the results appeared to great advantage in the last ten years of his life, as we shall see when we speak of that period. The literary work that he did from twelve to sixteen years of age laid the foundation for what he did at forty. At one time he devoted his reading to the fifteenth century, and made himself very familiar with that period in its relation to subsequent centuries. This fact shows that he had very mature ideas about the best methods of culture for a youth of his age.

He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a few months before his sixteenth birthday. In two years "his name was placed in the first class in Litteræ Humaniores; in the next year he was elected Fellow

of Oriel College, and he gained the Chancellor's prize for the two university essays, Latin and English, for the years 1815 and 1817." His industry and application were noticeable by professors and students. He did not rely upon his high order of talents to carry him through without the best work he could put into his studies. He knew that even talents can win only by heroic endeavour. Then, too, he was specially interested in the courses of study pursued here, and so enjoyed himself far more than ever before. This, of course, was a stimulus to him in the higher and more important work in hand. A classmate, Mr. Justice Coleridge, wrote of him, as a student of Corpus Christi, thus:—

"He was a mere boy in appearance as well as in age; but we saw in a very short time that he was quite equal to taking his part in the arguments of the common room; and he was, I think, admitted by Mr. Cooke at once into his senior class. As he was equal, so was he ready to take part in our discussions; he was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument; fearless, too, in advancing his opinions, which, to say the truth, often startled us a good deal; but he was ingenious and candid; and though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions might have seemed to betoken presumption, yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke relieved him from that imputation; he was bold and warm, because so far as his knowledge went he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth, but I never saw in him even then a grain of vanity or conceit."

The modesty for which he was so well known was a saving quality to him. But for the absence of

vanity or conceit, he might have wrecked his own fortunes, as thousands have, and become the laughing-stock of men instead of their *beau idéal* of true manhood.

Most of the students were "Tories in Church and State," but Thomas was not. Therefore, he often came into collision with the students in sharp discussion, maintaining his ground against the whole, in view of which Mr. Coleridge continues: "There were those among us calculated to produce an impression on his affectionate heart, and ardent, ingenuous mind; and the rather because the more we saw of him, and the more we battled with him, the more manifestly did we respect and love him. The feeling with which we argued gave additional power to our arguments over a disposition such as his; and thus he became attached to young men of the most different tastes and intellects; his love for each taking a different colour, more or less blended with respect, fondness, or even humour, according to those differences; and in return they all united in love and respect for him."

While he was a Fellow of Oriel College he fell into a habit of speculating upon religious subjects, the result of which was to doubt the truth of some Christian doctrines hitherto unquestioned. He had the good sense to unburden his troubles to Coleridge and other college friends, who advised him to cease speculating and seek the Lord's guidance through prayer, at the same time conscientiously discharging the duties which he knew belonged to the Christian life. Arnold was wise and candid enough to adopt their excellent counsel, and soon his doubts vanished, and thereafter he was a happy and earnest representative of the Christian religion. His purpose had been,

from the commencement of his studies, to enter the ministry, and now, after ridding himself of harassing doubts, that purpose was stronger than ever.

He remained at Oxford four years after he had graduated, instructing private pupils and pursuing an elaborate course of reading in the libraries of Oxford. These were four of the most studious and profitable years of his student-life. Teaching introduced him to new views of education and of human nature. He grew enthusiastic over the teacher's profession, its difficulties, opportunities, and results. His reading seemed to awaken his intellectual faculties to new exertions. His copious notes, pages of extracts, and philosophical and theological essays, prompted by the inspiration of reading, indicated not only his deep interest, but his great industry as well. He fell so much in love with teaching that he resolved to get married, settle at Laleham, where his mother and sisters lived, and receive private pupils into his family for instruction. In this way he could gain a livelihood, and, at least for the present, accomplish as much or more good than he could in the ministry.

He was ordained deacon at Oxford in December 1818, and on August 11, 1820, married May Penrose, daughter of Rev. John Penrose, rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire; she was sister to one of his old and beloved schoolmates—Travenen Penrose. At once he opened a family school, and soon had eight or nine young men to prepare for the universities.

It appears that the four years he spent at Oxford, after his graduation, in teaching and reading, were so full of enjoyment, that he decided to make teaching his life-work—that is, preparing private pupils to enter college. He was urged to seek a position in

the school at Winchester which he attended in his youth, but his aversion to the proposition appears in one of his letters, as follows:—

"I know that success in my present undertaking is, of course, doubtful; still my chance is, I think, tolerably fair, not, indeed, of making my fortune, but of earning such an income as shall enable me to live with economy as a married man; and as far as I can now foresee, I should wish to continue for many years at Laleham; and the house, which I have got on a long lease, is one which I already feel very well inclined to regard as my settled and permanent home in this world. My present way of life I have tried, and am perfectly contented with it; and I know pretty well what the life of a master of Winchester would be, and feel equally certain that it would be to me exceedingly disagreeable. I do not think you could say anything to shake me for an instant on this head."

He did not intend to abandon preaching, for he could maintain his family school and preach on the Sabbath. The openings for such labour were frequent, and this he continued to do through the nine years he remained in Laleham. He preached much of the time in that town. Moreover, he appears to have formed more definite views of religious truth and preaching the gospel while teaching his pupils at Oxford. It is certain that, from the opening of his school at Laleham, he entertained opinions about instructing youth such as made him famous at Rugby. He fully believed that religious instruction was neglected in English schools, while yet few would deny that soul-culture was vastly more important than head-culture—that, if only one could be had, the

former would be chosen without hesitation. He was a stickler for Latin and Greek, yet he taught that a young man had better have character without them than loose morals with them; and, no doubt, his patrons agreed with him.

His family school was started on this line, and was continued on it to the end. If he found a youth among his pupils who was inclined to leave good character out of his curriculum, he sent him home. His companionship was too perilous to the other pupils. One bad boy might demoralize the whole number, and the risk was too great to assume. He would reform him if he could; but once satisfied that his presence was corrupting others, he was peremptorily dismissed. A friend, who was a teacher, asked his advice about dealing with a troublesome pupil, and he replied:—

"I would be as patient as I could with irresolution, unsteadiness, and fits of idleness. But if a pupil has set his mind to do nothing, but considers all the work as so much fudge, which he will evade if he can, I have made up my resolution that I will send him away without scruple; for, not to speak of the heartless trouble that such an animal would give to myself, he is a living principle of mischief in the house, being ready at all times to pervert his companions. And this determination I have expressed publicly; and if I know myself I will act upon it, and I advise you most heartily to do the same."

He understood boys. He read them with about the same facility that he read Greek. He made them a study as really as he did science. Therefore he was not often deceived. He seldom found a black sheep in his flock. His decision, firmness, and thorough dis-

cipline, as well as his sincere interest in the highest good of his pupils, they uniformly recognized and respected. Their confidence he won readily, without which he despaired of doing a young man much good.

He learned about as much from his pupils as they learned from him. How to instruct them, how best to control them, when to praise and when to blame them—on these and kindred points he was learning almost every day from the pupils themselves. At one time a somewhat dull boy tried him considerably, and he spoke angrily to him. The boy looked up sadly into his face, and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can." Mr. Arnold rehearsed the incident to a friend many years thereafter, and said, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life; that look and that speech I have never forgotten." He carried the lesson it taught him to Rugby, and it was of great service to him; for there dull boys and naughty boys, such as try the patience of teachers, were plentiful.

His motto, constantly before his scholars, was that of Rousseau, "Let him first be a man." It must not be made second to anything else; for a true man was the aim and end of education. "It will not be absolutely necessary for you to be rich or learned twenty years hence, but it will be absolutely necessary for you to be true men." The youth who did not have this idea engraved upon his mind within a month after coming into Mr. Arnold's home lost his standing. If he remained, it was because he finally adopted the motto.

His family school became very popular; he could have all the pupils he desired. He was advised to raise his price, which was very moderate. But he refused, because a large expense would be likely to bring

very rich men's sons to him, and more of that class were unmanageable. He was not for making money, but men. Unless he could graduate those who would adorn society and be useful to their fellow-men, he would rather be poor. No man ever lived with a stronger desire to train youth for good citizenship than Mr. Arnold.

He taught much by questions. He put many questions to his pupils, and encouraged them to put many to him. It inspired them to think for themselves, and that was what he always did, and it was of great value to him. One of his rules was, "Never do for a pupil what he can do for himself." He appeared to know about what each pupil could do for himself. It was one of his great gifts; few teachers have it in so marked a degree. He said that he "worked not *for* but *with* his class, and strove in all his methods of instruction not to teach directly, but simply to guide in efforts for self-education. The office of the teacher should be like that of the guide-board by the wayside, to direct to the path which was to be trodden by diligent footsteps. It is not knowledge we teach, but the means of gaining knowledge; not so much to impart information, as to prepare the minds of pupils to use to advantage subsequent acquisitions; to learn how to study, and how to start aright in the life-loving work of *self-culture*."

After Mr. Arnold's death, a gentleman, who was a pupil in his family at Laleham, wrote to his biographer as follows:—

"Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in

this—that he gave such intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do, that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing the work well. Hence, an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy, and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in the world......His hold over all his pupils, I know, perfectly astonished me. It was not so much enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence which stirred within them; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world, whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value, and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too, in their measure, could go and do likewise."

He was nine years at Laleham, preparing young men for college, when he was appointed to the mastership of Rugby. A very popular principal had resigned, and there were numerous applications for the position. But Mr. Arnold's fame as a teacher had become widespread. He was known, too, as a ripe scholar and able preacher. He was regarded as a superior disciplinarian, with special qualifications for training boys. Few possessed such qualifications for so important a place as the head-master of Rugby. The appointment was a fine compliment to him. Yet he would not

accept the position unless he could follow out his own plans. He would consult the trustees, but he should have his own way in managing the school. He felt that his experience entitled him to be really the master of the institution. Besides, he knew that the public-school system of England was very defective, and he should want his own way in introducing reforms. He could accept the appointment only on this condition—that he should not be opposed or hampered in his plans by the trustees. On these conditions he went to Rugby.

The school at Rugby was established by wealthy parents, that they might have an institution where their sons could be thoroughly educated. No expense was spared in providing buildings and every equipment for a first-class school. The best instructor whom money could command must be at the head. The school was started with this idea, and had become very popular. The average attendance was nearly four hundred when Mr. Arnold was called to the mastership. Nor was it an easy place for a teacher, as Mr. Arnold very well knew. Among four hundred boys there were many irrepressible ones, who could be held only by bit and bridle, and possibly not long by them—just the class he would not have in his family at Laleham. He began his labours at Rugby with many misgivings, and yet with strong hope; for he understood himself, and he understood boys about as well. He expected to succeed.

On the very first day of school at Rugby he inaugurated his moral system. He told the pupils, as he did at Laleham, that the great thing for them to learn was *how to live well.* "Here we shall expect, first, moral principle; second, gentlemanly conduct; and

third, intellectual ability." On this basis the school was run throughout his administration, and it wrought a decided change. There were many young men who had all the money they wanted to spend, and the result of this was the same as it is everywhere—idleness, disorder, rowdyism, and drunkenness. There was much of these vices among the pupils, and the new master was determined to eradicate them. He had specially reserved the right to expel pupils whenever he thought it was necessary, and he did not hesitate for a moment to apply the remedy. At first some parents rose up in opposition, for they did not wish to have their sons disgraced by expulsion. But Mr. Arnold was firm; he reminded them that he was master of the school, and no one else. The school must have a higher moral life. Young men must not come there to ruin themselves and others. Better no school at all than one that tolerates vice. He kept firm to his principle, and triumphed. It was not long before Mr. Arnold's praise was on every lip. He was just the man to train such a class of boys. "Arnold of Rugby" became a household appellation.

A system of boarding-houses had been supported hitherto, where pupils were beyond the oversight of teachers. Mr. Arnold abolished the boarding-house system, and required each master to take a boarding-house, that pupils might be under school supervision all the while. This was a long step toward outwitting cunning and vicious youth. It aided the principal in putting in practice his ideas relating to companionship. Here the seeds of vice were often sowed, he thought. He watched the campus; indeed, he watched the whole eleven acres of the grounds, on which all sorts of school-games were practised, that

evil-disposed boys might not be able to plan and co-operate unseen. One day, when he was running his eye over the play-ground, he said to an assistant-master by his side, "Do you see those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before; you should make it an especial point of observing the company they keep; nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character." The traits and actions of boys that would not attract the notice of other teachers were closely scanned by him. He knew not only the name but the face and motions of every boy in school. He knew what boys would overstep the bounds of propriety if they could. Of course, watching the campus in play-hours meant more to him than to any one else; and the boys knew it, and conducted themselves accordingly. A master who feels his own personal responsibility, as Arnold did, beholds tendencies which no one else would observe. He once said to a friend standing by, "It is a most touching thing for me to receive a new fellow from his father, when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil as well as for good. I do not know anything that affects me more."

He called Rugby a Christian school, for that is what he meant it should be. Not that he undervalued mental culture, or failed to give to language, mathematics, or other study its true place; but this was necessary, as we have seen, to express his plan. It must be a Christian school before it was literary or scientific. There was a chapel in which daily prayers were offered; on Sabbaths, preaching and a Sunday school; and often on week-day evenings, talks or lectures on character-building. Some time after Mr. Arnold became head-master, the chaplain resigned, and

Arnold took his place. New interest was awakened at once; for he was a fine preacher, original, fresh, pointed, and eloquent, always brief, and always impressive. One of his pupils wrote, a number of years after he had graduated:—

"I used to listen to his sermons from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home to be alone. And I remember the same effect to be produced by them, more or less, on others whom I should have thought as hard as stone, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in school."

He frequently gave his pupils brief talks, in addition to other moral agencies, upon habits and methods that are inseparable from sound moral character. Often, in administering reproof, he took occasion to lift the thoughts of pupils above the ordinary plane of their thinking at such times. "Is this a Christian school?" he exclaimed one day, after one of these short but pungent addresses. "I cannot remain here if all is to be carried by constraint and force; if I am to be here as jailer, I will resign my office." His opinion was that these moral lessons only assure good habits and good principles—that nothing of this kind can be expected from mathematics, the sciences, or literature, however perfect the scholar may be in these branches. Therefore, instead of cutting down the moral part of his curriculum, he rather enlarged it. For, at length, he felt so deeply the need of divine guidance in the school-work of each day, that he introduced a special prayer before the first recitation in the morning. He prayed for divine guidance of teachers and pupils in the work of each through the day. That he made a

Christian school of Rugby no one will question, and thereby he accomplished his object—to raise the moral and intellectual standard of the school.

One of his methods to secure better behaviour on the part of wayward boys was to employ the influence of the oldest and best young men to lead them in the right way. He showed these older and better ones how they could render him great assistance in the government of the school, and what was better, the great good they might do their wild school-fellows. Of course, naughty boys did not know that such a plan was on foot to bless them, and the results were all the more manifest because they were innocent of the facts.

The prime object of his school discipline was self-government. He put each pupil upon his honour. He accepted their representation of occurrences as true. No suspicion that he ever doubted their word dropped from his lips, or was expressed by his conduct. By this treatment many pupils were led to say, "It would be dishonourable to misrepresent to him, when he puts so much confidence in us." "If you say so, that is quite enough; of course I take your word," was his way of putting the matter. They could not betray such confidence, and many a boy was thereby established in his good behaviour.

In this connection, also, he offered prizes for excellence in scholarship, and character also. Fidelity on any line was sure to be encouraged by his recognition. He said: "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated. I would stand to that man *hat in hand.*" The boy who did

his best, whether bright or dull, was sure to find a devoted friend in the head-master, and there was no doubt about it in the heart of even the most thoughtless. Of course, a prize might not prove a stimulus to a class of youth, but Mr. Arnold was perfectly satisfied that the school as a whole was benefited by the prize system.

We have spoken of the high ideal which he set before his pupils, realizing that they were competent to do more to-morrow than they were doing to-day, and we have adduced the testimony of one or two of his scholars. But another of his pupils puts the matter so tersely that we make an extract from his communication :—

"He certainly did teach us—thank God for it!—that we could not cut our life into slices and say: 'In this slice your actions are indifferent, and you need not trouble your heads about them one way or another; but in this slice mind what you are about, for they are important.' A pretty muddle we should have been in had he done so. He taught us that in this wonderful world no boy or man can tell which of his actions is indifferent, and which not; that by a thoughtless word or look we may lead astray a brother for whom Christ died. He taught us that life is a whole, made up of actions and thoughts and longings, great and small, noble and ignoble; therefore the only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Him whose world we live in, and who has purchased us with His blood; and that, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we are to do all in His name and to His glory."

It was not strange that such a remarkable teacher impressed his personality permanently upon the hearts

of his pupils. They never forgot him. A strong tie of attachment bound them to him, and that, too, with few exceptions. His biographer says: "To any pupil who ever showed any desire to continue his connection with him, his house was always open, and his advice and sympathy ready. No half-year, after the first four years of his stay at Rugby, passed without a visit from his former scholars; some of them would come three or four times a year, some would stay in his house for weeks. He would offer to prepare them for their university examinations by previous examinations of their own; he never shrank from adding any of them to his already numerous correspondents, encouraging them to write to him in all perplexities. To any who were in narrow circumstances—not in one case, but in several—he would at once offer assistance, sometimes making them large presents of books on their entrance at the university, sometimes tendering them large pecuniary aid, and urging to them that the power of doing so was exactly one of those advantages of his position which he was most bound to use. In writing for the world at large they were in his thoughts: "in whose welfare," he said, "I naturally have the deepest interest, and in whom old impressions may be supposed to have still so much force, that I may claim from them a patient hearing." And when annoyed by distractions from within the school, or opposition from without, he turned, he used to say, to their visits as "to one of the freshest springs of his life."

He did not believe in geniuses—that class of youth who expect to live by their wits, without study and mental discipline. He treated this class with a sort of contempt, such as their folly deserved. "It is only by the closest application that the best talents can be

made of much service to mankind," he would say. "Gold must be dug from the bowels of the earth, and smelted, and passed through the mint, before it can be used in our currency; and here is some of the hardest labour that was ever performed. So a human mind may be rich in talents, but they must be worked. In the rough they can be of little use." These and kindred thoughts he was continually pressing upon the attention of pupils. He thoroughly believed the "line upon line" theory, and so these lessons were repeated and re-repeated until every scholar had them by heart.

With all this school-work upon his hands, including preaching upon the Sabbath, Mr. Arnold did an incredible amount of work outside. He was a fine scholar and untiring student, so that he was constantly working on some lines of study. History captivated him, especially Roman history. He lectured on history; he wrote articles upon it; and, finally, he prepared a Roman History in three volumes, which took rank at once with standard works of the kind. This was followed by a History of the later Roman Commonwealth, from the end of the second Punic war to the death of Julius Cæsar and the reign of Augustus, with a life of Trajan, in two volumes. This latter work appeared first in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." He brought out, also, an edition of Thucydides for use in colleges.

Being deeply interested in public questions relating to both church and state, as well as to education, legislation, social equality, and other subjects, his articles in leading journals, essays, lectures and tracts, published in pamphlet form, were numerous. Although belonging to the Established Church of England, he was not wholly in accord with the dogmas of that

religious body, and the result was published discussion after discussion. His independence of thought and action, and his conscientious adherence to the right at any cost, would not permit him to be silent on these topics. The condition of the poor, the sins of the aristocratic class, improvement in public instruction, and a score of other topics that challenged public attention, enlisted his interest and pen to a degree that surprised his friends. How he could command time to perform so much extra labour his closest acquaintance could not understand. He neglected no duty to his school; indeed, few teachers ever took upon themselves so many of the details of school-work as he did, and yet he accomplished so much literary work outside as to surprise the public.

Before he died he had published also six volumes of sermons, which alone bore unanswerable proof of the greatness of the author as a thinker and writer. His career furnishes an example of what great industry can accomplish. "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry," was one of Franklin's maxims, and the life of Arnold eminently illustrated its truth.

During his long vacations he made tours through other countries to acquire information that would assist him in his writings—Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, not to mention other countries. From all the lands visited he wrote letters that went into print and had a wide circulation. Every trip contributed to his efficiency in his work, as he meant it should. Mere personal enjoyment or recreation did not satisfy him; there must be some absolute good resulting from such experience. This is what his pupils were taught, and what he practised.

He was invited to several positions of honour and trust while at the head of the Rugby school, but he declined all of them except the appointment of Professor of Modern History at Oxford, a professorship for which he was admirably fitted, and one that he could fill without severing his connection with Rugby. The appointment was a high honour, and Mr. Arnold so regarded it, and assumed its duties with a grateful heart. He was honoured, also, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and here, again, his marked abilities as a theologian were recognized.

After a little he determined to relinquish his charge at Rugby, and devote himself wholly to his professorship at Oxford. He needed rest, and wanted more time for study and research on historical subjects. He was conscious of losing some of his vitality. Overwork was telling upon his health, although he still considered himself vigorous. At length quite a severe attack of sickness disabled him for several weeks. On becoming convalescent, he wrote in his diary:—

"I am now within a few weeks of completing my forty-seventh year. Am I not old enough to view life as it is, and to contemplate steadily the end—what it is coming to, and must come to—what all things are without God? I know that my senses are on the very eve of becoming weaker, and that my faculties will then soon begin to decline too, whether rapidly or not I know not, but they will decline. Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and seal of immortality? And what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will

my will, His love my love, His strength my strength, and may He make me feel that pretended strength, not derived from Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness."

Here we have a clear view of the man's inner life a few weeks before his death. He was reaping the rich fruit of a well-spent life in the universal respect and love that were lavished upon him; yet he was never more humble and childlike. His native simplicity, fortified by Christian principle and faith, invested his ripe manhood with a charm. Perhaps he had a presentiment of what lay just before him, and perhaps not. But certainly the unexpected to his family did not appear to be the unexpected to him, as the termination of his life indicated.

It was Saturday, June 11, 1842, on the eve of the long summer vacation. He went through the school to distribute prizes to the boys, and as he finished he remarked: "One moré lesson I shall have with you on Sunday afternoon, and then I will say to you what I have to say." Whatever it was, he never said it. His biographer says: "That parting address to which they were always accustomed to look forward with such pleasure never came. But it is not to be wondered at if they remarked with peculiar interest that the last subject which he had set them for an exercise was *Domus Ultima*; that the last translation for Latin verses was from the touching lines on the death of Sir Philip Sidney in Spenser's 'Ruins of Time;' that the last words with which he closed his last lecture on the New Testament were in commenting on the passage of St. John, 'It doth not appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'

'So, too,' he said, 'in the Corinthians, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Yes,' he added, with marked fervency, 'the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness.'"

His last act on that Saturday night was this record in his diary: "The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to see it—my forty-seventh birthday, since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, '*Vixi.*' And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher......Above all, let me keep myself pure and zealous and believing—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

About six o'clock on Sunday morning he awoke with a sharp pain about the heart, and he spoke to his wife of it, saying that he felt it slightly on the day before. But it speedily disappeared, and he dropped to sleep, though it was but for a moment. He awoke again with severer pain. Somewhat alarmed, Mrs. Arnold arose and called an old servant, whom they were in the habit of consulting in cases of sickness, because she took care of Mr. Arnold's invalid sister, Susannah, many months before she died. The servant discovered no reason for alarm, and left the room. Soon after, Mrs. Arnold noticed

that her husband's eyes were raised, and his hands clasped, and his lips moving as if in silent prayer, when all at once he repeated distinctly and quite loudly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." After a pause he added, with great solemnity of tone and expression, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

From that time his suffering increased, and Mrs. Arnold sent hurriedly for the physician. While the messenger was absent, she took up the Prayer Book and was looking for a psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, "The Fifty-first." On coming to the twelfth verse, and reading, "O give me the comfort of thy help again, and establish me with thy free Spirit," he repeated it after her very earnestly.

Here the physician entered. "I was sorry to disturb you so early," said Dr. Arnold; "I knew that your father was unwell, and that you had enough to do." The doctor made inquiries about his pain, to which he answered promptly, adding, "What is it?" Before the doctor could reply to his question, the pain returned with increased violence, and remedies were applied until he was relieved. But Mrs. Arnold, perceiving that the doctor was as much alarmed as herself, ran upstairs to tell her eldest son that his father was dangerously ill. In her absence, Dr. Arnold inquired again, "What is it?" He was told, "Spasm of the heart." "Ah!" was his only reply. "Did you ever faint?" inquired the physician. "Never." "Ever had any difficulty of breathing?" "No, never." "Ever had sharp pains in the chest?"

"Never." "Any of your family ever have disease of the chest?" "Yes, my father had; he died of it." "At what age?" "Fifty-three." "Was it suddenly fatal?" "Yes, suddenly fatal." Another pause, and Dr. Arnold asked, "Is disease of the heart a common disease?" "Not very common." "Where do we find it most?" "In large towns, I think." "Is it generally fatal?" "Yes, I'm afraid it is."

By this time Mrs. Arnold returned with her son, and the physician went to his office for a remedy. The son sat down on the foot of the bed. "Thank God for me, my son," said Dr. Arnold. Perceiving that his son did not understand him, he proceeded: "Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain; I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank Him for it." After another pause he added, "How thankful I am that my head is untouched!"

The physician returned with the remedy. While he was pouring it from a vial, Dr. Arnold asked what it was. He was told, and he answered, "Ah, very well." These were his last words. Before the laudanum was ready, the doctor was startled by a rattle in his throat, and a convulsive struggle. He sprang to his bedside, at the same time directing the servant to call Mrs. Arnold, who had just stepped out, and the children, "quick!" They were all there in a moment, but the patient had passed away. Dr. Arnold was dead. The sobs and cries of the children, when they found that their dear father was dead, were heart-rending. The old school-house servant, who loved Dr. Arnold as he did members of his own family, had just dropped in, and he became inconsolable. A former pupil was his guest, and he came

out of his chamber expecting to enjoy much with his old teacher that day, but was almost struck to the floor by the first words he heard, "Dr. Arnold is dead." Language is too poor to set forth the scene in that family on that Sabbath morning.

As yet the masters and pupils of the school knew nothing of the great sorrow that had overwhelmed the Arnold home. They had seen and spoken with their best friend and teacher on Saturday afternoon; judge now of their astonishment and grief on being told, "Dr. Arnold is dead." It staggered their belief. "Could it be possible?" When once satisfied of the mournful fact, their bereavement was wellnigh greater than they could bear. Mourners went about the streets scarcely knowing what to do. All were mourners, and so one did not think of the sorrow of another. Rugby never witnessed before such a Sabbath as that of the 12th of June 1842, and it never has since, and probably never will again. For only one Dr. Arnold brightened the nineteenth century, however many may arise in the twentieth.

News of his sudden death spread over the British realm to surprise all classes. All parties and sects received the intelligence with sad hearts. Statesmen, scholars, philanthropists, clergymen, teachers, and all literary circles, lamented the great loss to science, letters, learning, and religion. Rich men and poor men felt that a great and good man had gone, and the world was poorer. Seldom was there a nobler tribute of tears paid to a public benefactor in England.

The tidings of his death were cabled to the United States, where his name and fame were familiar to American leaders in every department of science and

Christian work. The sad news carried grief to all circles of culture, and multitudes of the common people, who knew of the Rugby master, deplored his death equally with scholars and educators. America has seldom paid a nobler tribute to a public benefactor of another nationality than it paid to Arnold of Rugby.

His funeral was attended by a multitude of people, among whom were some of the most distinguished clergymen, statesmen, professors, teachers, and public officers of England, and also by large numbers of the poor, who revered the dead man for his philanthropic spirit. The solemn service was in the chapel; and his remains were deposited "in the chancel immediately under the communion-table." Subsequently a monument to his memory, "executed by Mr. Thomas, was placed in Rugby chapel. The epitaph was written by Chevalier Bunsen, in imitation of those on the tombs of the Scipios, and of the early Christian inscriptions on similar subjects."

Dr. Arnold's life was brief—only forty-seven years; and yet he accomplished more in those years than many useful men do in seventy-seven. Measured by achievements, his life was long: it was short only as we are wont to measure by years. Perhaps it was shortened by excessive labour; perhaps the labour was put in because God's plan was to shorten it. If one of His useful servants has about as much to do in his lifetime as seems probable, that work must be done whether life be long or short. Be that as it may, it is perfectly clear how Dr. Arnold was enabled to live the life he did. First, he set a divine value upon time—the most precious gift of God to man. Second, his diligence made every

moment count for all it was worth—not one was wasted. Third, he kept in view "the prize of his high calling," and never for once lost sight of it, so single was his purpose. Fourth, he never grew "weary in welldoing"—rather he grew more hopeful and determined as perseverance persisted. Fifth, for him there was but one rule of life, "according to ability"—the best was the least his Master would accept. Sixth, he had a will that would make a way when none could be found, but chiefly because God's will was his. Seventh, his Christian faith was a mighty power to rally and tax his faculties to the utmost. His daily work, secular and religious, all one to him, said plainly, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Humility and self-reliance are always found in company where faith in God reigns supreme. The first is just as indispensable as the last in the labours of a true life. To overrate oneself leads to failure as surely as to underrate. The golden mean is the divine plan. In short, the life of Dr. Arnold confirms what the author claims—that there is only one way to true success, and that is "narrow," like the way to heaven. To keep therein to the end is as necessary as to find and enter it. It is along the line of the best there is in man.

Daniel Safford.

BLACKSMITH.

DANIEL SAFFORD was the son of a farmer in Hamilton, Massachusetts, where he was born October 30, 1792. His father was a man of influence in the town, highly respected for his intelligence and spotless character. In his opinions and habits he was a real Puritan, and conformed his life to the teachings of the Bible. His mother was just the companion for such a husband—a woman of more deeds than words, sharing the truest love and confidence of her four sons. Maternal affection was never more abundantly rewarded by filial devotion than it was in the Safford family. In his later years, Daniel was wont to speak of his "sunny childhood," which was the reflection of love and harmony that characterized the family.

Daniel was the youngest of four sons, a boy of a serious turn of mind, though full of life and resolution. His grandfather and grandmother, who were members of the family, regarded him with peculiar favour because he was the youngest; and he, in turn, reciprocated their affection in the most hearty manner. At school or at play, when a dispute arose among the boys, he would say, "My grandmother says so." One day a schoolmate replied to him by saying, "Well, what of that? Who is your grandmother?" Daniel

replied, "My grandmother! Why, she knows everything: mother knows some things, and father knows more; but grandmother knows *all!*" It was in part, at least, his reverence for age that gave him such an exalted opinion. Grey hairs were a crown of glory in his view, and stood for more than just what he could see. Perhaps here was the foreshadowing of his views and feelings, thirty or forty years thereafter, when he headed a movement to establish a "home for aged and indigent females" in Boston.

His school-days were very limited. The school-house was a mile away, and six weeks of schooling in summer and six in winter was the most the town could afford. Daniel did not attend school in summer after his eighth birthday. Then he was old enough to be of some use on the farm, for his tact and willingness to labour were conspicuous even then. At first, in hoeing corn, he was allowed to skip every other hill so as to keep up with the men. It was somewhat annoying to him to hoe corn in this way, but it served to stimulate him to improve so as to hoe every hill as soon as possible. It was a glad day to him when he could keep up with the men without omitting a hill. He was a happy boy, too, when he heard his father saying, "I would as lief have my Daniel to hoe potatoes or corn as any man I can hire. He will do as much in a day, and do it as well." He enjoyed that kind of remark much more than he did the other kind.

Once his father allowed him a patch of ground to cultivate, and he was to have all the profits of the enterprise. He planted the patch with potatoes, and cultivated them with great care. The crop brought him only two shillings, but this was a large reward

for his industry, as he thought. It was the first money he had ever possessed, and it satisfied him quite well. Forty years thereafter he recurred to the incident as one that exerted a decided influence upon his character.

He was a good reader at this time, and enjoyed reading fairly well. There were few books, especially for the young, so long ago, but he derived much pleasure from such as were found in the family, and such as he could borrow. Reading caused him to be more aspiring, so that he improved somewhat rapidly, becoming more and more manly. His parents encouraged these proofs of thoughtfulness and intelligence, knowing full well that at best his opportunities were very small indeed.

Mr. Safford was the ruler of his own household. He required implicit obedience on the part of his sons, and did not hesitate to resort to the rod. He was so much of a Bible Christian that he thoroughly believed "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame, while the rod and reproof give wisdom." He made a direct application of this part of his creed whenever it was necessary. The occasion for it did not often arise, for graver, more exemplary sons were not found.

Daniel was about fourteen years of age when there was "a raising," or erecting a dwelling, in the town. Such occasions were not very frequent in such a town as Hamilton so long ago, so they were greatly magnified. All the men and boys were invited to come and help to "raise" the dwelling. The owner of the building to be "raised" was expected to furnish intoxicating liquors. Indeed, at that time, it would have been quite impossible to put up the frame of a building without

liquors. Few men would render assistance without this favour. So liquors were furnished when the aforesaid building was "raised," and Daniel partook of them, as all other boys and their fathers did. Then it was not discreditable to use intoxicating drinks, certainly not at a "raising," but it was discreditable to get drunk. Often men did become intoxicated on these occasions, and boys too; but such men as Mr. Safford deplored the evil, and his sons knew what his opinions were.

Daniel was not intoxicated, but he was under some excitement, so that his tongue was more glib than usual. "Let us go into the tavern and have a talk," proposed a boy older than Daniel. "Agreed," answered two or three of the companions at once, including Daniel. This was just at dark, after the house had been "raised," and the company were dispersing to their homes. The tavern was a common resort for a certain class of men in the evening, where they could talk and drink to their hearts' content. It does not appear that Daniel and the other boys drank liquors in the tavern, but they engaged in amusements to such an extent that time passed more rapidly than they dreamed. It was eleven o'clock before Daniel was aware of the flight of time, and he started for home in great haste.

Knowing that his father had a poor opinion of the tavern, Daniel could expect nothing more lenient from him than the application of Solomon's rule. He dreaded to go home for that reason. But then he comforted himself with the thought that his father would be in bed and asleep, so that he could enter the house slyly, and creep softly upstairs, without giving alarm to any one. His part of the programme

was carried out, and he slipped into his bed thinking that he was safe. But his father was not the sleeper he had supposed. He was one of the anxious fathers, who had been on the watch for his boy all the evening, and he heard his son enter and crawl away to his bed. Daniel was congratulating himself upon his narrow escape from his father's displeasure, not dreaming that the good man was nigh his chamber, when he began to feel Solomon's rod coming down upon him with a vengeance, stroke after stroke, harder and harder, five, ten, twenty times, until paternal muscles were tired. Not a word was spoken by the faithful, indignant father, nor a lisp of outcry made by the young offender. In silence the whipper retired to his bed, and the culprit in silence reflected upon the unwisdom of thinking that disobedience had found a place of safety.

The night passed, and the morning dawned. Daniel knew what thoughts were in his father's mind, and what sorrow was in his heart, and he expected to be called before an august tribunal the next day. He was happily disappointed in this, however: his father made no allusion to the matter thereafter, supposing, no doubt, that the rod had impressed his mind sufficiently to make forgetfulness of it impossible. Nor did his father ever have occasion to punish him again for any misdemeanour. In this case his thoughtlessness and the strong drink, more than an evil heart, were the cause of his wrongdoing.

Daniel was an honest boy. His parents had no reason to doubt his word at any time. No one ever accused him of deceit or falsehood. He really believed that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and so endeavoured to conduct himself

properly. At one time it was a part of his work to carry milk to market; and one day a customer asked him, more as a joke than as an honest inquiry, "How much water do you think you have put in it?" Daniel was really shocked by the question. He thought the man was in earnest, and was both astounded and indignant that any one should suspect him of watering milk. He was so confounded that he made no reply at all, but turned away in disgust, resolved that he would never deliver another drop of milk to that man; and he never did. In later life he often referred to this episode, and expressed the idea that it made him value honesty more than ever. The subject was certainly in his thoughts more from that time.

At about sixteen years of age each son left home to engage in a chosen occupation. David became a blacksmith in Salem, Samuel a clerk in New Hampshire, and Ephraim a sailor, after some years the commander of a ship. Daniel missed them from the home, as one after another they bade him good-bye for a life pursuit. In his manhood, Daniel said to a friend, "I did love my brothers very much when we were children together—quite as much as myself, if not *more;* and after we became men, when Ephraim made a good voyage, or the others succeeded well in business, it made me quite as happy, and I am inclined to think even more so, than when I succeeded myself." Of course Daniel knew that his time for leaving the homestead would come at sixteen, and he was reconciled to the change. On his sixteenth birthday his father remarked:—

"Daniel, it is time for you now to think what trade or business you will follow. We have talked about

it a little, but the time has come for us to be in earnest about it. Have you thought much about what occupation you would prefer? It is best for boys to choose what they are best fitted for."

"What do you think I am best fitted for?" asked Daniel, answering his father's question by asking another.

"Well, I hardly know. You will make a good farmer, but I have no desire that my boys should farm; it is a scanty support they will get out of the soil."

"And I have not much of a desire to be a farmer," continued Daniel; "and there is one other occupation I will never choose."

"What is that?"

"Going to sea, as Ephraim does; the life of a sailor has too many hardships and dangers for me. I will keep a respectful distance from the ocean, I think."

"And I will second your resolution; it is a good one," responded Mr. Safford. "At the same time, it is necessary in our day for men to have a definite occupation, and to stick to it, so as to become expert in it. You have seemed to like your brother David's business; I have heard you speak of it several times very favourably."

"I do like it, and I have sometimes thought I should like his business when I have been there and seen him at work," replied Daniel. "I do not think now of anything I should like better. Would David let me learn of him?"

"I think so; I can readily find out. But first of all, you want to think the matter over, for it is a choice for life—something that must not be done hastily. In any honourable pursuit a boy may gain

a livelihood, and make a good name, if he be industrious, enterprising, upright, and persevering."

Here the subject was dropped for the time being. Mr. Safford, however, arranged for an interview with David, whom he found very prompt to second the proposition that Daniel should become a blacksmith. "Let him come and see me, and we will talk the matter over," he said, pleased with the idea that he could help his young brother into an honourable and remunerative occupation.

In the course of three or four months Daniel was apprenticed to his brother David upon terms that were satisfactory to all. He was to receive his board and clothes, and at twenty-one years of age a "freedom suit." The arrangement was a very pleasing one to him. The idea of a home with his brother was inspiring to him; he could ask for nothing better.

In due time Daniel entered upon his new life at the forge, little dreaming what a fortune was in store for him "at the flaming forge of life." He was large and strong of his age, capable of swinging a heavy hammer over the anvil, and of working as many hours as his brother without fatigue. His good nature, love of work, tact, self-reliance, and desire to excel in his occupation, commanded David's admiration. Within three months he told Daniel that he would become a blacksmith of the highest grade if he kept on as he was doing. His progress was almost unprecedented, and it was so because he meant that it should be.

Soon after he became a member of David's family the latter told him that he could have the use of the shop out of working hours, and he provided jobs

whereby he could earn something for himself by extra labour. The plan was a great encouragement to Daniel, whose bodily strength was equal to almost any amount of labour. He improved the opportunity daily, becoming almost miserly in the use of his time, thinking that a few pounds of his own would prove valuable when his apprenticeship terminated and he went forth into the great world to earn his living. When he left his brother he had twelve pounds, earned by the odd jobs he did out of working hours.

Many boys would repudiate the blacksmith's trade because it is a smutty one. But Daniel never attached any particular importance to this, so long as it could be pursued without leaving smut upon his character. He never felt above his business, and so he was never ashamed of it. After he became rich, and retired from business, he discussed this matter with a friend. Among other things he said :—

"I was never at any time of my life ashamed of my trade or to be seen working in it. I have always regarded any honest employment by which a person may earn a living as respectable, and I can see nothing in it degrading to any man. I cannot say that I have not aimed to be at the head of my profession, but have never entertained for a moment the wish to change my business, as I have sometimes been advised to do by friends, for one which in the eyes of friends might appear to be more respectable, choosing to be, as the proverb is, 'a king among beggars, rather than a beggar among kings.' Of late years, since I have retired from business, it has sometimes happened that a lawyer, in drawing up legal instruments, has proposed to write, 'Daniel Safford, gentleman,' as is common in such cases, and has sometimes done so; but I

always disliked it, preferring to be designated by my former calling."

There is no question but that this correct view of his occupation was a prominent factor in his successful life. The opposite, feeling above one's business, has proved the failure and ruin of a multitude. Daniel preferred the designation "blacksmith," with good character, to that of "gentleman" without it; and it was a saving virtue in him.

He found companions in Salem. Some of them were not such as he would choose, but, as they chose him, it was not easy to shake them off. He himself did not swear, use strong drink or tobacco, or deride religion and its followers; but many youths did, and they were not congenial associates for him. He was too courteous to snub them, too much of a gentleman to treat them contemptuously, and too high-minded to be influenced by them. Yet the time came when other thoughts took possession of him, and he asked himself whether it might not be his duty to become a Christian, and forsake their company. He was now eighteen years of age, a youth of maturer appearance than many at twenty. His brother and wife were Christians, consistent and exemplary in their daily walk, so that the constant appeal of good example was falling upon his heart. He had the best of reasons for deciding to become a Christian.

One evening he had been in the company of several young men about his own age, one or two of whom were disposed to speak flippantly of religion, and to express their decided preference for worldly things. He went home with a heavy heart, all the way asking himself whether it was not time for him to accept and own Christ. He retired, but not to sleep.

Graver, more serious thoughts than ever, were agitating his mind, and he was coming to feel that he had reached "the accepted time and day of salvation." On that night he became a Christian; from which time he was one of the most devoted disciples of Christ known. His conversion created quite a sensation among his companions, but none of them were disposed to indulge in ridicule. They knew him to be a thoughtful, reliable young man, whose influence would be good anywhere, and they were inclined to accept the situation philosophically. Much as some of his companions may have regretted his final decision, their own lives were influenced somewhat by the step he took.

In a letter to his eldest son on his twenty-first birthday, Mr. Safford so graphically presents this and other scenes of his early life, that we quote most of it:—

"MY DEAR SON,—You are now twenty-one years of age—a free man! I have no longer a legal right to dictate to you, or to control you, and you have no longer a legal claim on me for pecuniary aid or support. By this I do not intend to intimate that you will have less regard for my opinions and wishes, or that I shall feel less solicitude for your temporal and spiritual welfare. You have now launched your little skiff upon the broad sea of life, with nothing to depend upon but your paddle and the favouring breezes of heaven.

"By this I am reminded of my own past history; and I will now give you a very brief account of my earlier life, which may be of some use to you while I live—at least a gratification to you when I am

gone......At the age of sixteen I went to Salem as an apprentice to my brother David, at the blacksmith's business. Soon after this I became acquainted with three other mechanics' apprentices, older than myself, who worked near me. They invited me to go out with them in the evening, and I did so several times. I soon found that they were profane, intemperate, and licentious. On one occasion, when I came home, I found the door locked; it was nearly eleven o'clock. I succeeded in entering the house by way of the cellar door, and thus found my way to my bed without disturbing the family. I went to bed, but not to sleep; for, although I had not fallen into any immoral practices, I saw that if I continued in such company, my reputation would suffer, and there was danger that my character would soon become like theirs. I determined at once to break off all intimacy with them, and to avoid their society altogether, which I did from that night. About that time my attention was called to the subject of my own salvation. I then spent my evenings in reading the Bible and other good books, and attending religious meetings. After this my old associates asked me a few times to go with them to their haunts of sin, and when I declined, they said, 'Oh, you have become very pious!' I replied that I wished it were true. When they found that they could neither coax nor laugh me out of it, they left me to myself.

"My interest in religion gradually increased until I was ultimately led by the Spirit of God to commit my soul unreservedly to Him. I now found new associates; a few young men, with whom I met weekly for prayer and religious conversation, became my most intimate and faithful friends......

"Of these last friends, the one with whom I was the most intimate died in the triumphs of faith, while preparing for the ministry. Another became a wealthy merchant, and, after a life of usefulness, died about a year ago, leaving a large amount of property to different benevolent institutions. Two others have been faithful and successful ministers of the gospel, and are still living and labouring in the vineyard of their Lord and Master. Very different is the history of my three other associates. Not long after I left them, one of the number pilfered from his master, ran away, and, so far as I know, has not been heard of since. The other two sank lower and lower in vice and dissipation, until they lost their employment and friends, and became poor and shabby in their appearance. I have met them, when they would look down or another way, so as not to see me when I passed them. I think they both died from the effects of their dissipation before they arrived at the age of thirty-five years. How true that 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' and that 'the path of the just, like the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day!' I united with the Tabernacle Church in Salem, of which the Rev. Dr. Worcester, who was subsequently the first secretary of the American Board of Missions, was at that time the pastor."

This letter, from which we shall make further extracts later on, leaves no question as to the reason of Daniel Safford's success. Certain elements of character, indispensable to right living, matured in early life, are made clear as noonday.

Two qualities that Daniel possessed from the start

specially attracted his brother David. They were his reliability and desire to do thorough work. "There are few reliable men," he would say, "few men who can be trusted everywhere; and yet they are just the class the world needs now. Daniel is reliable in all places—never fails us, never is behind the demand of the hour. A few more such boys would improve Essex county."

David Safford himself was a good workman. He did his work just as well as he could, and everybody knew it. That Daniel should follow so closely in his footsteps was a source of great satisfaction to him. He thought that the fact foreshadowed future success in his occupation. It endeared him also more and more to his heart, and led him to consider what he might do for his future prosperity; and these thoughts culminated in a generous proposition for Daniel's good when he was twenty years old.

"You are now a first-class blacksmith," he said to Daniel, "capable of doing business for yourself, and I have been thinking of a plan that may be of great service to you."

"What is it?" inquired Daniel, not waiting, in his anxiety, for the whole story.

"It is this. I have been thinking that you might find a good opening for your business in Boston; and if father thinks well of the enterprise, I will relinquish our contract, and you shall have your time; the only consideration that I will ask is being excused from providing the 'freedom suit.' Of course, it is for my pecuniary interest to have your labour, which is worth more to me now than ever; but I am looking out for you. What do you think of my plan?"

"I scarcely know what to say," answered Daniel,

who was taken by surprise; "it is something I have not thought of before, and I think it is giving up a good deal on your part. The value of the 'freedom suit' is very small in comparison with my labour which you relinquish."

"Very true; and that is my look-out. I have been considering the plan for some time, and have come to this conclusion after the most careful thought. You are now as well prepared to engage in business for yourself as you will be a year from this time, and it seems to me that it is just the time to begin in Boston."

"Perhaps father will object both to going into business for myself and going to live in Boston," suggested Daniel.

"Well, I shall see him, of course, and you can see him," answered David. "I think the plan will suit all round. I hope it will, at least."

Here the subject was dropped, and nothing more was said until their father was seen. He was not quite so well pleased with the plan at first as David was, but the more he considered it, the more he was disposed to accept it. His chief objection was to his son living in so large a town as Boston, where temptations were multiplied in proportion to the population. But his confidence in his son's moral character removed all objections, and it was decided that David's plan should be adopted to the letter. As speedily as circumstances would permit, preparations were made for Daniel's removal to Boston.

The war of 1812 was in progress, so that it was not so favourable a time to start in business as one would choose, but Daniel wasted no time on that side of the question. He was ready to remove to Boston

on the last Saturday of December in that year, and he went, although a severe snowstorm was raging. He went on foot, too, because he could not pay the fare on a stage-coach. Friends thought he had better wait until Monday, on account of the severity of the storm, but he could not be persuaded to lose a single day. He was striking out for himself, and no hardships or difficulties could induce him to change his plan. He usually accomplished what he undertook, no matter what stood in his way. If he did not find a way, he made one. And yet he was not presumptuous or unreasonable. His action was the outcome of his invincible purpose and perseverance. Character enforced every plan and enterprise. The *character* of the young man was disclosed in his going to Boston in a driving snowstorm, without thinking of modifying his arrangements because the raging elements interposed. His spirit defied ordinary obstacles as he pushed forward to his goal.

He was not cumbered with baggage. His best suit of clothes was on his back, and his working suit tied up in a bundle. Trunks were of no use to most young men of that day, for they had no extra apparel with which to fill them. All they had to do was to take up their little bundle and walk. Daniel took his up and bore it through the storm. Before he reached Lynn, however, a gentleman in his sleigh came along on his way to Boston, and invited him to ride. Of course he accepted the invitation, although he became sorry that he did, for the man proved to be one of those drinkers who depended upon frequent potations of rum to keep the cold out and the heat in; and it was the custom of that time, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, to treat parties

for a favour received. This traveller had shown Daniel a marked favour, and it became manifest soon that he expected his passenger would observe the custom. Daniel did not use intoxicating liquors, but he was too courteous and generous to refuse to respond to the driver's expectation. So, at every tavern (and taverns were numerous on the way) the drinking process was practised, and the young passenger paid the bill. On reaching Boston, Daniel found that his benevolent rum-bill nearly equalled the amount of fare from Salem to Boston in the stage-coach. He regretted this turn of affairs, and yet his "taking in" was not altogether a loss; for he was made thereby a better hater of the drinking customs than ever. Although the temperance reform was not inaugurated at that time, Daniel was prepared to hail it when it did come as a timely benediction. He was one of the earliest and most earnest workers in the cause.

We have said that Daniel earned twelve pounds by extra labour while he served his brother. Four pounds of this was paid to him, and a note given for eight pounds. Never was a little money more timely and useful than this amount was to our young friend. It proved to be quite a lift in setting up business for himself. It not only proved the truth of Dr. Franklin's words, that "time is money," but that *leisure* time is money. For every penny of the amount was earned in leisure time, or, as he called it, "at unseasonable hours."

Hear what Mr. Safford, in later life, said about himself when he first took up his residence in Boston. We quote from the letter to his eldest son already introduced:—

"I was very poorly clad, but had these four pounds, and knew the face of but one man in Boston. Business of every kind was extremely dull, in consequence of the existing war with England. I thought if I could earn a living the first year, I should do well, and be satisfied, though the prospect even for this looked doubtful; but I set my face to seek the Lord, and my hands to work, and at the close of the year I found, to my surprise, that I had gained sixty pounds. This I have ever considered, in view of all the circumstances, the most successful year of my life."

He did not expect great things, as many young men do. Thousands make shipwreck because they expect more than is reasonable. They build air-castles, only to see them shattered to pieces. But young Safford built no air-castles. He attended to his business, expecting good results if he did the best he could. With such results he was satisfied, and scarcely expected anything better. He was known for his contentment all through his life, and here is the secret of it.

It was dark when Safford reached Boston on that stormy Saturday evening, and booked himself at a hotel. Only one man in the city whom he knew! That man was William Adams, blacksmith, whose father was once a neighbour of the Saffords, and William a playmate of Daniel. He must find him in the morning, knowing where his place of business was. His thoughts were busy about the future when he retired, but he was too weary to remain long awake.

As soon as he was through breakfast in the morning, he sallied forth to find Adams. Fortunately the latter had been over to the "Lamb Tavern" for a pan

of coals with which to kindle his fire, and he was crossing Washington Street when he saw a robust-looking young man coming toward him. His "short grey overcoat and large yellow buckskin gloves" showed that he was from the country, more honest than fashionable. What was his surprise to discover that the stranger was his old friend!

"Why, Daniel, can this be you?" Adams exclaimed. "Glad to see you. You must be on some important errand to be exploring Boston so early on this Sunday morning."

"I was searching for you—the only person I know in Boston," answered Safford. "I am fortunate in meeting you so unexpectedly. How are you and your family?"

"All in perfect health, and we shall be glad to see you at our house. Go with me now, Daniel; my wife will be glad to meet one of my old schoolmates."

"I will do so," replied Daniel, as they started towards Adams's home. "I expect that I shall feel fully as much at home there as I did at the hotel."

"When did you come to Boston?"

"Last night, in the storm," answered Daniel. "I came here to seek my fortune, and expect to make my home in this town."

"A wise decision," remarked Mr. Adams. "You are the sort of young man the people of Boston delight to welcome. They have too many of the other kind now; a sprinkling of the Safford enterprise and character will be acceptable."

The two friends continued their animated conversation, each thoroughly glad to meet the other, until the home of Adams was reached, and Daniel was introduced to the family. There was little time to spare

before the morning worship at Park Street Church, where Mr. Adams was a constant attendant, so that there was no opportunity for further talk. Mr. Adams invited his guest to accompany the family to church, and the invitation was gladly accepted. From that time Daniel Safford was a worshipper at Park Street for many years. He united with that church, and subsequently became one of its leaders, as the sequel will show.

On leaving the church that morning, Mr. Adams said, "Call at my place of business in the morning. I may be of some service to you." Safford assured him that such was his intention, as he really wanted his advice in regard to his future course. He began life in Boston well by devoting the first day of his residence to divine worship. A good start morally is freighted with larger issues than a good start secularly.

"Suppose that you become a partner with me," said Mr. Adams to Safford, when they met on Monday morning. "It may prove a good thing for both of us perhaps."

The proposition was unexpected to Daniel, and he scarcely knew what to answer. It was a far better experience than he had anticipated, so that he was somewhat confused.

"You understand that better than I do," he at length replied. "If you think it best I should, of course, provided I am able to fulfil the conditions."

"The conditions will not be difficult to fulfil; I want a partner like you," said Mr. Adams.

"I have but four pounds and David's note for eight," continued Daniel, "so you see that I am not prepared to enter very largely into partnership with anybody."

"But we can manage it, I think. My business is not very good now that the war is going on; but it will be good as soon as peace comes, and may be largely increased." Mr. Adams was a sagacious man for his years, and he spoke with confidence about business prospects.

"I shall rely entirely upon your judgment," responded Daniel. "But I am anxious to know on what terms a partnership may be arranged."

"I will tell you." And Mr. Adams proceeded to unfold his plan, as he had formed it in his own mind; and it was so generous that Safford accepted it at once. There were tools and stock in the business valued at fifty pounds; and the partner must put in fifty more, and take half the profits. He easily did this by paying the four pounds which he had on hand, and giving his note for forty-six pounds more.

Young Safford congratulated himself on his good fortune. To get into business for himself so quickly was what he never expected, and that, too, with the only man he knew in the town. He was more than pleased; he was so delighted that he resolved, then and there, that Mr. Adams should never be sorry for the bargain he consummated on that day. His industry, tact, muscular power, honesty, economy, perseverance, and fidelity were well known, and he resolved that they should make the business prosper if possible. He took off his coat and went to work without delay.

He secured board with a respectable family, but where the limited accommodation made the price low. He hired a seat in Park Street Church, desiring to have a seat of his own in the house of God, and pay for it. He reduced his expenses to the minimum amount, never thinking of hardship or self-denial. It

was the unexpected opportunity that occupied his thoughts. He knew an opportunity when he saw it, and he knew how to seize and make the most of it. He proposed to buy iron by the single bar, and transport it on his back to the shop in the evening. He did this for several months, when he thought that he might purchase iron in such quantity that the discount would pay for carting it. But in this case he would be obliged to ask for credit. After due reflection, he ventured to ask the merchant if he would sell him, on credit, what iron he could work up in a month. The iron-dealer was lacking either in good sense or in judgment, for he did not see at once who could be trusted, and he replied, "I think I would rather keep my iron." So Safford continued to purchase one bar of iron at a time, for which he could pay cash, and carry it on his back to the shop.

Mr. Safford made friends rapidly in Boston. His constant attendance at Park Street Church, his manly bearing and high character, introduced him to good society. The best young men of the congregation and town became his companions. At the same time, customers increased at his shop, not a few drawn thither by their attachment to the new partner. His intelligence, simplicity, and enterprise were a drawing power.

At twenty-two years of age he met with the first great sorrow of his life—the death of his brother Samuel, who was the eldest. He was thirty years of age, a husband and father; and he died of consumption. Several days before Samuel's death, Daniel was summoned to his bedside. He had never seen a person die, so that he dreaded to pass through this new and trying experience. His brother said to him:—

"Daniel, I have seen others die, and thought it a very solemn scene; but it is quite a different thing to die myself."

Daniel made no reply, but he was comforted by the calm, submissive spirit of his brother. He was seeing for the first time how a Christian could die. When the friends thought he was struck with death, they gathered around his bed, when he looked up, and said: "I am not going now; my time has not yet come."

A few hours later, he looked up, smiled, and said in a distinct voice, "I am going now," and died.

From that time Mr. Safford advanced to a higher Christian life, so that he was quite prepared for the death of his father, which occurred about a year later. His father desired to see him before his death, and sent for him. It was a painful interview, but very satisfactory. David and Ephraim were there, with the young women whom they would soon marry. When Daniel was about to leave, his father said to him:—

"Can you not pray with us before you go?"

Neither his father nor brothers had heard his voice in prayer, and this fact, together with the solemn circumstances, converted the occasion into one of heavenly interest. With a tremendous effort to control his emotions, Daniel knelt and poured out such a prayer for his dying father and his weeping mother and brothers as melted all hearts. It was a scene for the artist, from which the suppliant arose with his face wet with tears. To his saintly father that prayer seemed to waft him heavenward, and in two days he passed over the river. On his tombstone are engraved the words, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The subject of our sketch began to look about for Christian work to do as soon as he was well settled, and had removed his connection from the Tabernacle Church of Salem to Park Street Church of Boston. More and more he came to feel that the Christian life meant to live for others. In the letter to his son, from which we have already made two extracts, he relates the following as affording him unalloyed pleasure :—

"I learned that a poor, pious, old widow lived in a little attic room near my shop. I went to see her, and found her almost without fuel, and her room cold. I bought a small load of wood for her, and hired a man to saw it, and after I had done work I went and carried it up a narrow, winding stairway, and piled it up snugly in her chamber. The relief which this little act afforded her, and the gratitude which she expressed, gave me more pleasure than any like sum which I ever spent on myself. As my acquaintances were then few, I used frequently to visit her, and assist her from time to time as she needed; but I was abundantly repaid by her pious and instructive conversation, and I doubt not that I was blessed in answer to her fervent prayers. From that time to this I have been in the habit of contributing to the relief of the poor, and to various benevolent purposes, as opportunity has offered, and as the Lord has prospered me."

Mr. Safford realized that benevolence was an essential element of good character, and he rehearsed this part of his experience to inspire his son to go and do likewise.

In 1817, Mr. Safford married Miss Sarah Ashton of Boston. He was twenty-four years of age, and he

took his bride to apartments adjoining his shop in Devonshire Street, which he had previously furnished with second-hand furniture. He conveyed every article of furniture on his back to his new home, after he was through his day's work, as he had conveyed iron to his shop. When all was completed, and he was privileged to sit at his own table with his wife, and kneel with her at his own family altar, he "was filled with delight and gratitude."

About this time he began to take apprentices, as his business enlarged, and to board them in his own family. The whole number of apprentices, from time to time, amounted to ten, all in turn members of his household, and all required to attend family prayers. He had a deep interest in every young man in his service, and he watched over each one with the interest of a father. Profanity, vulgarity, and ungentlemanly demeanour were prohibited in the shop, and, of course, they were not tolerated in his home; and every apprentice was required to attend public worship on the Sabbath. They were faithfully warned against the temptations of the town, especially the theatre, grog-shop, and gambling room. The result of this careful and wise discipline was that the manhood of each one was a credit to Deacon Safford and themselves. Five of them became his partners, one after another—noble Christian men in whom his heart confided as a father confides in true sons. The other five filled positions of trust after they left his employment, not one of them bringing reproach upon himself by shiftlessness or immorality.

Mr. Safford was a blacksmith, as we have seen, and he always liked the name, because it was so expressive

of strength, solidity, and usefulness. After some years had elapsed, he branched out into the manufacture of iron doors, ornamental iron fences, balconies and verandas, also locks and safes for banks. Great skill, care, and tact were indispensable for this class of work, and Mr. Safford was just the man to conduct that kind of business successfully. He was the author of several important inventions that came into extensive use; and when urged by friends to take out patents, that his own interests might be protected, his invariable answer was: "No, I choose that all shall be at liberty to use my inventions. If the public are benefited, I am satisfied."

For many years he worked with the men in the shop, and laboured as hard as any of them. But when his business became so large that he had to employ fifty or sixty men, and his goods were sent to many countries, its superintendence commanded all his time. When the Lowell Railroad was building, it became necessary to weld together two of the iron rails, and Mr. Safford was asked if it could be done. He replied in the affirmative. On going to his foreman, the latter said:—

"It is impossible; it can't be done. We cannot get up a welding heat in this shop sufficient to do it."

"I think you are mistaken," said Mr. Safford pleasantly. "It by no means seems impossible to me."

"Well, I think it would be very foolish to undertake such a job," the foreman replied.

"You do not intend to compel me to do the work myself, do you?" responded Mr. Safford, laughing.

"I should like to see you try it," replied the foreman in rather a defiant tone.

Thereupon Mr. Safford "ordered a man to the

bellows, laid aside his coat, called for a leather apron, and took his stand at the anvil. Four men on each side of him supported the rails. The men had never before seen him in this position, and stood by, laughing among themselves, and expecting to witness his failure. He quietly worked on, until, to the astonishment of all, and the extreme mortification of the foreman, the work was successfully completed."

This incident illustrates several of Mr. Safford's qualities that assured his success—his thoroughness, tact, habit of doing his "level best," perseverance, self-reliance, and always accomplishing what he set out to do.

We have spoken of his discipline in his shop. There was a builder in the city doing the largest business in his line of any contractor. He was an imperious, rough, profane, domineering man, inclined to impose upon men with whom he had dealings. Mr. Safford was once executing a large order for him. One day he appeared at the door of the shop, and cried out insultingly, prefacing his outcry with a startling oath,—

"You son of a Vulcan, why is not the work done on those buildings?"

Mr. Safford was in a remote part of the workshop, and at once all the employees turned their eyes toward him; they had never seen their employer the least ruffled in his temper, but now they wondered how he would withstand that insult. The second time the man called out in the same insulting manner:—

"You son of a Vulcan, why is not the work done on those buildings?"

Mr. Safford came forward hurriedly, and replied:—

"Mr. ——, such language as that cannot be allowed

in my shop. I have always treated you as a gentleman, and I expect the same treatment from you in return. The work is in progress, and will be completed at the time agreed upon; but if we must receive such language from you, I prefer that in future you should get your work done at another place."

From that time this builder appeared as a gentleman should whenever he visited the shop, and gave to the proprietor more and larger orders than ever. The fact shows the power of personal character to impress the worst of men.

Daniel was thirty years of age when his brother David died in Salem, where he lived. David sent for him when he thought his journey was near the end; and the meeting proved a very important one to both, as well as sad. David was a widower, his wife having died of consumption a year previous.

"You see how I am, Daniel," said the sick man, "near the end. But it is all right; God does not afflict His children willingly, nor grieve them for naught. I am only waiting."

"To die is gain, brother," repeated Daniel. "I am glad that you are coming off conqueror, and more than conqueror. What can I do for you? How about the children?"

"I have had great anxiety for them, but commit them to the Lord," answered David. "Perhaps you can look after them."

"Look after them!" exclaimed Daniel. "How glad I should be to take them into my family, and be a father to them! Having no children of my own, I seem to hear God saying to me, 'Adopt the children.'"

"You may have them, dear brother; and God bless you and them."

He could say no more, the interview exhausted his strength, and he expired immediately without a struggle.

There were four children—David, Ephraim, Ruth, and Susan—and he took them all to his home in Boston. The reader can readily understand what sort of a home they found with their uncle, whom they learned to love as they had loved their own father. Mr. Safford could not have loved children of his own more than he did these nephews and nieces. All but one of them grew to manhood and womanhood, and filled places of trust and influence. Susan, the youngest, was three years old when she came to live with her uncle—a bright little chatter-box that filled his home with sunshine. At six years of age she came to a sudden death in this tragic way:—

"In the spring of 1825, on the day of General Lafayette's arrival in Boston, she stood at the window in the morning, watching for her uncle; and when he entered the house, she jumped into his arms, full of life and animation, saying, 'Now, uncle, I want some money to buy me a blue ribbon; I am going to have some visitors, and we must all be dressed in white, with a Lafayette ribbon.' The purchase was made, Susan was dressed, and her little friends came. They were full of glee, the house resounding with their merry voices, as they played 'bo-peep' in the yard. Running into the shed, she leaped up to catch a glimpse of them through the window. Missing her hold, she fell into a vault, and was suffocated before assistance could be procured."

Within six years, beginning with the death of his brother Samuel at thirty years of age, Daniel Safford buried his father, three brothers, their three wives, and little Susan, as narrated above. His cup of sorrow overflowed, but his Christian manhood shone like gold tried in the fire. The more sorrow he experienced, the more enjoyment he found in bearing the burdens of others.

On the reception of Lafayette a banquet was served, where Mr. Safford was introduced to him as "the leading blacksmith of the city." Shaking his hand familiarly, and scanning him from head to foot for a moment, Lafayette responded, "Why, I should sooner have taken him for the leading tailor." The incident shows that Mr. Safford was characterized by neatness, a quality of which we have not spoken. Although his business was a smutty one, he was noted for his neatness in the shop and on the street. Back in his boyhood, when his apparel was exceedingly plain, it was never dirty. His neatness was as manifest as his industry or honesty, and it is a virtue that has been accounted valuable in all ages. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and neatness is its best expression—a quality that challenges respect, not only in the home, but in the street and workshop.

The value of neatness in the business world appears from the following letter from a business firm, in answer to one from the Superintendent of Schools in San Francisco, inquiring what sort of a boy they were looking for:—

"OFFICE: O'CONNOR, MOFFATT, & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, *January 21, 1892.*

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry as to the kind of boys we like to employ, please be advised that

we look upon cleanliness and neatness in personal appearance as the prime qualifications. Then they must be civil, obedient, move quickly and noiselessly, and when told to do anything, do it correctly and at once. We find that these qualities in a boy are always backed by intelligence sufficient to carry him along.—Very respectfully.

"O'CONNOR, MOFFATT, & CO.
"*Per L. J.*"

No man in Boston was so frequently a visitor to families in sickness and sorrow as Mr. Safford, carrying delicacies, watching, dropping words of comfort and cheer. The wife of a merchant, with whom he watched a few days before he died, said, "I shall never forget the expression of pleasure and gratitude with which my husband said to me, as I approached his bed in the morning, 'I have had a good night. What a wonderful man Mr. Safford is! He knows exactly how to treat a sick person. Never has any one turned me in bed with such ease, always placing the pillows in the way to render my position the most comfortable.'" Perhaps this fact confirms one position that he always maintained—namely, that thoroughness in one thing usually assures thoroughness in all.

His benevolence was unbounded. Large donations to benevolent objects, in his day, were rare. He was about the first one to make a donation of two hundred pounds; he gave it to the Education Society. He was thirty-four years old then, and by no means a rich man. When he became worth about ten thousand pounds, he decided to give away all his annual income in charity, a decision which he carried out to the letter.

He sought out poor families in the city, and urged

them to attend meeting on the Sabbath; and he provided them with suitable clothing whenever it was necessary. At one time he called upon a widow to advise her to attend some revival meetings that were in progress on week-day evenings, and take her three grown-up daughters.

"I should be glad to attend," the woman replied, "but we are obliged to work hard, day and evening, to pay our bills."

"How much would you all earn in an evening?" he inquired.

As soon as he was told what the amount was, he said, "I will give you that amount most gladly, and I hope that all of you will receive a blessing."

This mother and her three daughters became Christians, and subsequently were very active and influential in the church.

He loved children, and he took many of them—the children of want—into his own family, where they were kept for weeks, months, and years, just as circumstances required—Germans, Irish, French, Scottish, English, Americans. His wife described thus his family group of waifs at one time:—"The first was a youth from India, by the name of Barlow, who had been converted to Christianity; the next a little homeless German girl; then a family of three children, with the mother; then an English girl of ten years, with her little brother of four; after that another English family of three children, with the mother; the next, a bright little Scottish girl of seven, whose mother had been accused of crime, and committed to jail, and the father brought this, his only treasure, to leave it with Mr. Safford, as he forsook the country, never to return." It is not strange that, subsequently,

Mr. Safford moved to establish an orphan asylum, and a home for indigent women, instead of converting his own into such an institution.

One of the waifs spoken of was given to a wealthy couple who had buried all their children. On the day of her leaving, she was bidding one after another "good-bye," and when she came to Mr. Safford, she whispered in his ear,—

> "If you love me as I love you,
> 'Twill take a great *chopping-knife* to cut our loves in two."

Once he lifted out of her deep distress a very accomplished French lady—a Roman Catholic—whose poverty was occasioned by the intemperance and death of her once affluent husband. She was then reading the New Testament, a copy of which had been given to her. She had sold nearly every article of furniture for bread, until neither furniture nor money remained to pay for a single loaf. Then, as was common with poor people in the city, she sought out Deacon Safford, and told her sad story. The result was that she was placed in a comfortably-furnished tenement, to teach classes in French. She had three daughters, but knew not how to care for them. She was reared to depend on servants for everything, so that she did not know how to light a fire. On the first day in her new home, Deacon Safford lit her fire, and showed her how. But on the next morning he heard that she had no fire, and he went over and lit it for her. On the third morning, his wife asked him why he was rising so early, and he replied, "Oh, I thought I would go over and light Mrs. C.'s fire for her before breakfast." Mrs. C. became an earnest Christian, and died suddenly, by an accident, her last words being,

"Oh, the tender mercies, the tender mercies of Jesus!" Deacon Safford took her three daughters—ten, fourteen, and eighteen years of age—to his home, where he kept them for months.

Our space will not admit of further recital of his noble deeds. He began his Christian work in Boston, in Park Street Church, as we have seen. Subsequently, for the greater good, he became one of the organizers of the Salem Street Congregational Church, and, later on, of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, and was a deacon in both. The pastor of the latter church, Dr. Kirk, said of him:—

"I speak of his costly contributions to my comfort, and allude to instances like these. Twice I crossed the ocean to recruit my strength, the entire expense of each journey being borne by him; and when, on my return, other dear friends wished to bear their share of this testimonial of affection, he passed their contributions over to an investment for my benefit."

A volume could not contain the record of his philanthropic and benevolent labours, his aid to the poor and unfortunate, his contributions to foreign missions, home missions, education of young men for the ministry, the seamen's cause, and other objects almost too numerous to mention. At one time he was president of the City Missionary Society, director of the House of Industry, director of the Old Ladies' Home, one of the fathers of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, member of the prudential committee of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and also had a vital connection with several other institutions of less note. He lived for others literally; he lived for them more than he lived for himself. Self was abased; humanity was exalted.

That such a man should be urged by his fellow-citizens to accept political offices of trust was quite natural. But he had no ambition in that direction, and declined all such propositions. His superior business qualities fitted him well for political honours, but he shrank from that field of public service. At length, however, he yielded to the importunity of friends, and was elected to the House of Representatives, where he proved himself to be as efficient as he ever was at the anvil. He served in the same capacity in 1836 and 1837; and in 1845 and 1846 he served as state senator. He was repeatedly pressed to allow his name to be used for mayor of the city; but his extreme modesty and aversion to political preferment always forced him to say no. In 1833 he caused to be organized the Legislative Temperance Society, of which the governor became president. For many years this society lived and flourished, exerting a wide influence for good in the state.

That a boy who donned the blacksmith's leather apron at sixteen years of age, to earn a livelihood at the forge by the sweat of his brow, should make so remarkable a record, is a marvel. The fact magnifies the possibilities of youth. Given a class of virtues which Safford possessed, and the result is signal achievement. No matter what the occupation may be, these qualities win about as surely as light follows sunrise. The blacksmith has as good a chance, having these attributes, as the student or the statesman.

Horace Mann.

SCHOLAR.

HORACE MANN was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. His father was a farmer, who was able to support his family in his occupation only by the utmost industry and economy. Scientific farming was unknown in that day, at least in New England. He cultivated the soil as his father and grandfather did before him. At the same time, he was a bright man, having profound reverence for educated men; and he would have been glad to educate all of his children liberally. But he could see no promise in that direction.

Mrs. Mann was like her husband in the lines mentioned, but was more refined and aspiring than he. She dwelt more upon the future manhood and womanhood of her children, and so was more regretful that they could not enjoy the opportunities she wished they could have. Therefore she did not accept the situation so contentedly as her husband. It annoyed her somewhat that Horace, a boy of unusual ability, could not have all the schooling necessary. She estimated his talents correctly. All of her children were excellent scholars, and all were lovers of learning; but Horace was a prodigy. She cherished high hopes of his future, if he could but have a chance.

Both father and mother were devout Christian people of the Puritan type, as conscientious as they were industrious. The celebrated Dr. Nathaniel Emmons was their pastor, known as a "hyper-Calvinist;" and they were in full sympathy with his preaching and methods, as all his people were. Their family discipline took on this characteristic, and was rigid, perhaps sometimes severe, although they were too good people to mean severity. Solomon's rod was a divine thing to them as really as his wisdom; it was so with all sincere Christian parents at that day. A school in which the rod was not conspicuous was considered not much of a school. Subsequent to the time named, a teacher of the "district" school which Horace attended in his boyhood said to the committee man, "I mean to get along this winter without having a rod in school." The committee man replied, "I would not give a cent for the school if you do." That idea was universal in both home and school when Horace was a boy. Mrs. Mann's family discipline was more frequently tempered with mercy than that of her husband. But always the ruled knew that the rulers were on duty.

Horace was more sensitive than any of his brothers or sisters. His nervous system was a very delicate stringed-instrument. His parents did not know how to tune it, so that it was often out of tune. His environment was not congenial to him. He aspired to something better and nobler. He was a born artist, but art found no place for the sole of her foot in the household. If he drew a cat or a dog, a horse or an ox, a tree or a building on his slate, his father discovered nothing in the act but "folly" and "waste of time." If he indulged his natural gift for music, it

was repressed by paternal admonition and rebuke. The age of art had not then dawned upon his country. For this reason Horace was forced to wear a "strait-jacket" that was ironclad, instead of an elastic one, such as his nature craved. Like all geniuses, he must grow from the inside out, and this was impossible so long as he was kept in an ironclad jacket. It only increased his sensitiveness, and he grew more dissatisfied with his surroundings as he grew older. He wanted to soar, but was compelled to grovel—enough to torment any aspiring, sensitive nature.

All the schooling he had was from eight to ten weeks in a year, until he was fifteen years old; and very poor schooling it was. Teachers were incompetent, and knew little or nothing of the science of teaching. They were required to teach only the "Three R's," and most of them could not do that successfully. Horace had learned all that one of these "district schools" could teach him before he was twelve years old, and no one knew it better than he did. He learned more out of school, even during the time school was in session, than he did in it, for every moment he could snatch from labour he devoted to study. He was fascinated with the acquisition of knowledge.

In those days government did not furnish text-books; they must be purchased. The parents of Horace were too poor to pay for them, and he was obliged to earn the money by braiding straw. He braided straw for the father of the author of this sketch, for whom children and their mothers in all that region worked. A boy like Horace could earn a few pence in a day, and braiding straw could be done in the evening as well as in the daytime. In these

circumstances Horace was kept pretty busy; for he was as smart at braiding as he was at other things. He was a handy, willing boy on the farm, and dared not mention the word "play" in his father's hearing when there was work to be done. He began to make himself useful about the farm when but five or six years old. But he earned money for his school-books and most of his clothes by braiding straw when the farm did not demand his service. The severity of his early years in this regard can be made known best by his own words. In his public life a friend wrote to him for a sketch of his boyhood, and he wrote to him as follows:—

"I regard it as an irretrievable misfortune that my childhood was not a happy one. By nature I was exceedingly elastic and buoyant; but the poverty of my parents subjected me to continual privations. I believe in the rugged nursing of toil; but she nursed me too much. In the winter-time I was employed in indoor and sedentary occupations, which confined me too strictly; and in summer, when I could work on the farm, the labour was too severe, and often encroached upon the hours of sleep. I do not remember the time when I began to work. Even my play-days—not play-days, for I never had any, but my play-hours—were earned by extra exertion, finishing tasks early to gain a little leisure for boyish sports. My parents sinned ignorantly; but God fixes the same physical penalties to the violation of his laws, whether that violation be wilful or ignorant. For wilful violation there is the added penalty of remorse, and that is the only difference......I have derived one compensation, however, from the rigour of my early lot. Industry, or diligence, became my second nature;

and I think it would puzzle any psychologist to tell where it joined on to the first. Owing to these ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to a fish. I have wondered a thousand times to hear people say, 'I don't like this business,' or, 'I wish I could exchange for that;' for with me, whenever I have had anything to do, I do not remember ever to have demurred, but have always set about it like a fatalist; and it was as sure to be done as the sun is to set."

That was real hardship—not even allowed to sleep in the morning as long as nature demanded; for the cows must be milked, and other dumb creatures cared for, and labour on the farm must begin at sunrise. "Play" was not supposed to be essential to the development of boyhood. "Early to rise, and plenty of work to do, contributed to make a man," was the creed of that day. The physical training was as rigid as the religious creed of the times. Horace was brought into early subjection to both.

He learned to read when he was a mere child, and he became a great reader. There were a few books in the family, but not one of them written for children. There was a library in town, presented to the citizens by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, ten or twelve years before Horace was born, but not one of the one hundred and sixteen volumes it contained was for young people. They were theological, legal, and scientific works. Nevertheless, from the want of books better suited to the needs of the young, Horace delved in these books so far as his labours on the farm and braiding in the house would allow. In the communication from which an extract has already been made, Mr. Mann wrote:—

"Though the library consisted of old histories and theologies, suited perhaps to the 'conscript fathers' of the town, but miserably adapted to the 'proscript' children, yet I wasted my youthful ardour upon its martial pages, and learned to glory in war, which both reason and conscience have since taught me to consider almost universally a crime. Oh, when will men learn to redeem that childhood in their offspring which was lost to themselves? We watch for the seed-time for our fields, and improve it, but neglect the mind until midsummer or even autumn comes, when all the *actinism* of the vernal sun of youth is gone. I have endeavoured to do something to remedy this criminal defect. Had I the power, I would scatter libraries over the whole land, as the sower sows the wheat-field."

Books were regarded as sacred things in the Mann family. The parents taught their children to preserve them with the utmost care. To mutilate a book was a punishable offence. Mr. Mann wrote of this fact thus: "I was taught to take care of the few books we had, as though there were something sacred about them. I never dog's-eared one in my life, nor profanely scribbled upon its title-page, margin, or fly-leaf, and would as soon have stuck a pin through my flesh as through the pages of a book."

Going to the house of worship was an imperative rule of the family. Parents and children always went morning and afternoon, for a sermon was preached in each part of the day. The Sabbath was meant for a day of rest and worship, and every member of the family, down to the youngest child, was expected to use it in that way. Horace would as soon have thought of objecting to work on week-days as of

objecting to go to meeting on Sundays. The parents believed in a Puritan Sabbath, and meant that their children should.

Horace was always deeply impressed by the appearance and methods of his pastor. He occasionally saw him in the district school, where the doctor went to " catechize " the pupils. But on Sunday he watched him with peculiar interest. As soon as he was old enough to comprehend the meaning and drift of his preaching—and that was much earlier than it was with most children—his sensitive nature was stirred. He began to put the worst construction possible upon the doctrines taught. Emmons, and other preachers of that day, preached more of Jehovah and His wrath than they did of Christ and His mercy. Jehovah was always in the forefront, a Sovereign of stern justice, and an unrelenting Judge; and the background was scarcely relieved by a chance glimpse of the Saviour's mission. The presentation alarmed Horace. He became unhappy over the doctrines taught. He pondered them by day and dreamed of them by night. He had no doubt of their truth, and their depressing influence upon him was all the greater. In his manhood he said of this experience :—

" Like all children, I believed what I was taught. To my vivid imagination, a physical hell was a living reality, as much so as though I could have heard the shrieks of the tormented......The consequences upon my mind and happiness were disastrous in the extreme. Often, on going to bed at night, did the objects of the day and the faces of friends give place to a vision of the awful throne, the inexorable Judge, and the hapless myriads, among whom I often seemed to see those whom I loved best; and then I wept

and sobbed until nature found that counterfeit repose in exhaustion, whose genuine reality she would have found in freedom from care and the spontaneous happiness of childhood. What seems most deplorable in the retrospect—all these fears and sufferings, springing from a belief in the immutability of the decrees that had been made, never prompted me to a single good action, or had the slightest efficacy in deterring me from a bad one. I remained in this condition of mind until I was twelve years of age."

It was during this disturbed state of his mind that one of his brothers was drowned—a great sorrow to the family, that was well suited to aggravate the mental troubles of Horace. It was a terrible blow to him, and his sensitive soul almost yielded to despair. Dr. Emmons had no words of comfort at the funeral, his principal appeal being to the young to prepare to meet God, and the dreadful experience of dying in an unconverted state.

We have introduced this fact about the effect of the preaching upon him to show that he was a very precocious boy. Probably there was not another child of his age in the whole congregation who understood the doctrines proclaimed; not one who took to heart the lessons of the pulpit, and made them real as he did. Nor was the effect altogether evil; for the sequel will show that the influence had much to do with his future plannings and labours for the rising generation. In all his work while devising and constructing a common-school system of education, he never failed to exalt the moral and spiritual above the intellectual. He insisted that character, fit for this world and the next, should be the aim of every pupil. In this respect he was as Puritanical as his

pastor or his parents when he opened Antioch College for young men and women.

He was but thirteen years old when his father died, and this affliction, with his previous poverty, made him quite wretched for a time. He loved his father, although the latter was not so familiar with his children as some fathers were. The loss seemed to him irreparable, and it was a very dark shadow the bereavement cast over house and farm. The blow wellnigh dazed him.

Perhaps he was helped to carry this sorrow by an incident that happened in the family. A young lady came on a visit to them for several days. Horace was told that she had studied Latin, and the statement filled him with surprise and wonder. He knew that boys studied Latin, but never supposed that girls were capable of such a feat. He lost no time in discussing the subject with her; and the more he discussed it the more he wondered, and the more he wanted to study Latin himself. It is possible that even then he might have dreamed of that Elysium when he would be able to master the Latin Grammar. If poverty, preaching, and affliction wellnigh unbalanced his mind, this unexpected sight of a Latin scholar, and the doubly congenial discussion of the Latin language, lifted him out of the "slough of despond," and he grew comparatively happy in his thoughts about a possible better future. It was a very small straw at which he clutched, but it floated by in the nick of time, and he began to hope for the better.

He was a farmer-boy still; and now care as well as work was demanded of him. The family must continue to live, and there was less wisdom and farming

tact to depend upon for the result. Horace became a more important factor in the life of the household. He must think some thoughts that his father thought, and do some deeds that his father did. He was always manly, but now it was necessary for him to be more than ever a man. His father's death was thus overruled for his good. His mother was left, dearer to him than all things else, and she was in honest sympathy with the aspiring soul of her remarkable son. Mother and boy were now drawn together as never before, and so the true happiness of both was increased by the advantage that came through tribulation. Horace had not more intellectual advantages, but somehow what he had seemed to be of more value to him from that time.

In his manhood he was asked about his early habits, and he replied to his friend: "As to my early habits, whatever may have been my shortcomings, I can still say that I have always been exempt from common vices. I was never intoxicated in my life [there was no temperance movement until he entered his professional life], unless, perchance, by joy or anger. I never swore; indeed, profanity was always most disgusting and repulsive to me, and (I consider it always a climax) I never used the 'vile weed' in any form. I early formed the resolution to be a slave to no habit. For the rest, my public life is almost as well known to others as to myself; and, as it commonly happens to public men, *others know my motives a great deal better than I do.*"

We have incidentally spoken of his filial piety. It is a virtue of such prominence in the lives of successful men and women, that we stop here to enforce it with more facts. In a letter to his sister, after en-

tering college, he wrote: "In your next letter, put in some sentences of mother's, just as she spoke them; let her say something to me, even if it be a repetition of those old saws—I mean if it be a repetition of her good motherly advice and direction, all about correct character and proper behaviour and straightforward, narrow-path conduct, such as young Timothy's in the primer. You know the sublime couplet and the elegant woodcut representing the whole affair in the margin. But I ought not to speak of any subject which brings my mother's image to my mind in any strain of levity. She deserves my love for her excellence, and my gratitude for the thousand nameless kindnesses which she has ever, in the fullness of parental affection, bestowed upon me." Unwittingly he furnished here the key to his mother's character.

Several years later he wrote to a friend of his mother who was having a serious illness: "Principle, duty, gratitude, affection, have bound me so closely to that parent whom alone Heaven has spared me, that she seems to me rather a portion of my own existence than a separate and independent being. I can conceive no emotions more pure, more holy, more like those which glow in the bosom of a perfected being, than those which a virtuous son must feel towards an affectionate mother......For myself, I can truly say that the strongest and most abiding incentives to excellence, by which I was ever animated, sprang from that look of solicitude and hope, that heavenly expression of maternal tenderness, when, without the utterance of a single word, my mother has looked into my face and silently told me that my life was freighted with a twofold being, for it bore her destiny as well as my own."

His mother lived until his fame was at its zenith, and no parent ever enjoyed the success of a son more than she did that of her Horace. Her satisfaction was so manifest that it became a source of joy to him. Her declining years were made happier and richer by his great labours for humanity. When he heard of her death, he sat down and wrote to a dear friend:—

"It is now years since I have felt as though I were on the isthmus between time and eternity [referring to the death of his wife]. I have long ago left the earth, but have not yet entered the world beyond it. Standing in this solitude between worlds, my mother has passed by me; and how much the balance of the universe has changed! What weight of treasure is added to the scale of the future! A wife and a mother; and such a wife! In that heavenly world I cannot conceive of her lips as glowing with a more divine smile, nor her forehead starred with a more glorious beauty. And such a mother! Were she now to return to earth, how more devotedly than she has done could she toil for the welfare of her children? I go to-morrow morning to perform the last rites, and probably I am to have a day the like of which will never come to me again."

His mother became more and more interested in his going to college, but the way was closed. Mother and son discussed the matter over and over. Horace became more and more interested in the matter, if possible. His talents now developed rapidly, and his heart appeared to expand with his head. He began to desire an education for the good it would enable him to do. He saw that the world stood in great

need of self-sacrificing, efficient men and women. Of that period he remarked, thirty years later:—

"I know not how it was; its motive never took the form of wealth or fame. It was rather an instinct which impelled towards knowledge, as that of migratory birds impels them northward in spring-time. All my boyish castles in the air had reference to doing something for the benefit of mankind. The early precepts of benevolence, inculcated upon me by my parents, flowed out in this direction; and I had a conviction that knowledge was my needed instrument."

A brighter day dawned. A teacher came to town to teach a class in grammar. He was an extra instructor for that day, and he went from town to town, forming classes at a stipulated charge for a given number of lessons. Perhaps he had taught in Franklin before. Be that as it may, he was popular with the people, and a large class enjoyed his instructions. Horace was one of the number, and "the bright particular star" among them all. Mr. Barrett (for that was the teacher's name) was attracted to him as a young man of remarkable talents. He sought an interview with him. He found him a model young man of nineteen years, who ought to receive a collegiate education, and he frankly told him so. Mr. Barrett could teach Latin and Greek and fit students for college. He offered to prepare Horace for Brown University, and thought he might enter the following September. True, this would give him only six months in which to prepare for college, but "you can perform the feat," he said. "Then I will," was the prompt and decisive answer of Horace; and he did. In six months he was not only well prepared to enter

college, but to enter one year in advance, September 1816. It was a fearful strain upon his physical constitution, however. It was night-and-day work. His biographer says:—"From that strain upon his health, and the still harder labours of his college life, he never recovered. The rest of his life was one long battle with exhausted energies; but how valiantly he fought it!"

From the start he led his class, and made a fine record for himself in every respect. Poverty still haunted him, however, and it required fully as much ingenuity to manage his finances as it did his studies. His pocket was alarmingly lean at times. But his pluck and perseverance, as well as his good-humour, kept him above water. He was not disposed to waste any time in borrowing trouble over the situation, but made the best of it. How well he succeeded is clear from the following paragraph of a letter he wrote to his sister soon after beginning his college course:—

"If the children of Israel were pressed for 'gear' half so hard as I have been, I do not wonder they were willing to worship the golden calf. It is a long, long time since my last ninepence bade good-bye to its brethren, and I suspect the last two parted on no very friendly terms, for they have never since met together. Poor wretches! never did two souls stand in greater need of mutual support and consolation......For several weeks past I have been in a half-delirious state on account of receiving no intelligence from home, when this morning I met, at the door of my boarding-house, Mr. J. F. H——, only *two weeks* from Franklin! I would have shaken hands with the 'foul fiend' himself if his last embassy had been to that place. For a good part of the time I have been trying the experiment

with respect to money which ended so tragically in the case of the old man's horse."

That he accepted the situation of hard work and hardship in such good-humour was no doubt a relief to him, and, in the end, proved an element of strength in his noble achievements. He was so overjoyed with his opportunity to take a college course of study, that he would have some fun out of it any way. It does not appear that his spirits yielded to depression in the least while he was in college. He was not only the leader of his class, but he was also the life of it. And he found in the president and faculty the warmest friends. He was such a student as they admired.

Horace Mann maintained his high rank for scholarship to the close of his college studies, although he spent but six months in preparation and entered one year in advance. This was an exceptional record. A classmate of his—Hon. Ira M. Barton of Worcester, Massachusetts—wrote of him, expressing surprise that one who spent so little time to prepare for college should be so thorough and accurate. "I never heard a student translate the Greek and Roman classics with greater facility, accuracy, and elegance. As we should expect, he was a fine writer; and, as we should *not* expect from that circumstance, he also excelled in the exact sciences. He possessed qualities of a high order. By this means he attracted the attention and secured the respect, not only of the members of our own class, but of the members of the other classes in college. Our room was the centre of much good company, except in study hours; and I sometimes almost wished that I had not had so interesting and attractive a room-mate."

He carried away the highest honours of his class; he was their valedictorian. His plan was to study

for the legal profession; so, on leaving college, he entered the office of Hon. J. J. Fiske of Wrentham, Massachusetts, to read law. But, before he was fairly engaged in the task, the trustees of his *alma mater* invited him back to Brown University as tutor of Latin and Greek. He continued to teach in the college but a year, when he became a member of the Law School in Litchfield, Connecticut, where he graduated in 1823, and immediately repaired to Dedham, Massachusetts, and was admitted to the "Norfolk Bar." One of his classmates at Litchfield said of him:—"I parted from Mr. Mann at Litchfield with the full conviction that his was to be one of the great names of our time, whether his clear and fertile intellect should confine itself to the law, or to any other one department of human knowledge."

When he commenced the practice of law, he resolved never to defend wrong. His conscience would not suffer him to seek the acquittal of a man who ought to be convicted. First of all, when a person sought his aid as a lawyer, he satisfied himself as to the merits of the case. If the man was in the wrong, he was promptly dismissed with the plain statement, "You are wrong, and I cannot take up your case." He never swerved from this pledge to principle during the whole of his public life.

When Mr. Mann had practised law seven or eight years he had attained considerable eminence in his profession. His business had proved lucrative, and he had paid his college debts and laid by enough to warrant being married. He was engaged to a daughter of President Messer of Brown University, whose acquaintance he formed in her girlhood, when he was a student in college. She was much younger

than he, but a woman of rare accomplishments and beauty, her Christian character investing her young life with a charm that completely won her sensitive husband. He forgot all the hardships and perplexities of the past; and even his doubts about the Christian religion, as presented in evangelical pulpits, seemed to vanish as the charm of his wedded life wrapt his soul. But in less than two years his almost idolized wife passed away suddenly. She was frail from childhood, and the seeds of consumption had taken root in her constitution before her marriage. For months her failing health was a source of the deepest anxiety to Mr. Mann, and, night and day, he nursed her as only the truest love could. One night, when they were alone in the house, and there was not a friend near enough to be called, death came suddenly, and left him alone with her lifeless body. "The terrors of that dreadful night spent alone with the dead, where he was found nearly insensible in the morning, revisited him with fearful power for many years at each recurring anniversary, and were never wholly dispelled." Mr. Mann wrote to a friend, some months after his crushing bereavement:—

"During the period when, for me, there was a light upon earth brighter than the light of the sun, and a voice sweeter than any of Nature's harmonies, I did not think but that the happiness, which was boundless in present enjoyment, would be perpetual in duration. Do not blame my ungrateful heart for not looking beyond the boon with which Heaven had blessed me, for you know not the potency of the enchantment. My life went out of myself......Ambition forgot the applause of the world for the more precious gratulations of that approving voice. Joy ceased its quests

abroad; for at home there was an exhaustless fountain to slake its renewing thirst. There imagination built her palaces and garnered her choicest treasures. She, too, supplied me with new strength for toil and new motives for excellence. Within her influence there could be no contest for sordid passions or degrading appetites, for she sent a divine and overmastering strength into every generous sentiment which I cannot describe. She purified my conceptions of purity, and beautified the ideal of every excellence."

Mr. Mann early became interested in reforms—the anti-slavery, temperance, and other reforms. This forced him to consider political action, about which he was just as ready to express an opinion as he was to eat. His great ability as a lawyer and public speaker pushed him forward as a candidate for political honours. He was sent to the Legislature, first to the House of Representatives, and afterwards to the Senate. Here he stood squarely for liberty, temperance, and education. All these causes were in great need of resolute friends. Great excitement prevailed, and many prominent public men were too politic to be outspoken. Not so with Mr. Mann. His voice rang like a tocsin through the halls of legislation for the right. He spurned policy. He denounced compromise. He believed that the State should educate its young for good citizenship, and he said so; and he fought for it until victory perched upon his banner.

His ability as a legislator was universally recognized. Reformatory institutions absorbed his attention. His heart was turned to the insane particularly, and the establishment of the Worcester Insane Hospital was the outcome. He was the father of that institu-

tion. His ability in the House of Representatives made him a candidate for the Senate. He was elected president of that body, and presided with supreme dignity, fairness, and decision. He was in no sense a politician in the common acceptation of the term. He despised the political demagogue, and his invectives were never so severe as when he was opposing political wire-pulling and trading. He could not be a mere party man; partisanship had no business to exist. He would denounce his own party for wrongdoing as quickly and resolutely as he would the opposing party. The right should be maintained at all hazards, whatever party might be buried in the conflict.

But the subject that engrossed his attention above all others was common-school instruction. Public schools had sadly degenerated. As the country had advanced in wealth, private schools and academies multiplied rapidly, supported by the rich and well-to-do classes. Of course, the public schools were neglected, and finally were regarded as schools for the poor. Mr. Mann desired to make them good enough for the rich. He believed that the children of the rich and the poor should be educated together, at least in their early education, in order to secure the best American citizenship. To this end all his study and ingenuity were directed.

The outcome was graded schools, high schools as free as the grammar schools, normal schools for the training of teachers, teachers' institutes for the benefit of teachers, the whole under the care of a State board of education, consisting of the governor and lieutenant-governor, and eight citizens—this board to employ a secretary. As the plan advanced and proved success-

ful, lecturing agents would be employed to canvass the State in the interest of the common schools. By this method pupils could be fitted for college with no additional expense to the families. This was substantially the plan which Mr. Mann submitted to the Legislature; and it was finally adopted after a warm contest. It should be said, however, that Mr. Mann's bill could not have been carried had an appropriation of money been asked for. Members of the board were to serve without pay, and only three hundred pounds were to be paid annually to the secretary. The experiment was thus launched with scarcely a chance of making it a success. The plan was so economical that it was in danger of being strangled in its birth. It never would have been a success except under the management of one possessing the invincible courage, absorbing interest, peculiar fitness, large ability, and persistent effort of Mr. Mann.

It was natural that the board should unanimously appoint Mr. Mann their secretary. He did not want the position. Many of his nearest friends did not favour his acceptance. They knew that there was a grand opening before him both in law and politics, and they said that it would be consummate folly for him to turn his back upon wealth and honour for an office that could not confer either. Besides, about the time that Mr. Mann removed from Dedham to Boston, in 1833, his brother failed, and being one of his indorsers, he was stripped, not only of his last pound, but a debt was imposed upon him which he was determined to liquidate. For three years he slept in his office, obtained his meals where he could get them at the lowest rate, and sometimes went without a dinner because he had no money with which to buy

one. By this scrimping method of life, his lucrative law business enabled him to lift the debt which his brother's failure brought upon him. His loyalty to personal obligation and his sense of honour alike impelled him to stake even health and life itself upon the payment of that debt. He had just removed it when he was appointed secretary of the State Board of Education.

He accepted the appointment from a sense of duty. He assured the friends who tried to dissuade him therefrom that duty called him to the position, and he did not dare to refuse. On the day he communicated his acceptance to the board, he wrote in his diary: "Henceforth, so long as I hold this office, I devote myself to the supremest welfare of mankind upon earth.......*Faith* is the only sustainer.......No object ever gave scope for higher powers, or exacted a more careful, sagacious use of them.......After all the advice which all the sages who ever lived could give, there is no such security against danger, and in favour of success, as to understand it with a right spirit—with a self-sacrificing spirit. Men can resist the influence of talent, but few will combat goodness for any time. A spirit mildly devoting itself to a good cause is a certain conqueror. Love is a universal solvent."

To a friend he wrote: "My office is 'to let.' The bar is no longer my forum. My jurisdiction is changed. I have abandoned jurisprudence, and betaken myself to the larger sphere of mind and morals. Having found the present generation composed of materials almost unmalleable, I am about transferring my efforts to the next. Men are cast-iron, but children are wax. Strength expended upon the latter

may be effectual, which would make no impression upon the former."

To his sister, who may have desired, with many others, an explanation of his sacrificing a lucrative business and political preferment for a position in which there was neither money nor honour, he wrote:—

"If I can be the means of ascertaining what is the best construction of school-houses, what are the best books, what is the best arrangement of studies, what are the best modes of instruction; if I can discover by what appliance of means a non-thinking, non-reflecting, non-speaking child can most surely be trained into a noble citizen, ready to contend for the right and to die for the right; if I can only obtain and diffuse throughout the State a few good ideas on these and similar subjects, may I not flatter myself that my ministry has not been wholly in vain?"

Again he wrote: "The common school is the institution that can receive and train up children in the elements of all good knowledge and of virtue before they are subjected to the alienating competitions of life. This institution is the greatest discovery ever made by man; we repeat it—*the common school is the greatest discovery ever made by man.*"

In the foregoing extracts is found a satisfactory explanation of his course in becoming secretary. He was raised up by Providence to fill the office. It was the divine niche he must fill—called to it by the same voice that calls the preacher of the gospel to his work. He could not refuse. Acceptance was laid upon his conscience. Such a man alone could have succeeded.

During the first year of his service, interested parties gave him money for the work, which a stingy Legislature failed to appropriate. Most of his own salary, too, went to make up what the "General Court" denied. Only the cost of his board and clothes, limited to the most scanty measure, was taken from his salary for personal use: the remainder was cheerfully put into the work. On the second year, however, a member of the State Board, a true philanthropist, Louis Dwight, Esq., contributed TWO THOUSAND POUNDS to the cause, on condition that the State should appropriate an equal amount. This was carried in the Legislature.

Strange to say, the opposition to the board and their work was widespread and bitter. There was an organized movement to abolish the board, and citizens who ought to have been in better business were prominent members of it. Many citizens desired no improvement in public instruction. They wanted the common schools kept for the common people, and they were already good enough for that. They regarded Mr. Mann's proposition as visionary, and many said that well-to-do people could never be brought to educate their children with those of the poor. The higher classes would not mix with the lower. Even some members of the board opposed certain of his measures that, in the end, proved to be the best. Then, too, a great number of citizens who were not opponents were as unconcerned as sleepers in the graveyard.

No wonder that Mr. Mann's diary abounds in statements like the following:—

"To make an impression in Berkshire in regard to the schools is like attempting to batter down Gibraltar

with one's fist......My health fails. I may perish in the cause, but I will not abandon it."

"In Berkshire they excused the thinness of the meeting because the day was fair; in Northampton, because it was stormy."

"It is my fortune to stand as the pioneer of this movement; and, like other pioneers, I cannot expect to escape unscathed. But it is a cause worth being sacrificed for; and first, I will try to conquer; but if conquest is impossible, then I will try to bear."

"Surely, if I were not proof against slights, neglects, and mortifications, I should abandon this cause in despair."

The more opposition and insults, "the more perseverance becomes a virtue," he said. The best qualities that were in him were developed by this usage. His tenacity of purpose was all the more remarkable, because in the midst of his greatest trials he received a proposition from Missouri to become the president of a college, on "a salary of six hundred pounds a year, a splendid house, gardens, etc." Of course he declined the call. He was doing so great a work that he could not come down. He said, "I would rather remain here, and work for mere bread, than go there for the wealth of the great valley of the Mississippi." He was not after money; he was seeking the highest welfare of Massachusetts. He was bound to succeed, and that determination was half the battle. He won the whole country over to his methods.

We have spoken of him as the author of graded schools, high schools, normal schools, and teachers' institutes. He introduced well-selected libraries also into district schools, and established the *Common-*

School Journal to aid teachers, and to instruct citizens who were sufficiently interested in the cause to read such a publication. As the Legislature did not provide him with a clerk, he was obliged to do his own copying, attend to his correspondence, and edit the *Journal*, in addition to his prodigious work of redeeming the State from ignorance. Usually the days proved altogether too short for the labours he had to perform, and he would strike the balance by using a portion of the nights.

He managed, even with his small income, to fit several nephews and nieces for teachers in the normal schools, *and paid their bills.* In transmitting the money to two of them in 1841, he wrote: "I trust that you will get a great deal more good from it than the mere money is worth. Indeed, as money merely, it is worth nothing; but as a means of improvement, I hope it will produce a hundred, or at least sixty fold."

We need not go further into his work as secretary of the State Board of Education. The results constitute a most important part of American history. To him is due that system of popular education that has given America a foremost place for intelligence and virtue. Scores of the brightest intellects have been recovered from the slums of poverty by it, and polished for crowns of honour and usefulness. America has been made thriftier and purer, and humanity has become worthier of the heritage which God has vouchsafed to it. Before Horace Mann lived, American citizens scarcely knew what a good common school was. They understand it now.

One incident so forcibly illustrates the character of the man that it must not be omitted. The opposition

to his first normal school at Lexington imperilled its existence. It was so straitened in finances at the outset that Mr. Mann sold his law library, and with the receipts fitted up the boarding-house for normal pupils. But he was forced to abandon the enterprise before he had time to show the people how great good it would do the common schools. He did not abandon his purpose, however, to make the normal school a success. He found that a schoolhouse in West Newton could be purchased for three hundred pounds. He rushed to the office of Hon. Josiah Quincy, junior, and exclaimed, as he entered:—

"If you know any man who wants the highest seat in the kingdom of heaven, it is to be had for three hundred pounds!"

An explanation followed, and Mr. Quincy drew a cheque for the amount, and directed him "to take the deed in his own name." This saved the normal school project from total defeat. From that time people began to learn what a normal school was, and to appreciate its value. Normal schools soon became a necessity with all the friends of public instruction, and to-day they are found in every state of the Union. Mr. Mann's faith, fidelity, and irresistible perseverance did it.

Mr. Mann was married the second time on May 1, 1843, and sailed for Europe to examine European schools, especially those of Germany. He sojourned in that country several months, giving no rest to his overtasked energies because of his purpose to become familiar with European school methods. He returned with more determination than ever, if possible, to make the school system of Massachusetts a model. His next report furnished his countrymen with the

fruits of his European tour. A fresh impetus was given to common-school education in the States.

John Quincy Adams died very suddenly in 1847, and Mr. Mann was importuned to become his successor in the national House of Representatives at Washington. At first he was not at all disposed to relinquish his work for the common schools for a seat in Congress. But Mr. Adams had been a mighty champion of freedom there for many years, and the true friends of liberty desired that his successor should be his equal in principle and power. The conflict with slavery was irrepressible, and one must occupy the vacant seat who would do and dare like him for emancipation. At once they turned to Mr. Mann as the one above all others qualified for the position. By much urging and argument he yielded to the wishes of friends, and took his seat in Congress, March 1848. His natural eloquence, his great logical powers, his happy command of language, and his graceful and manly bearing, fitted him for the forum of debate. His fearless defence of principle, too, and his decided antipathy to slavery, made him a strong accession to the anti-slavery leaders in the House. He was an indefatigable worker also, as great a worker in Congress as he was among the schools of Massachusetts.

He was in Congress four years, and they were years of the greatest public excitement, when a representative of his ability and devotion to principle found full scope for his powers. The infamous "Fugitive Slave Law," the "Missouri Compromise Bill," and kindred measures in the interest of slavery, were passed upon. At that time also Daniel Webster delivered his notorious "Seventh of March Speech,"

in which he made a bid for the presidency of the United States by sacrificing the cause of freedom to his passion for the highest office in the land. His disregard for principle shocked Mr. Mann, and he criticized him severely. He addressed a letter to him, and when he took it to the printer, he remarked to a friend, "I am going to do the most reckless thing, on my own account, which I have ever done, in publishing this letter. A thousand of the most prominent men in Massachusetts will never speak to me again. But *I must do it.*" His habit of vindicating the right impelled him to the act. He could not have maintained his self-respect by doing otherwise. Party had no power over him when principle was at stake.

The result was what Mr. Mann had prophesied. Pro-slavery Whigs turned their backs upon him, and at the next district congressional convention they managed by political trickery to defeat him. But the friends of liberty in all the parties rallied and re-elected him overwhelmingly to continue to fill the seat of the "old man eloquent." It was one of the grandest victories for the right recorded on the page of history—a noble tribute to the public man who dared to stand for principle at any cost.

But on the 15th day of September 1852 Mr. Mann was nominated for governor of Massachusetts. On that occasion Hon. Anson Burlingame said, "As to the candidate we have nominated, I shall say nothing, but that his fame is as wide as the universe." And Hon. Henry Wilson said: "You have selected as your standard-bearer one of the ablest men of Massachusetts and of the country......Within a few days he has uttered on the floor of Congress one of the most brilliant speeches for liberty that ever fell from

human lips. Over the struggles of the future it will exert an influence perhaps unequalled by any effort of our time."

By a singular coincidence Mr. Mann was chosen president of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Greene County, Ohio, on the same day that he was nominated for governor of Massachusetts. The friends of education wanted him as much as the friends of liberty. He sought not office, but office sought him—the boy who braided straw to pay for his school-books! The reader has learned enough about the man by this time to know what position he would accept. He chose rather to be teacher than to be governor. He accepted the presidency of Antioch College, and was on the ground to commence his work before the buildings were completed. The highest gift of honour within the power of the citizens of his native State to bestow had no attractions for him in comparison with the opportunity to train young men and women for usefulness.

We have not space to enter into the details of his work at Antioch College. The foregoing assures the reader that it was successful in the highest degree. It was one of the first institutions of the kind in America—a college for the education of both sexes in a comparatively unsettled part of the country. The usual embarrassments of poverty, limited facilities, and poor accommodations attended the enterprise, to which was added the incompetency or dishonesty of one who managed the finances. One hundred and fifty students crowded the college at its opening, and still they multiplied as the months went by. Many of them were uncultivated, rough, and ignorant of the rules of good society, but desirous of an education.

It was a field of labour for which Mr. Mann was fitted, and his wonderful personality transformed the most unattractive into pupils of excellent demeanour. Bad habits, such as profanity, vulgarity, the use of intoxicating drinks and tobacco, pioneer coarseness at the table and in the schoolroom, were abandoned; and every scholar was made to feel that spotless *character* was the true purpose of education. All things inconsistent with this purpose were prohibited in school and out; and the strong but wise ground was taken, in advance of all colleges in the country, that a diploma should not be given to an immoral student, no matter how high he stood in scholarship. And this rule was strictly adhered to.

Mr. Mann expected nothing less than hard work when he went to this new field of labour; but it altogether exceeded his expectations, and his health became impaired by overwork. His family and friends expostulated, and entreated him to resign, take a rest, or, if not that, to curtail his labours as much as possible. But he could see no opportunity for either; the great load was upon his own shoulders, and he could shift it to no other. He laboured on, willing to spend and be spent for an enterprise that absorbed his whole being. The sad consequences were inevitable. Though possessing a wiry constitution, and a power of endurance almost incredible, nature could not resist such inroads upon her domain, and he succumbed.

He prepared his last "Baccalaureate" in great haste, with this pressure of labour, care, and anxiety upon him. He had not time to read it over before delivery. The festivities of the day, including "commencement dinner" and the "president's levee," occupied

twelve hours. The next day he was completely prostrated, a mighty man worn out by overwork. Dr. Pulte of Cincinnati was summoned. To him there was little hope for his patient, though he had not the heart to tell him so. Soon, however, the inevitable issue was clear to all, and clearer to no one than to Mr. Mann.

"How long?" he asked the doctor.

"Three hours at most."

"I do not feel it to be so," replied the patient; "but if it is so, I have something to say. Send for B——" (a student who had given him much anxiety).

While waiting for B——, he addressed the most tender and loving words to his distressed family, and by the time that B—— arrived, the room was filled by those who had been startled by the tidings that Mr. Mann was dying. The scene that followed was almost without a parallel. His biographer says:—

"He spoke earnestly to his young friend, and called one after another of his students and his friends to him, and for two hours poured forth his great heart and soul in inspired words, with a depth of voice and vigour of muscle wonderful to behold in one lately so prostrate. It was as if he drew strength from the fountain of future life into which he was about to plunge. He abode ever in the palace of truth, and from its portals he now said to each one an appropriate word, tenderly but sincerely, and so discriminately that one trembled to listen. The hours can never be forgotten, either by those who were warned not to abuse, but only righteously to use, the exceeding riches of God's goodness, or by those over whom he poured his unbounded love and blessing."

Again and again he uttered the words, "Man, duty, God!" All understood what he meant—how they

must live. Truly his ruling passion prevailed in death. He desired above all things that those students should become true men and women, and "Man, duty, God!" told them how.

At last he said, "I should like to have Mr. Fay make a short prayer—low, peaceful, grateful." After the prayer was offered, he again addressed those about him, and sent messages to absent ones—his son, sister, Professor Cary, and others. Of the professor he added, "Dear Cary!—solid, steadfast, well balanced, always wise, always right, always firm—tell him how much I loved him." Resting a moment, he continued, "Good, reliable, judicious, firm, gentle, beautiful Mr. Cary." Still another moment of rest, and he said, "And these good young men who have always done their duty—how I love them! Tell them how I love them! No words can express how I love them!"

Turning to the Rev. Mr. Fay, he said, "Preach God's laws, Mr. Fay—*preach them!* PREACH THEM!" Pausing a moment, he added, "O God, may he preach them till the light drive out the darkness!"

To his children he said, "When you wish to know what to do, ask yourselves what Christ would have done in the same circumstances."

He became exhausted, and said, "Will not the friends fall back?" He was troubled to breathe, and wanted air. The chills of death crept over him, and he did not speak again. His life-work was finished. He died on the 2nd day of August 1859, and his remains were taken to Providence, Rhode Island, where his first wife was buried, "and his earthly form reposes in the North Burial-ground, where his family and friends have erected a monument modelled after the beautiful 'obelisk of the Vatican.'"

John Roach.

SHIPBUILDER.

DIFFICULTIES are of no account to some men. They appear to move onward and upward easily, whether obstacles beset their way or not. They are not often thrown from their balance, and never hurry. Absorbed by the work in hand, they are intent upon its accomplishment. One thing is done before the next is taken up. Their passage from one piece of work to another is so natural that it becomes even graceful. In short, while their industry is prodigious, it seems perfectly easy for them to win.

Such a man was John Roach, who was an adopted citizen of the United States. He was born in Mitchelstown, County Cork, Ireland, December 25, 1813. His ancestry was honoured and influential. His grandfather possessed considerable property at one time; but he lost it by indorsing notes for a friend. This loss proved a great misfortune to the family, because it subjected his children to a battle with poverty upon entering their majority. John's father was as poor as any of them when he was married, and he never attained what could be called prosperity in all his life. Ireland was a poor country for achievement, and especially so when John was a boy; for Napoleon kept Europe in a turmoil,

and the future was very uncertain. The amount of poverty and wretchedness in the land was appalling. The most intelligent and enterprising citizens did not find it an easy task to feed and clothe their families. The ways of getting or earning money were few. There was absolutely no opportunity for boys to earn a livelihood; no trade or remunerative occupation was open to them. There was nothing to encourage John, who had the heart to achieve. He was proud of his ancestry, and this served as a stimulus to make his aim high. He longed to better his condition. First of all he wanted to be a man. He knew well what that meant. He believed that he could make a true man if he only had the chance. But there was no chance in Ireland for a boy of his mettle. He looked the facts full in the face. He discussed the situation with his parents, who felt very much as the son did. Other boys might have been content with their lot, but John was not. His spirit wanted to soar, but its wings were clipped. He was out of his element, so that he was restive as a caged bird.

Of course much was known of the American Republic in Ireland at that time. Many of the people had emigrated to that country, among them some relatives of the Roaches. Glowing accounts of the United States had been sent back by these delighted emigrants. To them it was a sort of paradise, as compared with their native land where there was no trade or work, no opportunity to rise, even for the most aspiring. It was Eden before the fall to them.

John thought it must be just the land for him. His heart yearned to emigrate. He would cheerfully

leave home and kindred for an opportunity in this country of possibilities. But the Atlantic Ocean was in his way; how could he cross it? He had no money, and his father had none; and money was indispensable for his passage. For a time his case seemed hopeless. Unless the Red Sea miracle should be performed, and the mighty waters parted, so that he could emigrate on foot, "dry shod," it did not appear that he could remove to America. The prospect made him sad and despondent, the more so because he was already beginning to be a man. But when he was fifteen years of age (1828) in some way he obtained money to pay his passage to America, and a happy boy he was.

We must stop here to look at him more closely, and learn what was his equipment for American life. He could read and write, and he had a very limited knowledge of arithmetic. That was all the schools of Ireland could teach, at least in his part of the country.

Teachers knew little more than they communicated to their pupils. Indeed, the general impression of the people was that very little knowledge was necessary for life in Ireland. It was not the opinion of John or of his ancestors. He had a thirst for knowledge, but there was no opportunity to satisfy it. He made the most of his schooling possible—much more than other boys did; but his environment hindered advancement beyond the limit stated. He had much leisure time, but no books to enjoy, as boys in America had. He possessed a good character, correct habits, a high purpose, and resolution and perseverance that were almost boundless; therefore, on the whole, his outfit was not to be despised. Poor education, with his great force

of character, was a better equipment than a college curriculum would have been without the latter.

He sailed for America in a vessel that was crowded with emigrants. He was a steerage passenger with the crowd, and his ticket was the cheapest sold. He could sleep on the baggage and eat where he slept. But his heart was so intent upon life in America, that the inconveniences and hardships of the voyage did not annoy him in the least. He was naturally merry-hearted, and now that a bright prospect was before him, ordinary privations could not repress his joy. It was a long, tedious, rough passage that he had; but he reached New York in safety, his soul elated with expectation and "ready for any fate." He was going to illustrate Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," though he did not know it; so he felt that he must "be up and doing." He had no relatives or friends, and little money in his pocket; a stranger in a strange land. There were many of his countrymen in the city, and some of them had been there for years. They were acquainted more or less with American industries, and could advise him. He had in mind no particular line of employment mapped out. He would take up the first work that offered and be glad. He fell in with a party who directed him to the Howell Iron-works in New Jersey. He lost no time in finding the proprietor of those works and making known his errand.

Mr. Allaine, the owner, was evidently favourably impressed by the lad's appearance, and he listened to his story—told in answer to some of his questions—with the deepest interest. Mr. Allaine had studied human nature, and he saw at once that John Roach was not an ordinary boy. He was ignorant, but he

was manly, honest, and enterprising, just such a boy as he could use to advantage.

"Yes," said Mr. Allaine, "plenty of work here for a boy like you. And here is a good chance to learn the business. We need an errand-boy now, and we will not keep you there long; for you can grow up rapidly into a trade, and command high wages. You can begin right off to-day."

John was delighted with his reception. He had fallen into good hands at the start, and here was the first chance of his life. We do not know what pay he received; but that, evidently, was a secondary consideration with him. A job was the first thing he wanted; he had gone to America for that. We suppose, however, that the bargain included food and clothing, for the boy was sadly in need of both, as his employer was made to understand. Mr. Allaine would be generous, too, for he was drawn to John by his appearance, and his story of his life, that was strange as fiction. At any rate, on that day he became an employee, in a business that "led him on to fortune."

There was a rough class of men among the iron-workers—not all of them, but a portion. The drink habit prevailed, and the tobacco habit, and there was much profanity and coarse, loose talk. John found it out before his employer warned him against the evil, and fortified himself against the temptation. He had taken his good principles with him over the sea for this purpose, and now he put them in practice. Sometimes an unthinking fellow would tease him about his goodness; but it had no effect upon John. What would have been temptation to many boys was no temptation to him. Bad example and evil counsels never turned him from an honourable course of living,

and he gained the confidence and respect of every employee within a few months. He was so pleasant and jovial at all times, so accommodating, manly, and smart, that he became a pet in the establishment. Every one, from the employer down to the most ignorant workman, was a friend of John.

Here he found books, which he read in his leisure hours. He understood that in this way he could become an honoured and useful man. He would not waste his time, now that he could satisfy his thirst for knowledge in some measure. His mental growth was manifest to all, and so was his moral. On commencing life in America, he attended divine worship on the Sabbath. He had no disposition to make the Sabbath a holiday, as many did. He sacredly regarded it as time set apart for the worship of God, and he would not divert it to other uses. Within a few years he became a Christian, and, at twenty-one was no mean factor in the church which he joined. At this time, too, he was leader in the shop. His sound judgment and principles were recognized by all. His sharp observation, fidelity, and enterprising spirit made him an exceptional employee.

In later life John said that from the time he began to master the trade his mind was continually planning improvements. He imagined that machines could be constructed for this and that purpose, never dreaming, however, that he would ever be in a position to put in practice his ideals. He was content with the business, and so his thoughts were concentrated upon it, instead of thinking how much more agreeable and profitable some other occupation would be. He knew that he was ignorant and incompetent to realize his hopes, unless he could command intelligent and prac-

tised workmen, and the prospect of that was dubious. But he laboured on for ten years, three-fourths of that time receiving high wages.

When he was twenty-two years old he married, and became a thoughtful, upright, and respected citizen. His sympathies were all enlisted for good order, good morals, and good opportunities. His vote and voice were given to support measures that were advocated by the best citizens. Friends knew where to find him always. That any one should want the liquor traffic protected, with all the woes it entails, he could not understand. That young men should convert the Sabbath into a day of debauch was a surprise to him; for his own soul opposed all such evils. He could not do otherwise.

After ten years had elapsed, and he had become a skilful iron-worker, there arose a great excitement over the opening West. Many of his fellow-workmen caught the fever and decided to remove thither. They wanted John to go with them—about the last man whom his employer would expect to consent. But he was told that his growing family could be supported easily on the rich prairie lands of Illinois, that farming in that new country was the easiest way in the world to gain a livelihood. After canvassing the matter with his wife, he resolved to emigrate—the first mistake he had made since he resolved, at fifteen, to go to America. He removed to Illinois, and became a farmer on its prairie lands. But it was new business for him, and a new country had no attractions for him. He had no talent for agriculture, and he found it out before he had been settled a month in Illinois. He was dissatisfied and homesick, and his wife was no more contented than

he. If he could only return to his old business he would be a happy man. That he ever consented to remove to a new country to become a farmer seemed to him almost inexplicable. With a good trade and a comfortable home, he ought to have been so well satisfied as never to have listened to the importunity of friends. Such were his thoughts, and they gradually developed into plans for returning to his old business. We know not exactly how long it was before he was back in New York, but it was just as soon as he could arrange for such a retreat. And the sequel proved that his Illinois experience was a profitable school for him. It came about in this way.

He was satisfied that he could not make a farmer; he had no tact for it, and his heart was not in it. His conclusion, after much thought and reflection, was that he had better stick to his trade, and do the best he could. He had spent ten years in acquiring a knowledge of it, and it was not wise to throw that time away. The more he discussed the matter in his own mind, the better acquainted he became with himself. When he quitted farming he was thoroughly convinced that his forte lay in the business of an iron-worker, and he was sure that nothing could ever divert his attention from it again. This proved the making of the man. He had learned what he could do—what was the bent of his mind—and that was worth everything to him. So that his brief sojourn in Illinois, while it was a mistake, as he concluded, was overruled to introduce him into a life-work that made him known in all lands. Some of his dreams in the workshop were realized.

On returning to New York he met with parties who advised him to set up business for himself. He

had not contemplated such an enterprise, but the parties knew him well, perhaps better than he knew himself, and their advice was sincere. John Roach was pleased with their good opinion of him, but he said to himself: "I know nothing about business ways, am not a machinist or an engineer, and could not write a correct business letter to save my life; I could not succeed." But his friends knew that he could manage a shop full of good workmen, and plan for them, and that was enough. The result was that these friendly advisers entered into partnership with him, and established a small foundry in Goerck Street, which developed into the Ætna Iron-works, after a few years, for the manufacture of "architectural iron-work." Roach was the manager of it, and a more responsible and efficient superintendent never conducted a workshop. Though hampered by a limited early education, of which no one was more conscious than himself, he possessed those qualities of judgment, observation, thoroughness, indomitable will, and faith in his power to accomplish, that assure success. These with ignorance will do more for a man than learning without them.

The Ætna Works prospered. Although there was much competition in this line of business, the new company flourished, because the manager turned out work promptly, and never disappointed a patron in its quality. As profits increased, a large percentage of them were put into the plant, so that the amount of work turned out became surprisingly large within a few years. The proprietors congratulated themselves upon the success of their enterprise, and were elated over their future prospects. The fame of the Ætna Works spread far and wide. Orders received became

larger and larger. Profits accumulated rapidly. Every month and even week demonstrated that the formation of the company, with Roach at the head, was a fortunate investment.

Just then, when expectation was on tiptoe, and the proprietors were rejoicing over their prospects, the great boiler in the works exploded, the building tumbled to pieces, and several lives were sacrificed. The average man would have looked upon the ruins in despair, and said, "That is the end of the enterprise." He was penniless now, just as poor as when he started out in life, and such a disaster was anything but assuring. But John Roach needed such a misfortune to develop the best there was in him. Neither he nor his closest friend knew how much there was in his brain. Such a catastrophe was well suited to push him up higher, provided he was not discouraged.

A cooler and more thoughtful man did not look upon the ruins. "The works must be rebuilt at once," he said, without stopping to lament over his loss, or thinking where the money was to come from to pay for rebuilding. He had acquired the reputation of being an excellent business man, controlled by high moral principle, so that friends proffered pecuniary assistance without the asking. "Such a man must not be allowed to go to the wall," they said. The works were rebuilt without any difficulty, and business renewed. Even his misfortune added to the reputation of Roach. Inventors and engineers visited him for conference. They recognized his inborn ability for the work he was doing. They understood it better than he did himself. His own reputation gave character to the Ætna Works abroad. Men knew

him who never saw him. And yet he was even more able than his intimate friends had supposed. For when proposals for building the mammoth drawbridge over Harlem River were made, and he put in the lowest bid, and got the contract, many of his friends thought it was a grave mistake. They did not believe that he was equal to the undertaking. Some of them prophesied a speedy failure. The job was larger than the man. He would be crushed by its weight. But Roach's motto was, "Accomplish, or never undertake." He knew every inch of ground over which he was walking. He could not write a passable business letter, but he could plan and estimate the cost of the largest drawbridge in the land. He studied its minutest details before he ventured to make a bid. He learned what was to be done, and the best way of doing it. He was neither insane nor mistaken when he took the contract from the city of New York. He proceeded with the work as coolly and successfully as he ever did with a good job in his workshop.

A writer says of the drawbridge: "There was nothing else precisely like it in all the land, for its required strength was enormous. The piers and their masonry were not unlike what men are already familiar with, although there were serious questions relating to their foundations. The avenue itself (the bridge was on Third Avenue), however, was to go on over the bridge, and the middle of this, a hundred feet in length, and of full width, was to swing around upon a pivot by steam power, always ready, that vessels might go up and down the Harlem."

It was a great day for New York when the Harlem Bridge was completed. Amid the acclamations of a

multitude, it was opened to the public, and the builder received an ovation like that tendered to conquerors. He was the highest type of a conqueror, for he conquered difficulties that the most of men would never think of overcoming. Though he was neither a mechanic nor an engineer, he produced a work that was a wonderful piece of mechanism, and which required the highest kind of engineering. More than thirty years have elapsed, and the pivot on which the central span turns, and which prophets said would not last a year, is as good as new. It is a monument to the ability, fidelity, and achievements of the builder.

For several years John Roach had been thinking of iron ships. They had been built in other countries, and he had seen them sail into the New York harbour. Why could not iron ships be built in America? He believed that it was possible, and he believed that he could build them. He kept his own counsels, however, and made the subject a careful study. The more he studied, the more he was satisfied with his plans. The outbreak of the civil war found him at this point. Being a true patriot, though born in a foreign land, his heart bled to see the Stars and Stripes swept from the ocean, and the commerce of the United States transferred to foreign nations. He took in the situation at once. The government needed iron war-ships of right construction. There were some iron ships in the American navy, but they were not a success. Roach saw what was needed, and he resolved to supply the article. Here opened the opportunity of his life. He had done great things, but he could do greater things. He was fitted to do more than he had ever done. Each achievement prepared him for a more startling one. Providence

appeared to conduct his discipline with reference to becoming the benefactor of his race.

In the lives of few men does the education of business appear to better advantage. As we have seen, John Roach had scarcely any school advantages. But the workshop became to him a school instead. Being a good thinker, his daily business became his teacher. Webster defines education as "that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper and the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." Hence there is real education outside of the schoolroom; and this was the kind that Roach acquired. But for this he would have lived and died in Ireland. Its schools gave him nothing of the kind. His aspiring nature took him to America, where the workshop became to him a school, and he was an apt learner. His work appealed to him constantly for something better—the very best that could be furnished. His tact, judgment, ready wit, ingenuity, patience, and best endeavour were enlisted daily; and this was culture of the most practical kind, making character as rapidly as it made triumphs. For John Roach it was the best kind of a school.

We should not omit to say that Roach did not allow himself to read anything except that which related to the subject in hand. If the subject were bridges, he read whatever he could find on bridges, and nothing else. He would exhaust that subject before he took up another. This was a fortunate stroke for him; it is for any one. To complete or master one subject before taking up another is one of the conditions of success. For this reason Roach did

not scatter. All his powers were concentrated upon the work before him, so that there was no loss, but constant gain. The facts show what an earnest man can do for himself.

Months passed away. The civil war came to an end, and peace brought prosperity and good cheer. Roach had not perfected his plans about iron ships, nor had he talked much about it in public. Perhaps he had conferred with friends whose financial aid was requisite. But the great public knew little about it, until it was announced in 1868, that he had purchased the Morgan Works in New York city, and soon after the Neptune Works, and, still later, the Allaine and the Franklin Forge. This was convincing evidence that he was contemplating a great enterprise. And when the public learned that he had purchased a large shipyard on the Delaware River, at Chester, Pennsylvania, they knew that the United States would produce iron ships as well made as those of England. He continued to enlarge his shipyard, until it occupied twenty acres, and was valued at four hundred thousand pounds. Two thousand employees served in his yard, and another thousand at his works in New York, making a pay-roll that was formidable indeed, especially for the barefoot, ragged Irish boy of 1828.

That an iron-worker, who knew little or nothing of banking or finance, should find himself involved in business of so great magnitude, was unusual, to say the least. But business had proved so fine a school for him, that his large and well-developed brain carried the substance of his expenditure and income along with it. There was nothing hap-hazard about it to him. His remarkable memory seemed to have a place for everything, and everything was in its

place. His keen foresight aided him also along this line. He anticipated the demands of a progressive age, and by the time his plans, one after another, were consummated, the world was ready for them. In this way he was constantly making things happen, and surprising his most intimate friends. He never waited for anything to turn up; he turned it up. No door to success appeared to open before him until he opened it. He was "the artificer of his own fortune" in the best sense.

To return to the shipyard. The United States Government ordered iron ships, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company ordered huge steamers also. Several were in process of building at the same time, and John Roach knew just how and when the bills would be paid. Several times a crisis was impending; but it was no match for his ingenuity: the crisis was throttled and conquered. Did people say that he was ignorant of financial methods? No one but a practical financier could ever have managed such a stupendous business. He had developed into a good financier by the discipline of planning and accomplishing. Setting aside all the schools of mercantile training, and all the methods of book-keeping, his own head conceived and carried the largest financial schemes in the country.

At the Chester Works he built in twelve years sixty-three iron steamships, and fifty-one ships of other grades—one hundred and fourteen in all. Among them were six monitors, three cruisers—the *Atlanta*, the *Chicago*, and *Boston*—also the dispatch boat *Dolphin* for the United States Government. In all this work no one could discover that he did it for money-making. His chief purpose appeared to be

the production of the best things for the public service. The absence of a selfish disposition, and the constant evidence of a strong desire for the public welfare, made him the peer of the most famous inventors, and the companion of philanthropists and statesmen. They recognized him as a public benefactor, entitled to the confidence and respect of his countrymen.

His work for the United States Government brought him into close relations with Congress. It was a necessary acquaintance that he formed with leading representatives and senators at Washington. He was not always satisfied with the methods of carrying measures through Congress. Some of the ways of politicians troubled him, and he did not wish that they should handle measures relating to his work in a doubtful or covert manner. Political crookedness annoyed him as much as dishonesty in business circles. Everything must be above-board to suit him, so that the strongest calcium light of truth might be turned upon it.

At one time the Senate had a measure up for discussion relating to American commerce and foreign trade, and a senator, who had often conversed with Mr. Roach upon the subject, asked him to prepare a digest of their conversations for his use in a speech. Mr. Roach consented, and called to his aid a literary friend. They spent three evenings together in preparing the document, when it was forwarded to the senator. In due time his speech was delivered, and published in the New York dailies. It was declared to be the ablest effort by far which the senator ever made in Congress. He said, however, that it was mainly the digest which Mr. Roach furnished him, with but trifling alterations in phraseology or line of argument.

Mr. Roach had been phenomenally successful from the start to this time. But when he completed the *Dolphin* for the United States Government his first reverse was experienced. The examiners rejected it. The fact that it was accepted afterwards is pretty good proof that a political game, born of jealousy and meanness, secured its rejection. The reverse occurred at a time when the money-market was in a crisis, so that Mr. Roach was not prepared for it. He was forced to suspend. A long and unpleasant controversy followed, in which a class of schemers and demagogues participated, whose forte was abuse, misrepresentation, and injustice. It was such treatment as the noblest benefactors are liable to receive from a class of men whose personal honour is sacrificed to personal aggrandizement. It was such a new and bitter experience for the iron-shipbuilder that it told upon his health. He was an old man, deserving of the most tender and honourable treatment possible by every one of his countrymen, and it was not strange that his soul was ploughed and harrowed with grief. He made a manly struggle for himself against public wrongs and aspersion. But his old heart was not made of iron like his ships, and it yielded to despondency. He went home, and died January 10, 1887. But for the ungrateful and undeserved bitterness over the *Dolphin* he might have been alive to-day. Work never wears out or kills a man of his make-up. Difficulties may multiply to almost any degree, but such men do not lose courage. They may be baffled in their attempts to accomplish, but they solve the knotty problem by rising with the occasion. But injustice and false accusations are different things. These strike in another place. They never inspire, but repress. A

heart that will surmount obstacles and make the life sublime, will break under a false charge and denial of true merit. The heart of John Roach broke.

Mr. Roach was always popular with his employees. He had been in their condition, and he knew their experience. He knew that their lot was hard, though it might be happy. He understood what sacrifices and trials were incident to rearing a family in such circumstances. Experience was the best of schoolmasters to him. Therefore he had strong sympathies for his workmen; and they knew it. Many of them had the most convincing proof of it, through timely aid to their families in sickness and want. They had no reason to complain of the oppression of capital. Capital was considerate and neighbourly to them. What could labour do without it? Of course his shops and shipyards were in no danger of being upset by strikers. They had no reason to plot against the business. They knew better than to sacrifice their own interests to a delusion and snare.

Mr. Roach read men more than books: although he did not neglect the latter, he was a student of men. From early life his forte lay in that direction. When commencing business for himself he was forced to study human nature. He could tell a good worker at sight; so he could a drone. He noted moral qualities closely. An immoral man had no more chance with him than a shiftless man. He read him as easily as another would read a book. A certificate of good character was not so satisfactory to him as the searching glance of his eye. And he was not often deceived. Generally the outcome verified his judgment. Here, no doubt, was another element of his success.

Mr. Roach was a genius, if a genius be the man who does what no other party can. Genius often exists without learning. It is not dependent upon schools; sometimes it exists without schools. A genius may never take root in society, because he lacks energy and purpose enough to plant it. But Roach rooted early, and his genius was developed by hard work. He had a chance—a bare chance—and that was enough: genius did the rest.

Charles Goodyear.

INVENTOR.

THE evolution of almost any necessary convenience in our modern civilization forcibly illustrates human progress. Lighting, heating, travelling, architecture, printing, book-making, manufacturing, furnishing, educating, and so on to the end, now present a remarkable contrast with kindred useful methods of a century ago. We wonder to-day how the people of that time managed to get along as well as they did. Familiar as we are with the manifold conveniences of the present, we should be poor examples of contentment were we pushed back into the experience of our great-grandfathers.

The use of india-rubber, or gum-elastic, is no exception to our statement. It is only about sixty years since it came into successful use. The gum was known many years before, and it was used extensively for ballast by ocean-carrying ships. Seventy years ago shoes were made of it in South America, and samples of them were shipped to the United States. But they were clumsy, hard, and heavy articles for the feet, sure to be melted in summer and frozen stiff in winter, unless the utmost care was exercised. In 1833 the Roxbury Rubber Company was organized, and proceeded to manufacture rubber shoes and other

articles on a large scale. But the method of preparing the gum for use was imperfect, and comical scenes followed. The owner of rubber shoes saw them melt away from his feet when he sat too near a hot fire. In the summer, too, he found himself to be the proprietor of rubber in solution unless he kept them on ice. Severe cold weather also eliminated their elasticity, and they became as stiff and unyielding as glue. Such manufactures might do in Peru, but they would not answer for Boston. Men would not purchase a second pair of rubbers after the first pair had become liquid. Wagon-covers, piano-covers, and overcoats were safe only in refrigerators in summer-time. The gum-elastic softened by the heat, and the condition of things, with these dripping, "new-fangled notions," can be better imagined than described. A rubber coat, made as stiff as a stake by the cold of winter, was not a convenient article of apparel to wear. No wonder that the public came to the conclusion that they were "sold." The great Roxbury Company were coining money out of a sham, was the general opinion. Members of the company were sadly disappointed, for bankruptcy stared them in the face. Most of the goods which they manufactured in the winter of 1833–1834 were returned to the company during the following summer; for shoes, coats, and wagon-covers melted into a useless mass, while the odour emitted was more offensive than the sewerage of a city. Four thousand pounds worth of goods were returned to the factory. It was a sudden and provoking collapse of the business, and the company failed, losing upwards of four hundred thousand pounds. Other companies had been organized in different parts of the country, and all of them passed through a similar experience and

failed. That india-rubber had run its race seemed manifest to all. Rubber factories melted away like the rubber they manufactured.

But God made india-rubber or gum-elastic for use. That was His part of the business; men must learn how to use it. That is what they had been trying to do, without success. Most of them gave up in despair. India-rubber was itself rubbed out, they thought. But Providence had better things in store. There was a man equal to the occasion. He was born in New Haven, Connecticut, December 29, 1800, and his name was Charles Goodyear. His father removed to Philadelphia when Charles was a small boy, and engaged in the hardware business. When Charles reached his majority he became his father's partner, and proved himself efficient and faithful. In 1834 he purchased a rubber life-preserver as a matter of curiosity. An examination of the article disclosed a defect in the inflating valve, and he invented one that was a decided improvement. But he made no use of his invention until later on. He was exceedingly busy with his traffic, so that he had no time to devote to outside matters. But a change came to him unexpectedly. A wild panic swept over America in 1836–1837, and many mercantile houses went down in the crash. The Goodyear firm was among them, and every pound they possessed was lost. In these depressing circumstances Charles Goodyear thought of his invention, and took it to New York. If he could sell it to the Roxbury Rubber Company, whose agent had an office in New York city, it would be a great help to him in his poverty. But the agent told him that his company was on the verge of bankruptcy. He recognized the value of the invention, but the company

could not purchase it. At the same time the agent said that nothing could reclaim the rubber manufacture from failure, except the discovery of some method whereby india-rubber goods could be made durable; and he advised Goodyear to make an effort for such an invention, assuring him that a fortune was in it, if his study and labour were successful. Goodyear was very much impressed by the suggestion. He saw at once a grand opportunity for some one to do a great public service, and make money at the same time. *He* wanted to be the fortunate man.

On returning to Philadelphia he was arrested for debt and lodged in prison. But a jail was a favourable place for reflection and study, so he began to experiment at once in his own brain to find a way of making rubber durable. As soon as he was released from prison he began in earnest to make experiments. The gum was only twopence a pound, so that he could raise money enough to provide himself with a sufficient quantity of the article. He went to work with a will, and finally produced sheets of india-rubber which he believed would endure. He had a pair of shoes made; but remembering the experience of the Roxbury Rubber Company, he laid them carefully away until the next summer, instead of placing them on exhibition. When summer came, the rubber shoes went; they were reduced to a mass of useless paste, sending off an odour so offensive that he was glad to bury them in the ground. A friend had lent Goodyear a small amount of money, and he was so disappointed over the result that he declared he would have "nothing more to do with the stuff." But Goodyear was not so easily disheartened. He was in poor health and had a large family on his hands, yet

he was not at all disposed to give up. He continued his experiments, and finally supposed that he had found a solution of the problem in magnesia. He prepared a compound, which appeared to have the desired quality at first, but within a few weeks he found that it softened by heat, and finally became as hard and brittle as glass. Another failure was added to his experience; besides, he had spent his last shilling, and his family were in need.

He decided to go to New York for further experiments. Removing his family into the country, he went to New York, hoping that he might find parties there who would assist him in his experiments. In this he was not mistaken. An acquaintance offered him the use of a room in Gold Street for a workshop, and a druggist offered to furnish all his chemicals on credit. With this good fortune, he went to work in earnest, and produced sheets that won for him a medal from the American Institute in 1835. But he discovered after a few months that a drop of acid of any kind would soften the compound and render it useless. Again he was disappointed and chagrined. He was cast down, but not beaten.

By this time his intimate friends and relatives lost confidence in his plans. Most of them came to the conclusion that his purpose never could be accomplished, and those who still thought there might be a chance for his success, advised him to take up some other definite work for the support of his family. Even then he could give considerable attention to the subject without subjecting his family to absolute want. But Goodyear said, "Such is the experience of inventors, and always has been. They have been forsaken by their best friends, and unless they had

persevered alone, they never would have become benefactors of mankind." He continued his search for rubber that would last. No man loved his family more than he did, and, had he not been "a child of Providence," raised up to perform a necessary work for his race, he would have abandoned his purpose. But his will was iron, and his purpose invincible. He only pitied the chicken-hearted men about him. His wife had more of the "sterner stuff" than they, for she was in full sympathy with him, perfectly willing to bear her share of the trials on the way to success. Perhaps her *faith* was not so mighty as his, but it was grand enough to be classed with it. Goodyear would have been disgusted with himself had he even been inclined to accept advice like the foregoing. But, if possible, he was more disposed to press forward, as if he argued, "The fewer helpers, the more remains for me to do."

He was now on the threshold of his most important discovery, though he did not know it. Had he known it, he would have opened the door and walked in. But he hesitated, and Providence opened the door. This is why his discovery was called an "accident" by people who "devise their own way," but who never see that "the Lord directeth their steps." It was providential, and was on this wise:—

He was bronzing a piece of rubber-cloth to learn whether it might not be used for ornamentation. He applied aqua-fortis for the purpose of removing portions of the bronze. The bronze was removed, but the cloth was so nearly destroyed that he flung it away, fully persuaded that his experiment was a failure. A few days after, however, he took up the piece of cloth somewhat thoughtlessly, and he was

surprised to find that it had undergone a decided change, and was wonderfully hardened. A trial showed him that the cloth would endure a degree of heat that would have melted it before. His soul was fired anew. He saw at once that he was on the eve of triumph, and his feelings were such as language could not express. "Here is the way of curing rubber so as to make it durable," he said to himself. "There is sulphuric acid in aqua-fortis, and that is what did it. I will make sure of that." His exultation was communicated only to his wife, who replied favourably, but cautioned him against being too sanguine, as he had been so many times disappointed.

He lost no time in putting his discovery to the test, and every effort satisfied him. He applied test after test, and each one proved that his discovery was genuine. He applied for a patent, and obtained it. The news of his success spread abroad, and a wealthy gentleman came forward, and offered to enter into partnership with him and furnish the capital. His offer was accepted, and the work of "vulcanizing rubber," as it is now called, was commenced. Goodyear thought his trials were at an end, and that henceforth he would have no battles to fight with poverty.

The first thing he did was to remove his family to New York, that he might be with them again. Then he hired the rubber-works at Staten Island that were abandoned when the crash came upon them several months before. He opened salerooms also in Broadway, New York. But misfortune still waited on his steps. In performing some experiment, he met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. He was laid by for six weeks, and was grateful that

his life was spared. Could the veil have been lifted, and he permitted to see what a disappointment even then awaited him, it is doubtful if his restoration to health would have been possible. Before he had completed his preparations for manufacturing goods at Staten Island, the great financial crisis of 1837 prostrated all kinds of business, and swept away the entire fortune of his partner. Again Goodyear was reduced to penury, with a family on his hands, and not one shilling for their support, or for the continuance of his business. The change was so sudden and unexpected that it almost threw him off his balance. It came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky; it was startling, blinding, and overwhelming. That is, it would have been so to ordinary men. Goodyear paused, but soon rallied. "It is not the time to waste one's energies in useless repining," he said, and soon he had a project on foot.

He possessed an article of considerable value, and he resolved to take it to the pawnbroker, that he might procure provisions for his family for one day. Just as he reached the pawnshop, he met one of his creditors on the street, and, recalling his indebtedness to him, was sorry to meet him. But the creditor was a reasonable man, and knew of the misfortune that had befallen Goodyear, and he inquired, "Can I render you any assistance now?" The question was so unexpected, and it carried so much kindness with it, that the tried inventor was overcome, and burst into tears. It was several moments before he could control himself so as to answer. But, finally, he expressed his gratitude to the creditor, and added, "My family are in want; not a mouthful of provision in the house; and a loan of three pounds will aid me

very much." The money was immediately given to him, and he turned back to purchase food for his wife and children.

But three pounds could not supply the household long with the necessaries of life. He was compelled, after a little, to make the acquaintance of the pawnbroker, and one after another of his valuables, that came into his possession when he was prosperous, disappeared. The business of the country was so prostrated that men were not disposed to embark in new enterprises. What the end would be he could not divine. Still his faith held out, and he hoped, planned, and waited. At length a friend lent him twenty pounds, and, to reduce expenses, he removed his family to Staten Island, where the rubber-works were. The owners of these works kindly allowed him the use of the factory. Here he manufactured and sold what rubber-cloth he could make—enough to provide food for his family. He visited one capitalist after another to secure assistance, but in vain. He invited them to come to the works and examine his method of "curing" rubber for themselves, but not one of them came. All seemed to think that durable rubber goods were an impossible thing, and so they had no time to waste in its manufacture. One man said, "Money enough has been wasted on the delusion already, and I have none to sink in the business."

Still Mr. Goodyear believed the good time was coming. His brain was not cracked, although some of his friends began to fear that it would be. "Sink or swim, survive or perish," like John Adams, he had enlisted for the war. He was resolved to succeed, and all the uncomplimentary remarks of faithless friends could

not damp his ardour. He put more spirit into the work than ever, if such a thing were possible. He went so far as to have a suit of clothes made of the cloth, and he wore them through the streets of New York as an advertisement. Observers who knew not the man or his business thought he must be crazy. Of course, he presented a singular spectacle, but his method of advertising his goods was both inexpensive and practical. A person was inquiring for him one day, and asked how he might recognize him, when he was told, "If you see a man with an india-rubber coat on, india-rubber shoes, and india-rubber cap, and in his pocket an india-rubber purse with nothing in it, you may know it is Goodyear."

The speaker meant to ridicule the rubber manufacturer. Ridicule and sharp criticisms were bandied about at his expense, but they served only to strengthen his determination, as is the case always with born inventors. He had experienced too many trials in the past to be annoyed now by simple ridicule. He continued to make and advertise his goods in his own way. His independence was the best friend he had, as the sequel proved.

He succeeded, finally, in borrowing enough money to pay his expenses to Roxbury, Massachusetts, where he laid before the agent of the Rubber Company specimens of his cloth. The company had not resumed business since it went down in the financial crash a few months before. But none of the partners had abandoned the idea of making rubber some time in the future. They believed that some one would yet discover a method of making the article durable, so that it would come into general use. Mr. Goodyear was received with the utmost cordiality, and listened

to with candour. His samples were examined carefully, and substantially approved. The result was that the company offered him the use of their abandoned works, and he proceeded to make rubber shoes and cloth superior to any which he produced at Staten Island. The Roxbury Company were satisfied that Goodyear's invention was the one for which they had been waiting. It was not perfect, but it was on the road to perfection. They indorsed it, and spread its fame. The tide turned in favour of the inventor. Public opinion was awakened to consider the subject, and Goodyear's success was hailed with satisfaction. He began to receive applications for selling rights in certain localities, and these he honoured by ready arrangements and easy charges. Within a short time he sold rights enough to bring him several hundred pounds, which was a very timely relief to him. He removed his family to Roxbury, thinking his trials were over, and sought contracts for rubber goods. The United States Government contracted with him for one hundred and fifty mail-bags, and he executed the order in a very brief period. The bags were very attractive in appearance, smooth, hard, polished, and were admired by all who saw them. His invention was declared to be a signal success, and Goodyear himself was glad beyond expression.

But Providence had more discipline in store for him. He must have more misfortune, to endure hardship well. While he was exulting over his success, and friends were congratulating him upon his victory, the mail-bags began to melt. Within three or four weeks they were reduced to a useless mass of rubber. The aqua-fortis only hardened the surface, so that speedy destruction of the goods followed. Of course,

the same was true of all other kinds of rubber goods manufactured. Now, surely, he will relinquish all hope of producing rubber that will endure heat. Friends renewed their entreaties that he should abandon his purpose, and betake himself to more reasonable methods of earning a livelihood. A child had been added to the family group, and his aged father, poor and infirm, had become a member of his household, and they adduced these facts as additional reasons why he should not pursue his experiments with rubber goods further. Even his wife, who had been in full sympathy with him hitherto, began to waver, and to suggest that, perhaps, it would be wise for him to accept the counsel of his best friends, and seek some remunerative occupation.

But Mr. Goodyear believed that he was on the eve of success, and no amount of persuasion could turn him from his purpose. That he was terribly distressed over his circumstances was true, of course, but that was not to be considered when the secret that he sought was in sight. The fact was, a new element for trial had come into his possession just before his mail-bags melted away. He had in his employ a former foreman of the Roxbury Rubber Company, who had experimented upon rubber on his own account. Goodyear learned from him that sulphur had about the same effect upon rubber that aquafortis had; and this discovery gave him a clue to something further in his own line of research. For a small amount he purchased all the right and title the foreman had in the sulphur-cure; and this probable advance was on his mind, to keep expectancy on tiptoe, when the mail-bags became worthless. Goodyear could not think of following the advice

of friends until he had tried the virtues of sulphur in making rubber durable. So he kept on experimenting, now with sulphur instead of aqua-fortis, week after week, and was disappointed at every step. Yet he was fully convinced that sulphur was the secret, if he could only discover how to use it. To his mind this was a long step towards solving the difficult problem. He was positive that the solution of the difficult question was nearer than ever before. How could he abandon his project when its triumphant consummation was so near? To him the advice of friends to seek some other employment was clearly unreasonable.

He was in Woburn, Massachusetts, one day subsequently, when an accident disclosed to him the secret he was after. He was exhibiting to friends a piece of his rubber, as they stood around a stove, when he accidentally dropped it upon the red-hot stove. His old goods, cured with aqua-fortis, would have melted at once; but this sample, cured with sulphur, did not melt at all. It shrivelled as leather will on the application of great heat, but it did not soften in the least. He seized the tested sample with delight, and hastened home, satisfied that the long-expected secret was found. He renewed his experiments, and soon demonstrated that india-rubber mixed with sulphur, and exposed to a certain degree of heat for a given time, would not soften thereafter under any degree of heat; and, also, that it would not stiffen by exposure to cold. Here was the secret, plain as day. He could not be mistaken now. Sulphur in the mail-bags, instead of aqua-fortis, would have saved them from ruin. All that remained to be learned was, the exact degree of heat necessary to vulcanize the

rubber, and the length of time required for it to remain in that heat. This was getting very near success, and Goodyear knew it, whether his friends did or not.

He resorted to experiments upon the last point of discovery. He had not proceeded far, however, before he learned that an expensive apparatus would be necessary to answer this last inquiry relating to his invention. While he was revolving the subject in his mind, scarcely knowing what to do, he received an offer from a business firm in Paris for his method of "curing rubber." The offer was entirely unexpected, and to a man of easy conscience it would have been made the most of for his starving family. But Mr. Goodyear would die rather than take advantage of even a stranger thousands of miles away. Now that he had discovered the sulphur process of "curing rubber," he attached no importance whatever to the process by aqua-fortis; and it was the latter which the Paris house proposed to purchase. The inventor knew that it was really worthless, and said that it would be wrong for him to coin money out of their ignorance. Friends did not agree with him, and advised him to strike a bargain with the Frenchmen for the sake of his family. But his purpose to do right was inflexible; he preferred to be a beggar in the right. He wrote to the company that he had invented a much better process of "curing rubber," though it was not yet perfected, and that he would communicate with them as soon as his new process was complete. He never repented of doing right in defiance of starvation.

We must stop here to learn more of the man. It was a remarkable decision for him to make in the

circumstances. When the reader understands just how he was situated, the incident narrated becomes sublime.

Mr. Goodyear was really passing through the severest trials of his life. It was in the winter of 1839–1840 that he declined the offer from Paris. His house was actually without food or fuel. He had been living upon the charity of the friends who advised him to make a deal with the French house. It could not have been an easy matter for him to reject their friendly counsel and have his own way. But he must satisfy his conscience first of all; remorse would be worse for him to bear than hunger. Between the two, it did not cost him a minute to choose. Moreover his health was greatly impaired—so much so, that his near relatives feared quick consumption. He had passed through trials enough to kill any ordinary man, and his general weakness indicated that he was nearing the end. He himself feared that he might die before his invention was complete. He was perfectly willing to die when he could manufacture rubber that would defy both heat and cold, and the world should know the fact. But he was not reconciled to die then.

One of the most blinding snow-storms ever known in New England occurred just when Mr. Goodyear was ill, and his family without food or fuel. He was really too sick to leave the house, but something must be done at once. Most of his old friends, whose counsels about the Paris offer were rejected, had concluded to let him severely alone, so that he could not apply to them. But there was an acquaintance, living several miles away, whom he met a few days before, and from whom he received words of cheer.

Possibly he might lend him some money; he would go and see. But his wife opposed him, and declared that he was too sick to leave the house, and that, if he were well, he could not survive the fearful storm and reach the home of his acquaintance. Her intercessions proved unavailing, however, and he went out into the storm, as if resolved to find food and fuel, or perish in the attempt. The snow was drifting badly, and he wallowed through it in a sort of desperation, often falling down in his weakness, but rising again with renewed determination to save his family from starvation, though he himself might perish. Sometimes he was almost forced to believe that he never could reach the end of his journey in the face of such a blizzard; but then the thought of his suffering dear ones, and his invention on the eve of triumph, nerved him to still greater exertions, until he reached the house of his friend, completely exhausted. As soon as he could summon strength sufficient to tell his pitiful story, the heart of his listener was touched, and the needed aid proffered. Immediate measures were taken to convey him back to his family with the assistance for which they were anxiously waiting, and the pledge of necessary help through the winter. Strange to say, the perilous trip did not plunge Mr. Goodyear into a burning fever, or otherwise prostrate him, but the issue of it brought him time for rest and recuperation.

A few weeks later, he resolved to go to New York to interest two capitalists in his invention. He had no money, but he was confident that he could borrow ten pounds of a friend in Boston. He was living in Woburn at the time, and, after having arranged with the village storekeeper to provide his family with

necessary goods on credit, he walked to Boston, ten miles. He called upon his friend immediately, and asked for a loan of ten pounds. He was somewhat overcome by receiving an emphatic refusal, accompanied with remarks not at all complimentary. And yet the Goodyear spirit prevailed, and he went forth to seek other friends.

He had scarcely recovered from the disheartening interview just described when he was arrested for debt, and thrust into prison. Having been there several times before for debt, he was not at all disconcerted, but spent his time in writing to parties with reference to becoming his partners in the manufacture of vulcanized rubber in Boston. As soon as he was released, he registered at a hotel, resolved to spend a whole week in Boston, if necessary, to borrow money enough to pay his fare to New York. At the close of the week he was as penniless as he was at the beginning, and could neither go home nor anywhere else. He went to still another friend, and pleaded for a loan of one pound, and another refusal followed. Late in the evening, he walked out to Cambridge Port, where an acquaintance lived, and asked for shelter overnight. He was cheerfully and hospitably entertained, and, on Sunday, he walked home without one penny in his pocket. He was met at his own door with the announcement that his youngest child was dying. The child was well when he left home, but was suddenly taken seriously ill on the day before his return. The following day the child lay dead in the front room, and the parents were not able to purchase a shroud or coffin for it. To add to their distress, the storekeeper who had promised to supply the family with necessary goods for a time, on credit,

refused to continue the contract longer. In these sorrowful circumstances, Goodyear wrote to a friend asking for aid to bury the child, and obtain food for his family. The letter was taken to its destination by a messenger, who brought back a reply with thirty shillings in money. The gift was accompanied by the most scathing rebuke for his course in experimenting on rubber when his family were suffering for necessary food; and the giver expressly avowed that he sent the money only because of his sympathy with his needy wife and children. The little one was laid away in the cemetery in a shower of tears. Goodyear's cup of sorrow overflowed.

Somehow, within a few weeks, he obtained ten pounds, which he divided between his family and a trip to New York. He had been told of two brothers in that city, William and Emory Rider, who might become interested in vulcanized rubber, if only he could show them an opportunity to make some money. He sought them out, and found no trouble in obtaining a loan from them to complete his experiments. The loan embraced also a generous remittance to his family. He was successful now in his experiments at every step. His brother-in-law, who was a wool-merchant, wealthy and influential, now came to his relief, satisfied that his invention was going to win. He had reached a point where the final experiments would be very expensive. In less than two years he expended about ten thousand pounds, but his invention was perfect. Vulcanized india-rubber was no longer a myth in the American market, but a stubborn reality. Goodyear's trials as inventor were ended, and, better than all, his hopes were realized. His patience, enterprise, industry, and perseverance

had become a monumental example for the young men of all the world. He obtained a gold medal for his invention at the London Exhibition of 1851, another at the Paris Exposition of 1855, and afterwards the Ribbon of the Legion of Honour. No one thought of calling him a lunatic now, or an unreasoning pursuer after a hobby: his name was honoured on both continents, and he was universally recognized as a public benefactor.

Mr. Goodyear continued experiments, however. He saw that his rubber could be used for many purposes then unknown to the public, and he studied as closely as ever for good results. Before he died he took out over sixty patents, and found more difficulty in protecting them than he did in acquiring them. He lost control of his patent rights in England and France, because he could not fulfil the legal conditions, and was forced into expensive lawsuits at home to secure justice. He deserved to have been made rich by his invention, but he was only made glad. He never became a wealthy man, so that the only legacy he bequeathed to his family was a spotless character, and the fame of an inventor—the former more precious than his invention, and the latter better than riches.

Mr. Goodyear had no higher education than the public schools of New Haven afforded. These he improved diligently, and was an exemplary, intelligent, and enterprising young man, prepared at twenty-one to engage in business with his father. That he was observing, and inclined to understand things, is manifest from the fact that with his first acquaintance with india-rubber, the idea of improving its manufacture so as to make its use universal took posses-

sion of his mind. From that time his career illustrated the value of one good idea to the world. With a singleness of purpose that never knows defeat, this one idea was pursued in spite of ridicule, enmity, and penury. Some men possess a grand idea, and fail in its development; but the idea possessed Goodyear, soul and body, and he triumphed. That is the difference between the man who has an idea and the man whom the idea has. Had Goodyear been like the first named, he never could have shown the five hundred uses to which rubber could be applied, as he did before his death, which occurred July 1, 1860, in New York city.

The money motive did not predominate in his struggle for a useful invention. That is comparatively a low motive. He who toils and plans only for money must fail to develop a strong character. The best thoughts and noblest aims cannot be enlisted by an inferior motive. Not so with Goodyear. He started out to produce an article that would be of great use to humanity the world over, and at once the best of his being became enlisted. It was no child's play at any time, in his estimation, so he stripped off his coat to do his best, believing that close thinking and hard work alone could win. He must wring success out of reluctant circumstances by never capitulating with difficulties. If the coveted invention should happen, he must make it happen. In this way the schoolboy of New Haven won a place among the benefactors of mankind.

"I ask not with that work combined
My name should down the ages move,
But that my toil such end may find
As man may bless and God approve."

SHAIRP.

John Bright.

MANUFACTURER.

THIS is a very familiar name on both sides of the Atlantic—familiar not only to the ruling, but also to the labouring classes. Any man who pushes his way to the front, overcoming great difficulties to make his influence tell, as was true of John Bright, wins for himself a name. He was born in Rochdale, about ten miles from Manchester, in 1811. His father was Jacob Bright, a manufacturer of cotton goods, in a small way at first—a business that he adopted in the following circumstances. He was apprenticed to a "cotton-spinner," and subsequently married a daughter of his master, and was admitted to partnership with his father-in-law. Later on he assumed the whole charge of the business, and on the death of his father-in-law became the sole proprietor. His two sons, Thomas and John, in due time became associated with him when the business had very largely increased; and finally, on the death of their father, succeeded to the proprietorship.

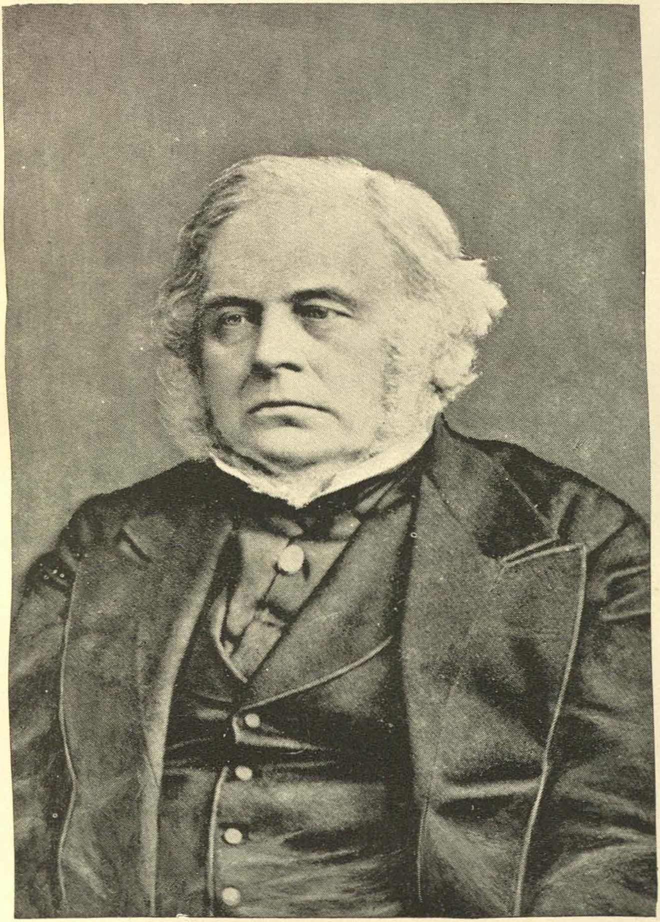
Jacob Bright and his ancestors were Quakers, very respectable people, and highly honoured. Their religious convictions were strong, and conscience had much to do with their way of living. Jacob Bright was enterprising, and pushed his business with all his

might. He believed in work, and was ready to do his part, in his mill or elsewhere.

The Quakers supported schools of their own, and they were good for that day, so far as the fundamental branches were concerned. The Bright children received their education in these schools. John was an apt scholar, and improved his time commendably, evidently understanding why he was sent to school more than many boys of his age. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were the chief studies of that day, and John was second to no pupil in mastering them. Besides, he loved reading, and thereby supplemented his school studies with knowledge which added value to his daily lessons. He was particularly fond of poetry, and often committed to memory pieces that especially pleased him. At the close of his school-days, his culture was in advance of that of his companions, because he devoted so much time to reading outside.

The Quakers believed in sport, and pupils engaged in games and athletic feats with a will. Swimming, jumping, running, hunting, fishing, and kindred pastimes suited John, especially fishing. He practised enough on this line to keep him strong and healthy. He laid the foundation of enduring physical powers in manhood.

Of course he was trained in the belief and methods of the Friends. They cultivated simplicity in dress, manners, and domestic service. Display was not Christian in their view. Aristocracy was another name for extreme worldliness. Many established customs of society they discarded conscientiously, and so were more or less isolated. They were the kindest, most circumspect, quiet, and amiable of people, but religiously opposed to a multitude of things which



JOHN BRIGHT.

they believed ministered to a worldly spirit. They must be independent, and stand by their honest convictions, even though obliged to stand aloof from society and live by themselves, or they would not be true to God.

John was educated, of course, to believe that many manners and customs of other sects were wrong, and he regarded them in that light. As he grew to manhood, his views were somewhat modified, although he still adhered substantially to the Quaker belief and discipline.

Slavery was treated as a gigantic crime in the family. John was made familiar with its inhuman character very early in life, so that there never was a time when he did not consider it a huge cruelty. The same was true of war. The Quakers were peacemakers, and opposed war as resolutely as they did slavery. John learned that war was a sin and crime before he was hardly old enough to wear a jacket. Nor were his views of it modified as he advanced in life. Especially did the Quakers oppose the policy of acquiring territory by war. Jacob Bright was outspoken on that; so were all Quakers. Defensive warfare was bad enough in their view, but aggressive warfare was unchristian and barbarous. They stood square and firm on that.

This sect had great sympathy for the labouring class. They saw much oppression of the poor in the land. They thought that capital was hard on labour, so that the trials of the poor were unnecessarily increased. The laws were not humane; they favoured the rich more than the needy. Taxation took the bread away from a multitude of the working class; and it was all wrong. Good people ought not to

tolerate this condition of things. Such were the opinions and feelings of the Quakers on this line; and they expressed them too. John Bright heard these things from childhood, and the impression was never effaced from his heart.

Another fact. Quakers discarded the use of intoxicating beverages, because they caused so much want and misery. Their own sect presented a striking contrast with other sects in sobriety and freedom from vice and crime. The Bright children were trained to oppose drinking customs, so that they were teetotallers like their parents. John's views on this subject were never modified. If anything, he was a more earnest opposer of drinking usages in his ripe manhood than he was in his youth. He saw more to confirm his early opinions, and so his antagonism rather grew.

We shall learn, as we pursue this sketch, how permanently the foregoing sentiments were impressed on John's heart—so deeply that they settled the character of his manhood. The "boy was father of the man" in these respects; and, in consequence, English history added some thrilling chapters to its record. For the Quaker boy was heard from.

We will say here that John Bright modified his example somewhat when he entered public life. On two points not really essential to Quaker consistency he changed his practice. First, in the use of *thee* and *thou*. He would appear less singular among his associates to drop this mode of address; it would be more parliamentary. Second, he modified his dress somewhat without entirely removing all signs of Quaker apparel. He would attract less attention by so doing, while he would not impair or compromise

his religious belief. We might add, also, that he acquiesced in the parliamentary usage of applying titles to members referred to as "Hon.," "noble lord," and kindred appellations. Quakers discarded all titles; and John Bright conformed to his early training in this respect until M.P. was added to his own name. Then he wisely reviewed the matter, and decided to conform to parliamentary usage.

The young people of Rochdale organized a debating society, and John became a member of it. His extensive reading and sharp observation had fitted him for a debater, although he had not learned the fact when the society was opened. But he found it out within a short time, and surprised his friends by his ability to express his thoughts in public. No doubt he possessed an inborn talent for debate, but he might never have known it if reading had not become a coveted exercise to him. His command of language, ability to think on his feet, and information acquired by reading, really developed his talent for debate. This was the view Mr. Bright himself had of the matter; he always referred to the debating society of Rochdale as the influence that made him a public speaker. And he was only one of scores of public men, in both England and America, who have ascribed their success to a kindred cause.

John's school-days ended when he became fifteen years of age, and he went into the factory to assist his father. Just what part of the business was assigned to him, we are not told, but it was what interested him; for he became an indispensable factor in the mill. Nor did he relinquish books. All the leisure time he could command was devoted to reading, poetry becoming more and more attractive to him

as he grew older. Before entering public life, he had become quite familiar with the English poets, not to mention others; and he could repeat the whole, or parts of many, of the best poems. Providence was training him for a larger and grander field of service. He began to speak in public on "topics of the times," and his oratorical powers were universally conceded to be fine. He was living in stirring times, when England was agitated by many important questions, and Europe generally was in a state of turmoil. A young man of his make-up could not fail to be interested in the startling events, transpiring at home and abroad, that related directly to public policy. He studied these public questions, and tested them by his Quaker convictions, which were usually correct. In public and private he expressed himself upon all subjects without fear or favour, and carried his audiences almost without exception.

At this point an incident occurred that exerted a decided influence upon his future career. Hitherto he had carefully written out his speeches and committed them to memory. But he went to hear a distinguished pulpit orator, who preached without notes; and Mr. Bright was so charmed by his eloquence that he sought an interview with him. The great preacher advised him to prepare his addresses with extreme care, but not to commit them to writing. He claimed that the latter method contributed to stiffness of manner, and prevented flights of oratory that otherwise might arise spontaneously. He had been through the whole experience, and therefore spoke by authority, and John Bright believed him. The latter was only twenty-one years of age, and without hesitation he adopted the preacher's advice; and from

that time studied his subjects thoroughly, prepared a careful analysis, but trusted to the inspiration of the moment to clothe his thoughts with words. His first effort after adopting the preacher's method satisfied him of its value. Thereafter, he was never disposed to return to written speeches, to be hampered by their staid and measured diction. He acquired so great facility in delivering his thoughts to public bodies, that sometimes, when unexpectedly called upon for a speech, he acquitted himself finely without previous preparation. By this time he was well acquainted with himself, and really aspired to parliamentary honours.

The next ten years of his life were a training-school for him. He continued in business with his father, but studied public questions more intently than ever. His public addresses here and there upon topics of the day were received with great favour, especially his political speeches. The latter were sharp, logical, and fearless. He did not hesitate to attack the Ministry or the Established Church when occasion seemed to demand; so that men began to say, "We want that sort of conscientious, brave men in Parliament, who will expose the corruption of the times, and dare to stand alone by the truth." In this way, after ten years, he was taken up by the old city of Durham and sent to Parliament. He was then thirty-two years of age, still one of the partners of the Bright Manufacturing Company, a married man with a family, and one of the kindest and most affable men who was ever crowned with such honours. Only seventeen years had elapsed since he left the common school for the factory, and now he was adjusting his armour for a conflict with national wrongs. The

reason is found in the facts of his boyhood and youth already rehearsed, assuring qualities that always win if they have the chance.

His appearance in the House of Commons was greeted with derision by many of the members. His opinions on questions of reform were well known, and they were odious to such men as Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Russell, and others. They regarded him with contempt—such a man as a factory might produce, without schools and universities, devoid of judgment and a statesmanlike view of public questions. There was little respect among the leaders for a member who was reared with the common people. Money and titled ancestry counted for much more at that time, both in Parliament and out, than they did after Bright had fought his battle of reform. Nor was Quakerism respected as it is to-day. Quakers were considered harmless folk, but they must lack enterprise and public spirit, because they would neither fight nor support royal display. A Quaker in Parliament, to legislate for the aristocracy, was a spectacle indeed! Some tried to hiss him down. Some tried to crush him by obloquy. It was said that Palmerston "could sneer anybody down," and he tried it on Bright; but it did not work well. The self-made man did not make himself for any such purpose. He counted the cost from the outset. He knew very well that reforms could not be carried without conflict. Reformers had no prestige then. Radical measures were more unpopular than wicked ones. Conservatives ruled. Wealth and position commanded homage. A Radical who dared to obtrude his opinions and theories upon the attention of Parliament deserved neither respect nor consideration. This spirit of ostracism,

and even persecution, opposed Mr. Bright on the very threshold of Parliament. What hope was there of success?

Mark this young man, thirty-two years old, educated in the common school and cotton-mill, becoming a Member of Parliament for the avowed purpose of accomplishing reforms against which the government and its leaders were arrayed. Is there the ghost of a chance for him to succeed? The whole press of the country, too, ridiculed, misrepresented, and opposed him. He was an ignoramus, a fanatic, a senseless agitator. He would make a failure of his mission and a fool of himself. Such were the circumstances under which he assumed the role of M.P. It seems scarcely possible for a young man, entering upon public life with such environment, to survive even initiation.

He opposed the Established Church of England, advocated the abolition of church rates, denounced the Corn Laws as cruel, arraigned the policy of the government in waging war, and demanded a diminution of both the army and navy; declared that the poor must suffer as long as such enormous sums were wasted upon royalty; that great prosperity could never come to the realm until a titled nobility was lost in the equality of men; and his most daring hostility to Britain's interference with the affairs of the European nations was not the least of his startling and unpopular acts.

But Mr. Bright believed in the invincible power of right—that one with God is a majority. He had no question about the result—right must win the day, if God reigns. He counted God in when the leaders of Parliament counted Him out. Nothing less than this

could have sustained him in a conflict with such overwhelming odds. He knew that slavery was abolished throughout the British empire in this way; that in the outset a single voice for freedom angered the great men of the nation; that when that voice was reinforced by others, one of the bitterest and most relentless contests ever known in history followed; and that freedom won, and the shackles fell from every slave on British soil. Liberty won, because God was for liberty: he believed it as really as he believed his own existence; and if one gigantic wrong could be wiped out in spite of national support, and the right triumph, then another manifest wrong could be crushed in the same way. His faith was equal to the trial, and so he entered the arena in God's panoply for the fight.

In his personal appearance Bright was commanding. The best description of him that we have seen is by Mr. Towle, as follows:—

"Robust, though not corpulent of body, with a round, full face, and bold, straight nose; his countenance rounded, open, healthfully ruddy, having a remarkable purity of complexion and fine texture of skin; the eyes large, grey, clear, bright, sometimes stern and defiant, but in repose often gentle and kindly; decision and vigour most plainly expressed in the resolute mouth and firm jaw and chin; a face less mobile than calm or set; the brow broad and white, and arched high at the top; the whole frame strong, well proportioned, almost massive, indicating great powers of endurance, and giving, even at the present age, no hint of that delicacy of health which has in later years impaired his public activity. In his company one has a keen sense of his power; one

feels himself in the presence of a born leader of men. He holds his head high, and looks you and every one full in the face, and that with a keen, searching glance that robs you of your ease. Self-reliance, honesty, pride of intellect, resolution—nay, even intolerance—may be read in his expression."

In this description of Mr. Bright's personal appearance it is plain what qualities enabled him to win. It is the description of a true Christian hero, bound to be heard and felt; just the man to accomplish things which the average worker declares never can be accomplished. Statesmen said that reforms advocated by Mr. Bright were impossible, and that was their honest opinion. They had not the least idea that such a moral revolution could be achieved; certainly not until the greatest men advocated them. But the prophecies of Bright were fulfilled, the wisdom and influence of Parliament against him in the outset notwithstanding.

Mr. Bright began his crusade against public wrongs at once. He was sent to Parliament for that purpose, and he would perform his errand. The working-men were behind him, and their cry for relief was continually ringing in his ear. He could not keep quiet so long as might ignored right. He was fearless, and his words went straight to the mark. He was famous as an orator before he was sent to the House of Commons, and every member knew it. It was a fact in his favour, and did much to disarm the vituperative spirit that fought him at every step. Eloquence will charm, and sometimes command attention even against its will. His constituents applauded his course, and this encouraged him. They were proud of his ability, and watched his career with a kind of

triumphant feeling. They gave him a grand reception, to bear witness to his fidelity and pledge their support anew in the work of reform. At that meeting he said :—

"I am a working-man as much as you. My father was as poor as any man in this crowd. He was of your own body entirely. He boasts not, nor do I, of birth, nor of great family distinction. What he has made, he has made by his own industry and successful commerce. What I have comes from him and my own exertions. I come before you as the friend of my own class and order, as one of the people."

Such was the spirit of the man—no vanity, no conceit, no pride of ancestry. In Parliament he was the same modest, unassuming working-man that he was in the factory. He was never above his business. An M.P. was no grander than a good spinner or weaver. The business could not exalt the man; the man could exalt the business. He dignified the mill business, and parliamentary work was never more respectable than when he guided it into the right.

His success as an M.P. was so marked that, at the end of four years, the great manufacturing constituency of Manchester elected him to the House of Commons. This was a favourable advance, and Mr. Bright felt it to be so when he took his seat as the representative of that metropolis of industry. By this time the contempt and scorn that had been meted out to him were modified. Men could not fail to respect his talents and eloquence without making themselves ridiculous. As an orator, some placed him before Gladstone, others next to him. No member could be placed thus on the roll of honour without disarming hostility in some degree. The leaven was at work,

and Bright was glad to see it, and his courage was stimulated by the fact. He grew bolder and bolder in his denunciation of wrong. Sometimes his invective was thrilling. Nor did he hesitate to deal out the most cutting satire upon his most distinguished opponents. He once referred to Disraeli as the "mystery man of the Ministry." At another time he said of Sir Charles Adderly, "I hope he thought he was telling the truth; but he is rather a dull man, and is liable to make blunders." Any pride of ancestry expressed was sure to stir his wit and sarcasm. One member boasted that his ancestors came over with the Conqueror. Bright responded, "I never heard that they did anything else." Mr. Bright was laid aside by sickness for a few weeks. In his absence, a member remarked "that Providence, in order to punish him for the misuse of his talents, had afflicted him with a disease of the brain." On recovering and returning to his seat, Mr. Bright referred to the remark in a speech, and said, "It may be so; but in any case, it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."

He was never caught napping. Always on the alert, his opponents never found him off his guard. His influence gained power from month to month, until even Palmerston feared it; and when one's ability is feared by the opposition, it begins to be respected. There is no question that his sincerity, patriotism, courage, and faith in the final triumph of right added fervour to his eloquence and power to his character. The latter was a mighty factor for his cause. He was not a politician, but a true

man, in earnest for whatever he believed was right, no matter who opposed. That was something to be feared by men who could not be conscious of being in the right. Nothing better could supplement eloquence, natural ability, or a good cause. It equipped Bright with an impenetrable armour.

We have seen that in his youth Bright became very familiar with the poets, and committed to memory many favourite pieces; also, that the Bible was equally familiar to him. Both of these early equipments served him a good purpose in Parliament. No speaker quoted poetry and Scripture quite so readily as he, and the ability contributed much to the adornment and force of his speeches. Once he wanted to slap the aristocratic composition of the government, and he quoted from Lowell's "Biglow Papers"—

> "It is something like fulfilling the prophecies,
> When the first families have all the best offices."

Again, to expose the hollow professions of some public men, who boast of the great things they will do when they get into office, but do nothing when they get there, he cited this couplet from Moore—

> "As bees on flowers alighting cease to hum,
> So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb."

Some time during the debate on the Reform Bill of 1866, he wanted to lash the Liberal deserters, and made use of the story of David's escape from Achish, king of Gath, and called them "inhabitants of the Cave of Adullam." Ever afterwards they were known as "Adullamites," just as Whig or Tory was a party name. At another time, when the "Gladstone policy" was under discussion, and there was dissatisfaction and complaint expressed by many,

Bright said, "Had they been in the wilderness, they would have complained of the ten commandments." So much for mental improvement in youth! So much, also, for self-control at that period! His temper, time, and faculties were all under restraint in boyhood and youth, so that in the forum of debate, thirty years afterwards, his self-control enabled him to withstand the gibes and jeers of opponents, and to have his mental powers well in hand for every emergency. It required marked self-possession to stand up in a storm of opposition in the House of Commons, and be able to say the right thing in the right place and at the right time, as Mr. Bright did.

Here, too, his sound common sense gave character to his deeds. He was reared among the common people, and studied common things by way of an education, so that common sense was the outcome. In the prime of his life no quality worked to his advantage more often than this. He never said or did foolish things or weak things, and so never had reason to be ashamed of his acts. There is no question that many of his antagonists on reform measures lamented their course in the end. But Mr. Bright had no occasion for regrets.

During the civil war in the United States, the leading statesmen, like Palmerston and Lord John Russell, were in sympathy with the South. But Mr. Bright was for the American Union from the time the South fired on Fort Sumter. He loved liberty and hated oppression in every form, which was a pledge of his hostility to any effort to extend human slavery, or even defend it. Palmerston made a bitter speech against the loyal North, and Bright made a reasonable and patriotic plea for it. His

eloquence on the occasion was more enchanting than ever. He had a grand subject in his own line, and, inspired by the occasion, he made one of the best efforts of his life.

"Whether the Union will be restored or not, or whether the South will achieve an unhonoured independence or not, I know not, and I predict not. But this I think I know, that in a few years—a very few years—the twenty millions of freemen of the North will be thirty millions; a population equal to, or exceeding that of this kingdom. When that time comes, I pray it may not be said among them that, in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness, and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of her children. As for me, I have but this to say—I am one in the audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country. But if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondmen of the South, and tends to generous thoughts and generous words and generous deeds between the two great nations who speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name!"

In this speech we see the man as in a mirror. The decision, independence, courage, and resolution to stand by the right in which he was early trained, and which had characterized him from the beginning of his public life, constituted the soul of his noble effort. He was a patriot of the truest stamp, and loved his country as a mother's boy loves his home, but his patriotism was not of that questionable type that could consent to the continued oppression of the coloured race. He would stand alone against his

own country in favour of liberty, justice, and right, rather than wear a crown among those who would perpetuate "the sum of all villanies." The premier, and the Queen herself, might encourage the South in their insane attempt to overthrow the Northern government, but he, the humble manufacturer of Rochdale, without a drop of royal blood in his veins, would cast in his lot with the North, whose cause would triumph as surely as there was a God.

We have said that Mr. Bright's sympathies were with the poor. For this reason he studied the laws under which they were living, to learn from whence relief might be expected. The Corn Laws were enacted to protect the farmers, and day-labourers as well. But, instead of relieving them of burdens, these were increased. The country not being able to raise food sufficient for the population, or to produce other things that were indispensable for comfort, these laws largely increased the value of what must be imported. Mr. Bright saw that tariff should be imposed upon what the poor were able to produce for themselves, and not upon what they could not raise in sufficient quantities to prevent suffering. So he arrayed himself against the Corn Laws with all the force of his ability and character. No matter who supported them, or whether there was another member of Parliament to stand with him for their repeal, he resolved to overthrow them if possible.

He was almost alone in his warfare against the Corn Laws at first. William Page Wood, an able lawyer, and Richard Cobden, a self-made man like himself, took sides with him in the unequal contest. Cobden was a hero, trained in poverty and obscurity, that he might "endure hardness as a good soldier;"

and he appears to have arrayed himself against these laws before Bright did, for he called upon the latter to confer upon the subject and enlist his co-operation in an effort to repeal those laws. Mr. Bright was in deep sorrow when Cobden called, for his wife had just passed away. Full of sympathy for the sorrowing of every class, Mr. Cobden spoke in the most tender and affectionate way, recognizing the loneliness and sadness of his home, much to the consolation of Mr. Bright.

"But," said Mr. Cobden, "there are thousands and thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger! Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Laws are repealed."

What a spectacle! Two self-made men up in arms against the government, with Sir Robert Peel its prime minister! But they joined hands and hearts, and declared war against this legalized cruelty. It was a hot, bitter, relentless conflict that they waged for the down-trodden, and their courage never wavered. Bright maintained that the oppression of one class caused every class to suffer. He said, "The interests of all classes are so intimately blended that none can suffer without injury being inflicted upon the rest, and the true interest of each will be found to be advanced by those measures which conduce to the prosperity of the whole."

This was sound doctrine that no one could successfully gainsay or resist, and it was as noble and inspiring as it was sound. Improve the condition of the poor labouring class, and every other class, even up to the royal family, will feel the elevation. It

was a strong appeal to humanity, intelligence, and religion. "This is not a party question," he said, "for men of all parties are united upon it. It is a pantry question—a knife-and-fork question—a question between the working millions and the aristocracy." Here was the strength of his cause, the power of his appeal. It was so just, so humane, so Christian, that the most determined opposition could not long resist it. The Corn Laws were repealed, and the act contributed essentially to the glory of England.

He opposed the Crimean War with all the vigour he could command. He regarded it as unjust and unchristian, and therefore meriting the hostility of all good men. His reward, for the time being, was the contempt and hatred of the great men of the realm. If they could have done it, they would have annihilated him on the spot; but character and moral principle are indestructible. They came into being to live, and not to perish. "Opposition, abuse, vituperation, and ridicule were the food that made the Quaker athlete stronger; the jeers of Palmerston only endowed him with new vigour and refreshed perseverance."

When discoursing upon the waste and folly of the impending Crimean War, he said, "Some men, because they have got government contracts, fancy that trade is good, and that war is good for trade. Why, it is but endeavouring to keep a dog alive by feeding him with his own tail." His point was so well made that a smile was created on some faces that had only frowned before, and his simile passed into a proverb, which has not lost its significance to this day. It was claimed that Mr. Bright rose to sublimer heights

of eloquence when exposing the folly and sin of the Crimean War than ever before or after. The theme was one that enlisted his whole moral being, so that he appeared at his best. The highest eloquence is the inspiration of moral principle.

He advocated household suffrage because of his belief in the equality of men. It was right, and that consideration was quite sufficient for him to give the measure his hearty support. He entered into its defence with the same earnestness and courage with which he supported other reforms that he regarded necessary. It was the only way he could support anything; unless he could do it with all his heart, he could not do it at all.

In this connection, and in view of all the measures of reform which he advocated, it may be well to quote what Mr. Towle says of him as a statesman who was ever the champion of right, however many enemies he made, or whatever sacrifice was involved:—

"It requires a large amount of courage for a man to stand up in such a country as England—a proud land, believing intensely in itself, rather contemptuous of foreign methods, customs, and laws; a land which is, perhaps, best of all described as 'insular'—and praise another country at the expense of his own; especially to praise another country which his own has been in the habit of looking down upon and condescending towards, and patronizing by fits and starts. Yet, this John Bright did more than once. In the most glowing tribute which was, perhaps, ever paid to the United States by a foreigner, he contrasted its prosperity with England's depression; its democratic government with England's expensive paraphernalia of royalty; its little army with En-

gland's costly legions; the freedom of its soil with England's law-fettered land monopoly; its freedom from alliances, diplomatic complications, and burdensome colonies, with England's constant embroilment in European politics, and England's perpetual necessity to defend distant possessions at an enormous cost of blood and money, and ever-widening care and responsibility. Nor did John Bright point this contrast, with all the rich wealth of the Saxon eloquence, without a purpose. He did not hesitate to hold America up to England as an example, in many of its features to be followed. He would have English land liberated; he would withdraw her from the entangling alliances of the Continent; he would reduce her armaments; he would have her cease to acquire new territory in savage and semi-civilized lands; it was not certain that he would not see with satisfaction her severance from the burdens of the Indian empire; he would extend the suffrage, and still further reform the House of Commons, so that it might be more truly than now the representative body of the great masses of the people."

Such a unique character, rising to eminence from the common people, a mighty force to achieve necessary reforms, was exactly suited for those times. A quarter of a century before he would have been out of place; the times were not ready for him. When he did come upon the stage, he was many years in advance of public opinion. Palmerston and Lord John Russell were three or four decades behind him. He was free to predict what would come to pass twenty or thirty years after in different countries; and, singularly enough, his prophecies were generally fulfilled. He foretold the progress and triumph of

free institutions in the United States; and it must be confessed that his predictions have been strikingly fulfilled. It was said that he was as good an American as those who were born there.

It was a singular outcome that this humble Quaker, who began his public career by opposing the government, should live to become a member of the cabinet. It was still more singular, when we reflect that he abjured all titles in common with the members of his sect, that he should become "The Right Honourable John Bright." But he did, to the surprise and discomfiture of those who had denounced him as a fanatic, and to the exultation of his constituents, whose idol he was. He must have smiled at this semblance of a joke, when he, who had always prided himself as plain John Bright, was forced into a position where even the dignitaries of the land addressed him as "Right Honourable." He bore the honours, however, with the ease and grace of those who were born to royal positions, because his practical good sense, which he cultivated from youth, caused him to make the best of circumstances.

His mature life bore witness to the value of his Quaker training in youth. It developed precisely those traits of character without which he never could have fought successfully the rank and monopoly that oppressed the poor. In an address to working-men at Rochdale, he unwittingly outlined his own former experience in the good advice he imparted.

"There is only one way that is safe for any man," he said, "or any number of men, by which they can maintain their present position if it be a good one, or raise themselves above it if it be a bad

one—that is, by the practice of the virtues of industry, frugality, temperance, and honesty. There is no royal road by which men can raise themselves from a position which they feel to be uncomfortable and unsatisfactory, as regards their mental or physical condition, except by the practice of those virtues by which they find numbers amongst them are continually advancing and bettering themselves. What is it that has made, that has in fact created, the middle class in this country but the virtues to which I have alluded?......When I speak of the middle class, I mean that class which is between the privileged class—the richest—and the very poorest in the community; and I would recommend every man to pay no attention whatever to public writers or speakers, whoever they may be, who tell them that this class or that class, that this law or that law, that this government or that government, can do all these things for them. I assure you, after long reflection and much observation, that there is no way for the working classes of this country to improve their condition but that which so many of them have already availed themselves of—that is, by the practice of those virtues, and by reliance upon themselves."

John Bright retired from the Gladstone ministry in 1882, being at variance with the government on account of its policy in Egypt. A more complete severance between him and his former chief was effected in 1886, when he opposed, with all his energy and eloquence, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. He died, after a long illness, on March 27, 1889, whereupon eloquent tributes to his memory were delivered in both Houses of Parliament.

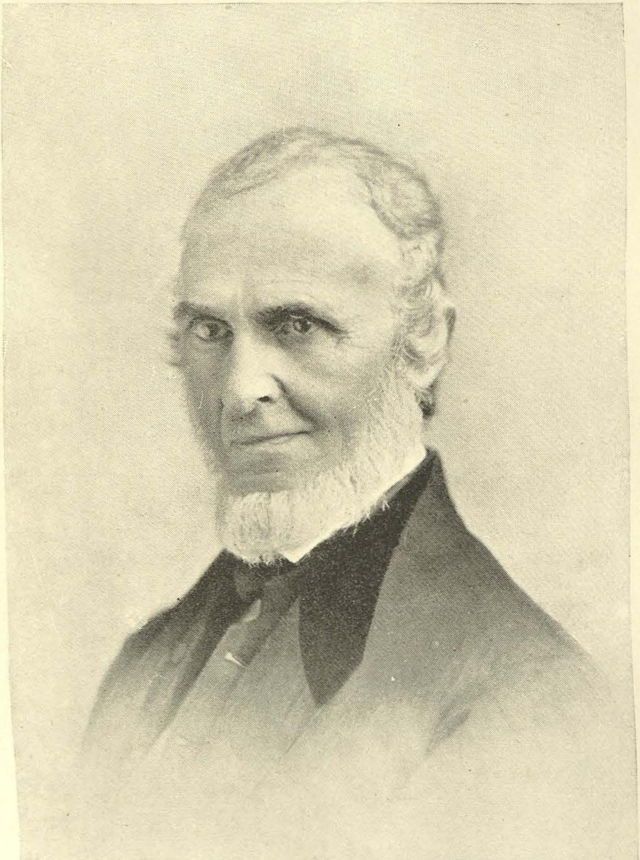
John Greenleaf Whittier.

POET.

NO man ever made much of himself until he learned what he was made for. It is quite indispensable that he should know whether he is better fitted for one occupation than for another; until he knows that, he cannot know himself. It is not well for him to overrate or underrate himself. If he overrates his abilities, he will try to accomplish an impossibility, and thereby prove his lack of brains. If he underrates himself, he will fail to do the best he can in his life-work. To reach the actual fact in the case will determine his future career. John Greenleaf Whittier discovered that he was a poet, and from that time his onward and upward career was remarkable.

Whittier was born in East Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. His birth occurred in a house built by Thomas Whittier, an ancestor who was born in England in 1620, the year the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; and he came to America in the year 1638, when he was eighteen years old. The name Whittier was introduced by him into that land, and it appears to have been a much-honoured name in his mother-country.

The poet's father was a thoughtful, matter-of-fact



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

man, whose good judgment and common sense, as well as his kindness and Christian principle, often proved of great value to neighbours and the town. In his biographical sketch, Pickard says of him :—

"He was a tall, strong-built man, who had been famous in his youth for the strength and quickness he displayed in athletic games and exercises. He was a man of few words, but prompt and decisive in his utterances. He was several times elected a magistrate of Haverhill, and was often called upon to act as arbitrator in settling neighbourhood differences. In speaking of his father's connection with town affairs, Mr. Whittier once quoted this saying of his, illustrating his opinion in regard to public charities: 'There are the Lord's poor and the devil's poor; there ought to be a distinction made between them by the overseers of the poor.' He was a devout member of the Society of Friends, and carefully observant of Quaker traditions. He had little or no sympathy with the literary tastes and aspirations of the young poet, who, however, found in his mother, sisters, and brother all the appreciation and encouragement his nature demanded."

In "Snow-Bound" the poet beautifully describes the family, each member of it set in his charming verse. He refers to his revered and honoured father as follows :—

"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;

Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
  Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
  The low green prairies of the sea."

Whittier's mother was a woman of decided native abilities, her mental powers illuminating her daily life. Her personal appearance was very attractive, her full, round face and speaking eye revealing a superior matron. She moved about the house with a grace and dignity that impressed visitors as the highest type of feminine refinement. Everybody respected and loved her. Another of Whittier's biographers, F. H. Underwood, quotes C. C. Chese, once a neighbour of the Whittiers, as saying:—

"Whittier's mother was a woman of natural refinement of manners. Being a friend of my mother, she never failed, when she saw me, politely to inquire for her. Her language was always the same. '*How do thee do, Charles? and how is thy mother?*' Her face was full and very fair. Her bearing was dignified rather than lively. The word 'benign' best comprehends the expression of her features. She was loved and honoured in the neighbourhood."

There is an appropriate dress for angels on earth or in heaven. The Quaker apparel was exactly fitted to magnify the charms of this excellent Christian woman. They seemed to have been made for each other. Her plain, spotless Quaker cap was more becoming to her than a crown would have been; and her neat, tidy apparel more comely than royal robes.

Attending to her household duties with scrupulous care, so as to secure an order, neatness, and harmony that would put to the blush the ordinary domestic of our day, she was every whit queen of her realm. She made a home that was a home—a place in which to raise poets, preachers, statesmen, philanthropists, rulers, Christians, or any other agent demanded by a progressive age. It was a home in which Quaker ministers and other leaders among the Friends loved to tarry. Preachers of their sect from England found a hearty welcome to her home—preachers like William Forster, father of Hon. William Edward Forster, once member of the Gladstone cabinet. The annual meeting of the Friends at that time was held at Newport, Rhode Island, and it was well attended by leading members of the sect from all sections of New England. As that was before the time of railways, they travelled thither on horseback and in carriages, a journey of several days; and the Whittier home was a convenient and delightful place for many of them to stop overnight. On one night no less than sixteen of these travellers stayed there, and the mistress of the house had several extra smiles on her face for the occasion. No amount of company ever ruffled her temper—a fact that proves how divine she was. Her supply of food was as generous as her hospitality. There was always room for one more.

To say that Whittier's mother held the first place in his heart is stating the fact tamely. She filled his life with sweetness. His father died when the son was twenty-five years old, but his mother was living when he was fifty—the same pleasant, happy, wise mother and counsellor in the home as she was in her youthful days. Had he not been as good a Christian as he

was a son, she would have been an idol in the home —a household goddess. As it was, she was his guiding star in earthly joys and sorrows, and when she died he burned pure incense to her memory upon the altar of his heart, without becoming an idolater.

The poet pays the following loving tribute to her memory:—

"Our mother, while she turned her wheel,
Or ran the new-knit stocking heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheco town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp mark to fourscore.
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways),
 The story of her early days,
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room.

* * * * * *

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom;
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea saint!
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
'Take, eat,' he said, 'and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham.'"

As the home has more influence upon character-building than the school, it will be necessary to speak of other members of the family, whose virtues the poet has embalmed in his "Snow-Bound."

Mrs. Whittier's sister lived with her—Aunt Mercy Hussey, whose Christian name was a true expression of the leading quality of her soul. She lived in the family from the earliest recollection of the poet until her death in 1846—a benediction to every member of the household. Her gentle, sweet disposition, and studied efforts to be helpful to others, won all hearts. She was so often at the bedside of the sick, and so sympathetic and useful there, that she was called "sister of mercy."

Pickard says: "In her youth, according to the tradition of the family, she was betrothed to a worthy young man. Late one evening, as she sat musing by the fire in the old kitchen after the rest of the family had retired, she felt impelled to go to the window, and, looking out, she recognized her lover on horseback approaching the house. As she had reason to suppose that he was then in New York, she was surprised at his unexpected return, and his call at so late an hour. Passing the porch window, as she hastened to open the door, she saw her lover ride by it, and turn as if to dismount at the step. The next instant the door was open, but no trace of man or of horse was to be seen. Bewildered and terrified, she called her sister, who listened to her story, and tried to soothe her and efface the painful impression. 'Thee had better go to bed, Mercy; thee hast been asleep and dreaming by the fire,' she said. But Mercy was quite sure she had not been asleep, and that what she had seen was as real as any waking ex-

perience of her life. In recalling the circumstances of her vision one by one, she at length took notice that she had heard no sound of hoofs! It may be imagined what was the effect of all this upon the sensitive girl, and she was not unprepared, after a weary waiting of many days, to learn through a letter from New York, written by a strange hand, that her lover had died on the very day and at the hour of her vision. In her grief she did not shut herself away from the world, but lived a life of cheerful charity. She did not forget her first love, and gave no encouragement to other suitors."

It is of this "dear Aunt Mercy" that Whittier speaks in the lines that follow :—

"Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness;
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element;
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The husking and the apple-bees,
The sleigh rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details,
And homespun warp of circumstance,
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew that dries so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin grey hair;
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart."

Uncle Moses Whittier lived in the family of the poet's father, having a joint ownership in the farm with him. He was an intelligent, amiable man, whom the children loved dearly, and to whom he was as tender and loving as their father. He was a great story-teller and wise adviser, to whom his nephews and nieces listened with rapt attention. The poet was particularly attentive to his uncle's stories and counsels, because they were food for his hungry mind. At work with him in the fields, riding with him on the team, and especially at the fireside during the long winter evenings, Greenleaf was charmed by his words of wisdom and entertainment. There is no doubt that the uncle's influence upon his life and character was moulding.

It was a sad day in the family when Uncle Moses died in 1824. He was chopping wood, a short distance from the house, when a falling tree pinned him to the earth. His intelligent dog took in the situation at once, and dashed away to the house for assistance. His method of notifying the family of the accident was so well understood, that they hastened at once to his rescue. Though extricated within a short time, Moses survived but a few days. It was a great shock to the whole neighbourhood, and the people gathered with sad hearts to bury him in the family graveyard that was on the farm.

From "Snow-Bound" we extract the following reference to him:—

> "Our uncle, innocent of books,
> Was rich in love of fields and brooks,
> The ancient teachers never dumb
> Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
> * * * * * *
> Content to live where life began,
> A simple, guileless, childlike man,

Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold."

Whittier had two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth; the former married Jacob Caldwell of Haverhill, and settled in that town; but Elizabeth was never married, and lived at home with her brother until she died in 1864, at the age of forty-eight. She inherited her mother's qualities, and was a constant and helpful companion to her brother, whose love and implicit confidence she shared to the end. She was talented, and possessed marked literary taste, and wrote good poetry. Whittier said of her, "Had her health, sense of duty, and almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism, permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers."

T. W. Higginson, the celebrated author, was a frequent visitor at the Whittier home, and, a few years ago, the following sketch of Elizabeth from his pen was published, as quoted by Pickard:—

"There was the gifted sister Lizzie, the pet and pride of the household, one of the rarest of women, her brother's complement, possessing all the readiness of speech and facility of intercourse which he wanted; taking easily in his presence the lead in conversation, which the poet so gladly abandoned to her, while he sat rubbing his hands, and laughing at her daring

sallies. She was as unlike him in person as in mind: for his dignified erectness, she had endless motion and vivacity; for his regular and handsome features, she had a long Jewish nose, so full of expression, that it seemed to enhance, instead of injuring, the effect of the large and liquid eyes that glowed with merriment and sympathy behind it. Her quick thoughts came like javelins; a saucy triumph glowed in her great eyes; the head moved a little from side to side with the quiver of a weapon, and lo! you were transfixed. Her poems, tragic, sombre, imaginative, give no expression of this side of her nature. She was a woman never to be forgotten; and no one can truly estimate the long celibate life of the poet without bearing in mind that he had for many years, at his own fireside, the concentrated wit and sympathy of all womankind in this one sister."

Her death rolled a heavy burden of grief upon the poet. The light of his home was put out, and he was left quite alone at the age of fifty-six. But for his genius to produce real poetry, even when the heaviest trials were laid upon him, sad results might have followed the loss of his sister. But his pious soul found support in the Christian religion which he loved, and his muse plumed its wings anew before his tears were dried. In "Snow-Bound," which he wrote one year after her death, the marks of his great sorrow are readily discovered.

Whittier had but one brother, Matthew Franklin, and he left home in his youth for a residence in Portland, Maine, where he became honoured and beloved. He was a man of talents, and became one of the foremost anti-slavery workers and writers of his day, sympathizing with the poet in his most radical utter-

ances against American slavery. He was the author of a popular series of letters, known as the letters of "Ethan Spike of Hornby," that criticized the supporters of slavery in a humorous but caustic way. He removed from Portland to Boston, where he died in 1883, and was buried with his kindred in the family yard at the home of his youth.

Of the sister referred to by Mr. Higginson, "Snow-Bound" has the following:—

> "There, too, our eldest sister plied
> Her evening task the stand beside.
> A full, rich nature free to trust,
> Truthful, and almost sternly just;
> Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
> And make her generous thought a fact,
> Keeping, with many a light disguise
> The secret of self-sacrifice."

A still more intimate acquaintance with that home will disclose other influences that decided Greenleaf's pursuit and character. He lived his boyhood and youth at a time when hardships were the common lot of families. Schools were short and poor, money was scarce and difficult to obtain, farms yielded support only by hard labour, and a bare subsistence could be eked out only by the most rigid economy and the simplest mode of life. The Whittier family depended upon the farm for all their food, and upon the mother's spinning-wheel for all their clothing. As neither parents nor children wore flannels in the coldest weather, no money or time was necessary to provide them. Father Whittier thought that such exposure as they were compelled to practise was conducive to health, and he called it a "toughening practice." But his poet-son always claimed that his enfeebled constitution could be traced to the exposures of his early life.

The ride of eight miles to meetings on Sunday in the winter, without flannel or overcoat, he never spoke of as a healthful pastime.

Books were scarce as money. There were a few in the Whittier family, but most of them were "the dry journals and religious disquisitions of the pioneers of Quakerism." Nevertheless, Greenleaf was so hungry for books, and his literary taste was so decided, that he read them over and over, until their contents were lodged in his memory. There were some books in other families dwelling within a few miles, and he borrowed and read them with the greatest zest.

But the Bible was *the* book for the family, and one of Greenleaf's first poetical effusions was:—

"The Bible, towering o'er the rest,
Of all other books the best."

Underwood quotes Mrs. Cartland as saying: "In the Whittier family the reading of the Holy Scriptures was a constant practice. On Sabbath afternoons especially, the mother would read them with the children, endeavouring to impress their truths by familiar conversation; and to this early and habitual instruction we may attribute in great measure the full and accurate knowledge of Bible history which the poems of J. G. Whittier indicate, as well as the strong bias in favour of moral reforms which was so early manifested. It is a tradition in the family that when the poet was very young he often sought from his father and others a solution of his doubts respecting the morality of certain acts of the patriarchs and other holy men of old; and, at one time, he declared that King David could not have been a member of the Society of Friends, because he was a man of war."

At that time there were no Ingersolls to attack the Bible, and the "Higher Criticism" was unknown, so that children accepted the Bible as their parents did, as actually the inspired word of God. Whittier, the poet, was a Bible Christian from his boyhood until he went to his reward. His life and poetry were permeated with the spirit of Christianity.

A schoolboy of our day spends more time in the schoolroom in two years than Greenleaf did until he was nineteen years of age. Three months' schooling in a year was the rule, but he was not privileged to attend all the sessions, as his labour was needed at home. He was a slender boy, and could not engage in the heaviest work on the farm; so that he was expected to do the charwork about the house, milk the eight cows, take care of the horse and oxen, and devote the remainder of his time to the lighter work of the farm. He loved to study, so that he improved his small opportunities with all his might.

All the animals on the farm loved Greenleaf, and expressed their regard for him in unmistakable ways. The noble pair of oxen, named "Buck" and "Old Butler," were on the most intimate terms with him. One day he went to the pasture with a bag of salt for the cattle, when "Old Butler" saw him from "Job's Hill," where he was feeding, and snuffed his errand at once. Down the very steep hill he dashed, and gained such momentum in his plunge that he could neither stop nor turn. As he had no desire to crush his young master beneath his feet, as he stooped to empty the bag of salt, the good beast at the right moment, with almost incredible intelligence, gathered himself up for a mighty effort, and leaped over the boy's head like an athlete, leaving the lad as safe and sound as he

was astonished. Of course so thoughtful an act on the part of the bovine added to the intimacy of the two friends thereafter.

The religion of the Quakers was taught in his home; and his devout, pure, simple, spiritual life and spotless character were the outcome. The Friends discarded display in dress, furniture, or houses of worship, imposing rites, aristocratic manners, titles, and much more that is regarded as necessary by other sects. Mr. Underwood puts it thus:—

"The core and substance of Christianity was all in all for them; the traditions that enveloped it, and the forms that had been set up around it were naught. Steeples, pulpits, and pews, clerical manners and dress, titles of reverend and rabbi, salaried expounders of the Word, outward rites of baptism and communion, formal service of song, pagan names of months and days, degrees of ranks among men, ornaments in dress, specious flowers of speech—all but the simple, central doctrine of faith in the All-Father, the Saviour and Mediator, and the Holy Spirit, the Comforter—they put aside as profane or useless."

Here is found the secret of the simplicity and beauty of Whittier's life. The foundation was laid in humble, honest, implicit faith in the Bible.

In the home, too, was taught the unspeakable value of civil and religious liberty. These were worth all the sacrifices made by the fathers to secure them. A new and poor country with these blessings was more desirable than the old and rich one without them. Love of liberty was thus ingrained into Greenleaf's soul, so that, later on, he would sing for it, fight for it, and die for it.

Temperance, also, was a lesson at the Whittier

hearthstone. It was a sin to defile the temple of God with unhealthy food or drink. To becloud the intellect and inflame the passions with alcoholic drinks was wicked beyond description. Man should eat and drink to live, and not live to eat and drink. That Whittier was always an earnest advocate of total abstinence, and an implacable enemy to the drinking saloon, as well as a stalwart friend of reforms generally, is not strange. With such an early training as he had in his pioneer but model home, he could not have been anything else.

The Quakers were a persecuted sect. Although as kind and merciful, as unrevengeful and forgiving as their Divine Master was, the basest cruelties were inflicted upon them in the old world, and followed them to the new. In 1659, four missionaries of the sect from Salem visited the families along the Merrimac; and parties who entertained them overnight were prosecuted, fined, and put under heavy bonds to keep the peace. Two of the missionaries, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, were subsequently hanged on Boston Common because they were Quakers. Ann Hutchinson was driven into the wilderness to die, because she persisted to speak in public—an act which the authorities thought was a direct violation of the command, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

Without question, persecution served to cement members of the sect together, developing their courage and independence, strengthening their faith in God, and making them more determined to stand by the truth. Whittier imbibed this spirit with his mother's milk, and in his heart the spirit of a martyr dwelt till the day of his death.

Our acquaintance with Quakers has not been extensive; but, from such as it is, we have thought that their unique, direct *thee* and *thou* were educational. We see heart and character in them. They are more expressive and pointed than *you*. There is beauty in them. They harmonize with the doctrines and manners of Quakers. Without them, the poet Whittier would have been divested of some of his grace. They seem to be inseparable from his modesty, simplicity, kindness, and purity. Evidently they were factors in his culture.

The foregoing furnishes a good view of Whittier's early life, and the influences that conspired to make him the man that he became. And this brings us into his teens. When he passed his fourteenth birthday, neither he nor his parents dreamed that there was a poet in the family. Greenleaf was a great reader, and would walk miles to borrow a book, but he had not written a single rhyme. He had not even tried his hand at rhyming, and, so far as we can learn, he had not tried prose composition. His mother had suggested that he should keep a diary, and had made him a book out of foolscap for that purpose; but, after making one entry therein, he abandoned the idea. But just then an incident occurred that changed the whole current of his life. Whittier himself tells it as follows:—

"When I was fourteen years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read (with the

exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student), and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures."

Whittier might have been a farmer through life, as his father was, but for that volume of Burns. It proved even more than an inspiration to him. It introduced him to a new world. It turned his thoughts within himself. He began to think higher thoughts. He wondered if he could produce a rhyme. He tried, and was surprised at his success. He continued to try, until his muse was on its flight.

Instead of solving problems on his slate at night he covered it with rhymes, one of which his eldest sister saved from destruction. It was this:—

"And must I always swing the flail,
And help to fill the milking pail?
I wish to go away to school;
I do not wish to be a fool."

This is pretty good poetry, and the sentiment is worthy of a prince. It shows that the volume of Burns had awakened within him the desire for higher manhood than he had hitherto imagined. He would grovel no longer; he would make something more than a farmer of himself. From that time we may date his renown.

In school, young Whittier would cover his slate with verses, and the slate was passed around among the pupils for their entertainment. A poet had suddenly appeared among them. They were surprised and amused by his productions; it was something new in school. The volume of Burns revealed him. The discovery of the poet within himself was as much a surprise to Whittier as it was to any one else.

From this time the new-fledged poet made rapid progress, and within two years one of his poems was published in the *Newburyport Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, who was but three years older than the author of the poem. Mary Whittier was greatly interested in her brother's poems, and she clandestinely conveyed one to the office of the *Free Press*, and tucked it under the office door. It was signed " W." Garrison found it worthy of a place in the columns of his paper, and it was published. Its title was " The Exile's Departure." Greenleaf's father had subscribed for the paper, because it opposed slavery and advocated reforms. The first knowledge of the publication of one of his poems Greenleaf received in this way. He was working in the field with his father when the postman came along and threw the paper over the wall. Greenleaf took it up, and, as he was wont to do, turned first to the " poet's corner," where his own poem appeared in type. He could scarcely trust his eyes. He read it half dazed. He stood spell-bound over the paper, until his father called to him to drop it and go to work.

Soon another poem, entitled " The Deity," was sent to the *Free Press*, and was published with the following editorial paragraph :—

" The author of the following graphic sketch, which would do credit to riper years, is a youth of only sixteen, who, we think, bids fair to prove another Bernard Barton, of whose persuasion he is. His poetry bears the stamp of true poetic genius, which, if carefully cultivated, will rank him among the bards of the country."

After his first poem appeared in the *Free Press*, the editor discovered the author in some way, and paid

him a visit. Greenleaf was at work in the field with his father when he called. Mr. Garrison made known the purpose of his call to Mary and her mother, at which they were both surprised and pleased. They had never seen Mr. Garrison before, who was a bright, well-dressed, agreeable young man; but they thought that there must be fully as much merit in the poem as they had supposed if an editor could ride fourteen miles to have an interview with the author. Garrison was accompanied by an interesting lady, which fact contributed not a little to the interest of the occasion.

"My brother is at work in the field, and I will call him," said Mary, as she hurried out of the door under considerable excitement.

"The editor of the *Free Press* is in the house, and he wants to see you about that poem," said Mary to Greenleaf, with her heart beating as fast as her tongue went. "There is a fine-looking lady with him, too!"

Her brother was dumfounded, but he managed to say, "Why, Mary, how can I see them in such a rig as I have on?" His work and dress were in perfect correspondence, and at that day the farming garb was much less presentable than it is to-day. Besides, the youth was arrayed for hot weather, so that his apparel was scant as possible.

"Hurry to the house," answered Mary, "and change your clothes, and I will run back and tell them that you will see them presently."

Greenleaf accepted the wise counsel, and ran to the house, while Mary reported progress to the guests. Soon the young poet presented himself in as neat, clean, and attractive appearance as his homespun suit would permit. He was a nice-looking boy, with

sharp, beautiful eyes that assured the visitors there was something valuable behind them. A speedy and easy introduction followed, and the farmer-boy was soon at ease with his pleasant, new-found friend, who appeared to be a man of mature years, instead of a youth under twenty.

" That poem shows that you possess real poetical genius, which ought to be cultivated," said Garrison. " I rode out here to see if you would not furnish more as good."

" Of course he can," interrupted Mary, who saw that her modest, reticent brother was somewhat confused by the unexpected turn of affairs. " My brother did not know that one of his poems was sent to the *Free Press* until he saw it in the paper."

" Ah, well, I see now," replied Garrison, laughing. " You are the rogue. You must be somewhat familiar with his writings if you can make so good a selection."

" I am ! And I assure thee that he has others equally good," responded Mary. " I was a little puzzled to decide which to send—the one I did send, or one entitled ' The Deity.' "

By this time Greenleaf's tongue was unloosed, and he entered into the conversation with much zest. It was quite evident that he was as much delighted as he was surprised by the visit of the Newburyport editor. He yielded readily to the request for more poems, and the interview caused his muse to spread her wings for higher flights.

" You ought to have better opportunities than you can have here," at length Garrison said. " Your talents entitle you to a chance in the best schools there are."

"I would be glad to go away to school," Greenleaf answered; "but I expect that my father would not feel able to pay the bills."

"Possibly a way might open for you to pay your own way," Garrison suggested.

By this time both mother and sister became deeply interested in the subject, and joined in the conversation about better school opportunities for Greenleaf. Both had more correct views of his talents than his father had. The latter did not think much of a poet, so that he failed to discover the talents which his son really possessed. But the outcome of the discussion was that Father Whittier was sent for, and soon put in his appearance. After the formality of introduction, Garrison struck right at the heart of the subject by saying,—

"I have been telling your son that a boy of his ability ought to get an education. The poem I have just published is proof of fine poetical taste."

"Well, I will tell thee frankly, Mr. Garrison, that I do not agree with thee," replied Mr. Whittier. "It is not well to put such notions into the heads of boys. At any rate, I do not see a better chance for Greenleaf than he will have on the farm."

Garrison was equal to the occasion, and had a long and animated discussion with him about the future of his son, modifying his views considerably as subsequent experience proved. Mr. Whittier praised the *Free Press* for its outspoken opinions against slavery, and pledged his continued support to it as being just the organ the times demanded. The interview terminated pleasantly, and, if Father Whittier's heart could have been turned inside out, it would have been seen that he had a higher opinion of his son's talents

than before, only he thought it to be somewhat perilous to put the "notion" into the boy's head.

When Sir Humphry Davy was asked, "What was the greatest discovery of your life?" he answered, "Michael Faraday," the great chemist and philosopher. So the hero of our story made the greatest discovery of his life when he discovered the poet within himself. It is plain that the foregoing interview with Garrison convinced him that he was a born poet, however little he said about it. For, from that time he composed poems with far more interest and ability than ever, and did not lose sight of going to school some time in the future. Every moment he could snatch from his busy life on the farm was devoted to self-improvement. He read the best books he could find, and spent more time and careful study upon the poems he produced. It was plain that he meant to be a poet.

About this time Greenleaf visited Boston for the first time, and stopped with a relative of his, the wife of Nathaniel Greene, postmaster of the city. On starting for Boston, his mother cautioned him to avoid places of amusement, especially the theatre, and to conduct himself generally as a faithful Quaker should. Singularly enough, at Mrs. Greene's house he encountered an actress of prepossessing manners, and she invited him to attend a play that was coming off the next evening but one. The invitation shocked him greatly. He seemed to think that he was on satanic ground because he was where a real actress sojourned. It was getting nearer to the theatre than his religious opinions would allow; and so he shortened his visit, and hastened home to escape from moral contamination. The fact proves that his home-

training and Quakerism had complete control of his head and heart. However, he never divulged to his parents the narrowness of his escape from the theatre, though they questioned him as to the reason of his return so much sooner than they expected.

He purchased a copy of Shakespeare in Boston with much misgiving. His parents would think that such a purchase was a long step towards the theatre; but he was going to become a poet, and the temptation to read Shakespeare was too strong to be resisted. Had he told his parents that he made the acquaintance of a beautiful live actress in the city, they would have coupled the purchase of Shakespeare with the fact, and concluded that his poetical genius was running away with him. Perhaps his father would have insisted that it was the direct outcome of the "notion" put into his head by the Newburyport editor.

Pickard tells how the young poet was arrayed on his visit to Boston. "He wore for the first time in his life 'boughton buttons' upon his homespun Quaker coat, and it was a surprise to him that the bravery of his apparel did not seem to impress those who passed him in the street. He wore a broad brim Quaker hat made for him by his Aunt Mercy out of pasteboard, covered with drab velvet." Such a suit was in harmony with the religious ideas and rules of his sect, so that he never thought of questioning its propriety. His loyalty to home and his church could not be questioned.

Not long afterwards a copy of one of the Waverley novels came into his hands in some way. To read it would be a violation of Quaker rules, but the temptation was overpowering. He would not break the

heart of father or mother by disclosing his decision ; so he concealed the book, and he and his sister Mary read it at such odd moments and late hours at night as they could command without danger of exposure. His love of learning was getting to be independent.

When Greenleaf was nineteen years of age, it was decided that he should enter the new academy at Haverhill when it opened. He was to pay his own way; for his father had not a shilling to spare. A man who had worked in the summer for his father was a shoemaker—that is, he made a kind of felt slipper that he sold for a shilling—and came to his relief. He taught him how to make the slipper, so that Greenleaf earned enough during the winter to pay his way at the academy for six months. The school was opened in a new building erected for the purpose, and Greenleaf wrote a hymn to be sung at the dedication of the edifice. The hymn was one of his best productions, and was universally regarded as a remarkable poem for a youth to compose. His standing in the school was high, and his progress unusually rapid. The next year he managed to attend the school six months more, and the following winter taught school in West Amesbury.

For several previous years, young Whittier had contributed both poetry and prose to other papers besides the *Free Press*, growing more and more popular each year. He had become so well known for his literary ability that he was sought for to fill editorial chairs. He edited the *Gazette* of Haverhill, the *American Manufacturer* of Boston, and subsequently (1830), the *Review* of Hartford City. He succeeded George D. Prentice on the latter publication—a fact that shows his remarkable progress and

recognized abilities. In all his editorial work from the start, his strong anti-slavery proclivities appeared. He dared to do right, and was true to his honest convictions without regard to consequences. The anti-slavery conflict was waxing hot, and the heat of the battle only served to expand his courage and develop his power. He was classed with the ablest and most fearless of American reformers before he was thirty years of age.

We need not occupy space in remarking upon his prominence as the "Quaker Poet." He became the pet bard of New England, not that his spirit of poesy exceeded that of any other singer, but he sang for the stirring times in which he lived. He was a Christian warrior; and he set his face against the foe without fear or favour. He sang for temperance, liberty, and purity, as if commissioned of God. His poetry became a mighty power against slavery and the drinking saloon. It was a bugle-call that rallied listeners to the contest. A more self-denying and heroic reformer was not known in the land. The following statement was found, after his death, among his unpublished papers, written, evidently, far back in what were called "Union-saving" times:—

"In the order of Providence I was born within the pale of a society which had relieved itself of the wrong and inconsistency of slave-holding by voluntary emancipation on the part of its members. My father was an old-fashioned Democrat, and really believed in the preamble of the Bill of Rights, which reaffirmed the Declaration of Independence. My mother used to tell us the sad story of the kidnapping and transportation of the negro children. At district school I learned the Decalogue without any hint on the part

of my instructors that its every command might be piously violated for the sake of fulfilling prophecy and ensuring the curse of Canaan. The standard reading-book was the 'American Preceptor,' liberally sprinkled with anti-slavery prose and poetry. One of the pieces rings in my ears even now. It was the story of an insurgent slave—a black, John Bruce:—

'First of his race, he led his band
Guardless of dangers hovering round,
Till by his bold, avenging hand,
Full many a despot stained the ground.'

"His arrest at last, and cruel death by torture were described, closing with an appeal to the reader's admiration and sympathy:—

'Does not the soul to Heaven allied
Feel the full heart as greatly swell
As when the Roman Cato died,
Or when the Grecian victim fell?'

"In those days there was no union-saving committee to do the work of expurgation, and prevent the young idea from shooting in the direction of liberty. It was never my privilege to hear a pro-slavery sermon, and I grew up in blissful ignorance of the gospel according to Parson Adams."

Here is a clear explanation of that important part he played in ridding the land of slavery. The spirit that was infused into his soul in early life grew into an irresistible power against wrong in his manhood; and he swept on in song, speech, and fearless deeds for freedom.

At twenty-one years of age he was assisting the editor of the *Haverhill Gazette* in his warfare against the saloons, by writing articles in both poetry and prose. Subsequently the editor removed to Phila-

delphia, and Whittier assumed editorial charge of the paper, and continued the war against the grogshops in spite of abuse, threats, and the loss of friendships. In a private letter to his predecessor, he wrote :—

"Esquire Parker wishes me to remember him to thee. We have been lamenting over thy departure, and wishing it were possible for thee to sit once more in judgment over the rascals that are now 'unwhipped of justice.' Parker wishes me to tell thee, that as the only way of keeping the streets clear of 'rum-'uns,' he has lately sent them off, by the baker's dozen, to Ipswich" [prison].

In 1835 Whittier invited Samuel J. May, agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to lecture in Haverhill, where he resided. Mr. May went there without anticipating trouble, because he had lectured there twice before. But in this he was disappointed. In his "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict" he says: "The meeting was held in the Freewill Baptist Church—a large hall over a row of stores. The audience was numerous, occupying all the seats, and evidently eager to hear. I had spoken about fifteen minutes, when the most hideous outcries and yells from a crowd of men who had surrounded the house startled us, and then came heavy missiles against the doors and blinds of the windows. I persisted in speaking for a few minutes, hoping the blinds and doors were strong enough to stand the siege. But presently a heavy stone broke through one of the blinds, shattered a pane of glass, and fell upon the head of a lady sitting near the centre of the hall. She uttered a shriek and fell bleeding into the arms of her sister. The panic-stricken audience rose *en masse*, and began a rush for the doors. Seeing the

danger, I shouted in a voice louder than I ever uttered before or since, '*Sit down, every one of you, sit down!* The doors are not wide; the platform outside is narrow; the stairs down to the street are steep. If you go in a rush, you will jam one another, or be thrown and break your limbs, if not your necks. If there is any one here whom the mob wish to injure, it is myself. I will stand here and wait until you are safely out of the house; but you must go in some order as I bid you.' To my great joy they obeyed. All sat down, and then rose, as I told them to, from the successive rows of pews, and went out without any accident.

"When the house was nearly empty I took on my arm a brave young lady, who would not leave me to go through the mob alone, and went out. Fortunately none of the ill-disposed knew me, so we passed through the lane of madmen unharmed, hearing their imprecations and threats of violence to the abolitionist when he should come out."

Whittier was there, and shared the tumult and danger of his heroic friend, as cool a Quaker as ever denounced war and violence. He was not at all disposed to lower his colours or compromise his anti-slavery principles. Both his religion and Christian fortitude came to his relief on the perilous occasion. He had joined the first anti-slavery society that was organized, deliberately casting in his fortunes with the friends of freedom because it was right. At twenty-six years of age he attended the convention in Philadelphia that formed the American Anti-Slavery Society. He was one of the secretaries of that body, and was a member of the committee to prepare the "Declaration of our Sentiments and Purposes."

Mr. Whittier passed through a fiery trial by mobs without losing a particle of his anti-slavery enthusiasm. Rather he was made more fearless by this disgraceful and cruel discipline. He was present when Garrison was mobbed, in October 1835, and dragged through the streets with a rope about his neck. That year he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Haverhill, and a special session of that body was in progress when the mob occurred. Hearing that the convention of anti-slavery women was attacked by the mob, he left his seat in the State House, and hurried away to the scene, thinking specially about the safety of his sister, who was a member of the convention. His own pen shall tell the story of shame, as he told it in 1885 :—

"I found the street thronged and noisy with turbulent respectability * and unwashed rascality. I was anxious for my young sister, who I knew was in the women's anti-slavery meeting; but I heard that the ladies had all left and were safe. The fury of the mob seemed to be directed against George Thompson [who had just come from England to push the war against slavery], but failing to find him they seized upon Garrison. I heard their shout of exultation, and caught a glimpse of their victim just as he was rescued and driven off to Leverett Street jail. Thither Samuel J. May and myself followed, and visited him in prison. I could sympathize with him, for only a short time before, the Concord mob, which could not get hold of Thompson, fell upon me with stones and missiles, and my escape with nothing worse than a few bruises was something to be thankful for. The rioters had just roughly used a poor travelling

* The Press said the mob was led by "men of property and standing."

Quaker preacher, quietly passing through the town, who had the misfortune of being mistaken for myself. It seemed to be a case of suffering by proxy all around. From our present standpoint we can pity and forgive the actors in those scenes."

Mr. Whittier was an editor in Philadelphia in May 1838, when his office was sacked, and Philadelphia Hall burned by a mob. Philadelphia Hall was erected by anti-slavery men, who wanted a place in which they might plead for liberty, all other public places being closed against them. The hall cost nine thousand pounds, and was the largest and finest in the city. The American Anti-Slavery Society was dedicating it with very interesting exercises; speeches by David Paul Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, Arnold Buffum, Angelina Griserké Weld, and others, with an ode by Whittier. Letters of congratulation from John Quincy Adams, Thaddeus Stevens, William Jay, and Gerritt Smith, all of whom had shares in the building, were read.

On the 16th of May of that year a mob attacked the hall with great violence, and broke up the meeting. The mayor of the city was appealed to for protection at their evening session. He replied that he would control and disperse the mob if they would give him possession of the building. At once the keys were handed to him. When the mob gathered in the evening, the tricky and cowardly official announced that there would be no anti-slavery meeting in the evening. Understanding that the mayor was with them, these minions of "unwashed rascality" cheered him to the echo, and proceeded to burn the edifice. It was set on fire, and the fire department was not allowed to throw a drop of water upon the blazing

structure until it was totally destroyed. At the same time the office of Whittier was completely wrecked.

Taking in the situation fully, Whittier hastened to the house of his friend, Dr. Parrish, and disguising himself by putting on a wig and long white overcoat, he joined the mob just as they broke into his office, and thereby secured some things he wished to save from destruction. Knowing that his life would be taken with lusty cheers should he be recognized by the rioters, the act was as cool and shrewd as any we read of in the history of any land.

The foregoing facts show that Whittier was a hero as well as poet. He had the courage of his convictions because of his Christian faith. He believed that right would triumph in the end, though he might have to suffer for it, fight for it, and die for it. Such a reformer was what the nation needed at that time; indeed, such reformers are needed at all times. As we have seen, his experience was well suited to train him for the brave service he rendered. At twenty-six years of age his heart was won by Garrison's fearless words and acts for freedom, and he stepped to his side before the world, by publishing one of his most stirring and patriotic poems, from which we extract the following:—

"I love thee with a brother's love;
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

"Go on—the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom;
The fate that sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!

Then onward with a martyr's zeal,
  And wait thy sure reward,
When man to man no more shall kneel,
  And God alone be Lord!"

As martial music lifts the soldier into a higher life of daring and endurance, so Whittier's poems rang like a tocsin, in those days of oppression, and caused each true lover of freedom to spring to the front. His "Stanzas for the Times" was a bugle-blast that rallied the "sons of liberty" all along the lines:—

"Is this the land our fathers loved,
  The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
  Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne
The mantle which the dead have worn?
* * * * * * *
"Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
  Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
  Shall pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall honour bleed? Shall truth succumb?
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?

"No;—by each spot of haunted ground,
  Where Freedom weeps her children's fall,
By Plymouth rock and Bunker's mound,
  By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade,
By all the memories of our dead!
* * * * * * *
By all above, around, below,
Be our indignant answer—NO!"

Mr. Whittier died, September 7 1892, in the home of his cousin, New Hampton, New Hampshire, whither he went for a visit of several weeks. A stroke of paralysis told that his end was near. He had often said that he wanted to die in his own house, where his mother and sister passed away; and when friends alluded to the subject, he replied, "It is all right—

everybody is so kind." Frequent expressions that indicated he was thinking of the world in which he had fought battles for the right, burst from his lips, as, "Love—love to all the world!" As he drew near to death, he said to his friends, "You have done all that love and human skill could do; I thank you." Later on, his niece asked him if he recognized her, and he answered audibly, "I have known thee all the time." These were his last words. Peacefully and triumphantly he passed away, leaving to the admirers of the pure and faithful, all over the world, a rich legacy of precious memories.

Charles Jewett.

PHYSICIAN.

THE subject of this sketch was the Sydney Smith of America. Had he figured in political life his fame would have spread over the land. But he was educated for the medical profession, for which he possessed a decided aptitude, while, at the same time, his soul sympathized with suffering humanity of all types, so that he became a recognized philanthropist and reformer. That we are justified in comparing him with Sydney Smith will appear in this paper. For it will be seen that the following description of Smith by Puckeman is as fair and accurate a description of Jewett as could be written:—

"A pioneer of national reforms, without acrimony or fanaticism; prompt 'to set the table in a roar,' yet never losing self-respect or neglecting the essential duties of life; capable of the keenest satire, yet instinctively considerate of the feelings of others; the admired guest, yet contented in domestic retirement; born to grace society, and at the same time the idol of home.

"In him, first of all and beyond all, is manhood, which no skill in pencraft, no blandishment of fame or love of pleasure, was suffered to overlay for a moment. To be a man in courage, generosity, stern

faith to every domestic tie and professional claim, in the fear of God and love of his kind, in loyalty to personal convictions, bold speech, candid life, and good fellowship—this was the necessity, the normal condition of his nature......It made him an architect, a physician, a judge, a schoolmaster, a critic, a reformer, the choicest man of society, the most efficient of domestic economists, the best of correspondents, the most practical of writers, the most genial of companions, a good farmer, a patient nurse, and an admirable husband, father, and friend. The integrity, good sense, and moral energy which gave birth to this versatile exercise of his faculties, constitute the broad and solid foundation of his character; they were the essential traits of the man, the base to that noble column of which wit formed the capital and wisdom the shaft."

A more accurate view of Charles Jewett, in his prime, could not be written. It is he, down to the minutest detail, as every one of his intimate friends will bear witness. He was born in Lisbon, Connecticut, September 5, 1807. His father was a man of strict integrity and honour, whom his fellow-townsmen delighted to elect to office for his ability, good judgment, and uprightness. He served as councillor, school committeeman, assessor, justice of the peace, not to mention other offices. He was a born leader, endowed with marked natural gifts, which he used for the public good. His aid was often sought in the settlement of estates because of sound judgment and strict honesty. Charles asked him one day what rules he had to guide him in the preparation of legal documents, and his answer was, "Find out exactly what the parties want, and then express it in the briefest and clearest manner possible." Such was Father Jewett.

His mother was the sun of the home around which the family revolved. Often the children sought their father's counsel only to hear, "What does your mother say about it?" Her decision settled matters generally for the whole household. She was a sweet-tempered woman, and her influence was both culture and character to her offspring. No one knew this better than her husband, who desired that his children should realize that she presided over the home. Her intelligence was equal to her piety, and the latter gave her an important place in the church.

That Charles was highly endowed by nature must be admitted; and yet he would never have been known out of Lisbon had not his ten talents been fortified by industry, application, and all the other virtues that are indispensable to success. We shall see that he worked his way up to fame by hard work, of which he was never afraid. Idleness was not tolerated in the family. Each son and daughter had his and her allotted work to do. Charles began to render essential aid when not more than six years of age. His father was a nailer by trade, and cultivated a small farm also. Charles could assist both on the farm and in the shop. Then nails were made by hand, and, as they were cut, Charles could pass them to the workmen who headed them, laying them with the end to be headed towards the workman.

Until he was nine or ten years of age he attended school eight or ten weeks in summer, and as much more in winter. As soon, however, as his labour became quite valuable on the farm and in the shop, his schooling was confined to the winter. He was a fine scholar, and improved his time diligently. Full of life and humour, he was a choice companion among

his schoolmates. He studied only reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, except that he added drawing when the teacher's back was turned. He could draw so perfect profiles of his teacher and schoolmates upon his slate that they were readily recognized; also dogs, cats, horses, and, indeed, all kinds of animals, not to mention comic pictures. He had a decided talent in this direction, and his slate often passed from one seat to another, when the teacher was not on the watch, to the surprise and amusement of the scholars. Had parents and teachers known what promise there was in this exhibition of artistic skill, the boy might have become one of the finest artists in the land.

Charles enjoyed reading. Much as he loved play and fun, he enjoyed a book more. There were few books and no library in town, not even a Sabbath-school library, so that his reading was necessarily limited to a small number of books, and these he read until he knew them by heart. The Bible, Psalm Book, Westminster Catechism, "Columbian Orator," and "American Preceptor" were all the books in the Jewett family. These became very familiar to Charles; the Bible and Catechism no less than the readers. Fortunately for him, he was obliged to confine his reading to these volumes, so well suited to lay a good foundation. A boy like him, born to fun as the sparks fly upwards, would read himself into superficiality, if not into ruin, in our day, if let loose among novels, romances, and literary trash in general. The "Columbian Orator" was his favourite. He loved to declaim, and possessed the best qualities of an orator. When not more than six years old, the whole community were exercised over his oratorical ability. He was brought

out on every available occasion. A citizen, meeting him on the street, would ask for a "piece," and, standing him upon the wall, would listen to his declamation with surprise. We shall see that this gift served him well through life.

As he grew older, the number of books increased among the citizens, and he borrowed them, and appropriated their contents to his own advancement. He enjoyed poetry, and began to make rhymes when a mere child. Later on, he borrowed a copy of Young's "Night Thoughts," and committed most of it to memory. His memory was so retentive that he could repeat large portions of the Bible, the whole of the Catechism, and much poetry, before he was twelve years old. This rare ability grew with his growth, and in middle life he could repeat more poetry than any man I ever knew. The British poets were wellnigh as familiar to him as the alphabet. Often he would ask friends to read or repeat from any British poet a few lines or verses, without making known the author, and he would at once declare who was the author, and never miss.

He was an ingenious boy. With a jack-knife he would make windmills, water-wheels, carts, boxes, and even bureaus. No one could equal him in making kites. He knew just how wide and long they should be, and how to proportion the tail to the size of the kite. He could turn his hand to mending the toys of his playmates with the utmost ease, and many a young spirit was made glad by this exhibition of his skill. He always delighted to accommodate others and make them glad. Even the beggar found an ally in him, and he was surer to get a good meal when Charles was at hand. The sick and suffering in the neigh-

bourhood drew forth his sincere sympathy, and he would urge his mother to go to them and carry something they could eat. His tact on this line was remarkable through life. A few years before his death, a mother in the train could not hush the cries of her child. Louder and louder the little creature cried, until the passengers were considerably annoyed. Dr. Jewett left his seat and urged the mother to allow him to take the babe, and she did. Within three minutes his cries ceased, and the carriage became quiet and peaceful, except as the laughter and applause of the passengers told how they enjoyed the episode.

Sunday was a day of worship and rest with the Jewett family. The Sabbath began at sundown on Saturday night, and ended at sundown on Sunday night, after the Puritan custom. All must go to meeting, even the baby. Dr. Jewett used to say that he "began to go to meeting when too young to understand a word, but old enough to cry." Sunday was Sunday; no sham about it. It was Sunday in the house, on the farm, in the nail-shop, in the backyard as well as in the frontyard, on the street, and everywhere. At one time, for some reason, the Jewett children took a short walk up the hill, by the parsonage, on the Sabbath after meeting. Mr. Nelson, the pastor, beheld them with amazement. Such an act was trampling upon the Sabbath day, which should be kept holy; and his horror was increased by the fact that it occurred in one of his leading families. He imagined that the church of God was going to pieces. As soon as breakfast and prayers were over on Monday morning, he repaired to the Jewett homestead to discharge the painful duty of reproof and warning. He told the parents plainly that such an act was "not only a

flagrant violation of the Sabbath, but an insult to himself." The Jewett children never repeated the act.

Such facts show how strictly Charles was reared under moral and Christian rules. Nor did this fun-loving, witty urchin rebel against the discipline, or ridicule the practice; but he yielded as a matter of course, and, forty years thereafter, declared that the rigid discipline saved a wild, thoughtless boy, running over with animal life, from going to the bad.

His eldest sister was sixteen years older than himself, and she had the special care of him in his childhood. Of course he was strongly attached to her, so that when she married and left home, at about twenty-two years of age, it was a great sorrow to him. He wept bitterly, and went about the house for days mourning over her departure. But his sunshiny nature could not long be repressed, and he came out of the trial, after a few days, the same "budget of fun" as usual.

His sister married a farmer by the name of Dexter, and removed to Plainfield, Herkimer County, New York, beginning there a genuine pioneer life. When Charles was twelve years of age, he was taken to her home to become one of her family. His father arranged with Mr. Dexter to take the boy and rear him for a farmer. Charles was rather elated by the change, the idea of living with his sister, whom he loved so much, completely overbalancing the pain of leaving his parents. But Charles was sadly disappointed. Mr. Dexter was a hard-working, close-fisted, turbulent sort of a man. He could work from four o'clock in the morning until ten at night without the least inconvenience, and he thought that everybody else on the farm should do the same. Charles was no

exception. He was called from his bed in the morning when he ought to have slept, and he was kept digging, digging, digging, long after he should have been in bed. Mr. Dexter promised to send him to school ten weeks in the winter ; but often the demands of the farm broke into the term, and, with all the other hardships, the boy was abused when his employer's passions were aroused. Often he went to his bed at night homesick and wretched, pitying his dear sister, who was really her husband's slave, wearing out her very life in doing the work that each recurring day imposed.

Charles was the brightest scholar in Plainfield, and endeared himself both to teachers and schoolmates. In the schoolroom he was beyond the severity and abuse of his employer, so that he was as full of life and merry-making as ever. His ability in declamation was something new to pupils and teachers. He became the talk of the town for his scholarship and genial spirit. Many said that he ought not to stultify himself on a farm, capable as he was there ; that he ought to be educated, and fill some important position in manhood. The Christian people thought he ought to become a minister. The following facts will show what his hardships were, as well as his ability and promise.

Late in the autumn he was expected to cut wood and carry it to market. Sometimes he did this work under peculiar orders. "Sell that wood for—[a stiff price], or I will flog you when you get home." As he had no particular "liking for a licking," as he said to the writer in his ripe manhood, he always sold his wood and returned whistling. He was not fifteen years of age when he was required to go to the

woods, cut a specified quantity of wood, carry it to market and sell it, and return by sundown, or receive a flogging. His wits always saved him from the penalty accompanying the order.

A river lay between the market, and had to be forded, as there were no bridges at the time in that new country. Once, in the spring of the year, when the river was so swollen as to make it perilous to ford it, Mr. Dexter ordered him to haul a four-horse load of coal to market. Neighbours and farm-hands protested against sending a boy over the river, now swelled to a torrent. But protests availed nothing with Dexter when he had planned an enterprise. Charles must go or be flogged, and he did go at the risk of his life. The horses plunged into the river, and struggled against the rushing current with their heavy load, Charles urging them forward with whip and voice until safe upon the other side. It was very dark when he reached the river on his return. He could not see to guide the horses, and his only alternative was to commit himself to the instinct of the horses, give them loose reins, and urge them forward. There was scarcely one chance in ten of his crossing the river in safety, and he knew it. Drowning or a flogging appeared to him inevitable. He preferred the former, and plunged into the turbulent stream, stimulating the faithful animals to do their best by the application of his whip and the loudest appeals of his voice. He reached home safely, to the great relief of his sister, and no thanks to the cruelty of his master. The neighbours never forgot that act of inhumanity on the part of Mr. Dexter.

Mr. Dexter employed quite a number of men at the coal-pits, usually men and boys who lived in the

town. They were there night and day during the period of coaling, occupying cabins erected for their comfort. Charles was at work there with them, and one day a labourer called attention to a "big beech stump" near by, saying,—

"Capital pulpit! It only needs a preacher, and we could hold a service."

"And here are Bible and hymn-book," responded another, who chanced to have a diminutive copy of each in his pocket.

"Who will preach?" called out the first speaker, designing to turn the affair into sport.

"Charlie!" answered several voices.

"Yes, Charlie!" was unanimously repeated.

All were acquainted with the boy's oratorical gift and his talents; and he was very popular with them, hence their call to him.

Charlie hesitated, but they would not take No for an answer. He was forced to preach. The quick-witted little fellow resolved in his heart that the men should get more than they bargained for. His early training in the Bible and Catechism, and his ability to recite some of the best religious articles in the "Columbian Orator" and "American Preceptor" served him grandly now. He mounted the stump, gave out a hymn, reading it with much pathos and power, and several of the men sang it with considerable enthusiasm, evidently thinking it was the beginning of their sport. Then he proceeded to preach, announcing for his text, John iii. 14, 15, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." With much tact he explained the meaning of the text, as he had

heard Mr. Nelson explain it. He told his audience that they were in the condition of the Israelites who were bitten by the fiery serpents, and their only relief and hope was to look to Christ. Failing to do this, they would go to hell. For ten or fifteen minutes he continued to preach with an ease and eloquence that captivated his hearers. They knew that he was an orator, and a very precocious boy; but they never dreamed of being treated to such a feast. It was really a sermon, nothing childish about it, worthy of any minister in the neighbourhood. All levity was at an end, and every hearer was thoughtful and serious. Young Whitman, the son of a Baptist deacon, was in tears when Charles closed; and he went home to tell his father of the wonderful effort of Charles, to which the deacon responded by saying, "We must educate him for a minister, and go about it as soon as possible."

We have said that the neighbours and labourers on the farm sympathized with Charles on account of his harsh treatment by Mr. Dexter. They manifested their sympathy in various ways. Believing that he did not get enough to eat, they sent food to him when he was in the field, or handed it to him when he passed their dwellings. Some did not hesitate to say that the magistrates should interfere, and protect the boy from further cruelty by Dexter; and finally it came to this. The magistrates visited him, and told him plainly that the whole community felt outraged that a boy in their midst should be subjected to such harsh treatment. The result was that Charles returned to his home in Connecticut, after having lived four years in Plainfield. On leaving, Mr. Dexter gave him four shillings to pay his ex-

penses on the way. Charles was ingenious, as we have seen, but he had not ingenuity enough to make that sum cover his expenses, except by walking the whole distance, using the money to purchase food.

He received quite an ovation on reaching home; everybody was glad to see him. In his four years of absence he had grown tall and stout, and appeared manly because "he had been doing a man's work," as he said. He worked for his father in the nail-shop for a few months, when he and his brother went to Norwich to work for a nail-manufacturer, boarding with a sister who had married and settled there. Here he found a circulating library, from which books could be taken by paying a few pence each week. It proved a great boon to Charles. He and his brother took out one book at a time, and read it together, so as to save expense. Not one moment of leisure time was lost, and often their reading extended far into the night. In this way, during the year they spent in Norwich, they carefully read many volumes, embracing history, biography, and travels. Charles was stirred to his inmost soul by the taste he acquired for learning. He must get an education in some way. He wanted to become a physician, and could scarcely be denied. With these feelings he returned to Lisbon, and made known his wishes.

His parents were true friends of education, and they knew that Charles possessed a high order of talents. Gladly would they see him prepared for the medical profession if the door could be opened. Their pastor and family physician were consulted upon the subject, and the conclusion reached was that he should attend the academy at Plainfield, a few miles from his home, for two terms. Thither he went, with his

soul on fire at the prospect before him. He stepped to the front at once, both as a scholar and a companion of fine social qualities. In composition and declamation he excelled any pupil the teacher had ever seen. His wit and humour spiced his composition, and his eloquence invested his speaking with a charm, so that his schoolmates expected a feast whenever he read a composition or declaimed. His record in the academy was a fine one, and he returned to his home with stronger love of learning than ever.

After reaching home, it was decided that he should study Latin with Mr. Nelson for a while, as he could not enter upon a medical course of study until he had studied the Latin grammar and read the whole of Vergil. Latin was not taught in the Plainfield Academy. After this he would study medicine with Dr. Baldwin of South Canterbury, three or four miles from his home.

Mr. Nelson had promised to teach Miss Frances Calkins the Latin language, and it was arranged that Charles should be taught at the same time. Miss Calkins said to Charles, "It is claimed that females do not possess the ability of males, and that, consequently, so high scholarship should not be expected of them."

"I don't know about that," replied Charles. "I feel quite sure that some females have more talents than some males," and a twinkle of roguishness shot from his eye as he said it.

"Nor is that much of a compliment," retorted Miss Calkins, "since some men have no talents to boast of."

Jewett laughed, and suggested that it might be a good opportunity now to settle the question between the sexes—that he would represent the male portion

of humanity, and she the female part, the result of the contest determining which sex possessed superiority of intellect—a sort of Adam and Eve arrangement, with the forbidden fruit left out and much pleasantry put in. In three weeks young Jewett was so far in advance of his fair rival that he was reciting alone to his pastor. The young lady did nobly, and proved herself to be an excellent scholar; but both she and her teacher were surprised to witness the strides of her opponent over the Latin race-course. In six weeks Mr. Nelson announced that Jewett had mastered the amount of Latin required to enter upon a course of medical instruction.

About this time the temperance reformation was inaugurated, and the best citizens of Lisbon united to form a society, and Charles was one of the first to sign the pledge and join. It was estimated at the time that "one-tenth of the male population of the town were occasional or habitual drunkards."

Father Jewett was deeply interested. One night, after talking freely about the ravages of intemperance, he said to Charles, "You are always scribbling about something, and for the most part, I think, on matters of little importance. And now if you have any gift in the use of the quill, try your hand upon a subject of some consequence. Write an appeal to the town authorities against licensing a business that curses every one that patronizes it." On the next day, Charles prepared an appeal in verse, and his father was so highly pleased with it that he posted away to Norwich, and had a hundred copies of it printed. The following night he and his son went out in the darkness and tacked copies on trees, gates, barns, and fences. A copy was tacked to the "whipping-post"

standing in front of the meeting-house, a relic of those barbarous days when criminals were punished by flogging. Some were tucked under the front door of dwellings. The poem was anonymous, and no one could imagine who the author could be. The poetry was so good that the general conclusion was, "No one in town could have written it." It caused much excitement, and friends of the grog-shop waxed hot with anger. But the result was good. It caused the temperance society of which we have spoken to be organized, and finally broke up the liquor licence system in Lisbon.

Charles began his medical studies with Dr. Baldwin about this time. The doctor had several students, all of whom attended a course of medical lectures at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in the winter, pursuing their studies the remainder of the year with him. Charles boarded in the doctor's family during the week, returning home on Saturday night to spend the Sabbath. He rendered some service on the doctor's large farm to pay his way.

"He is cut out for a doctor," was a common remark among the students. There was such tact and enthusiasm about him in mastering medical science, that the remark was very proper. His instructor said, "Jewett takes to medicine surprisingly." At the same time, he persuaded Dr. Baldwin to introduce some improvement in raising crops. He had studied the science of farming and fruit-raising. By grafting and budding for the doctor, he largely increased both the quantity and quality of fruit raised on the farm. Fruit trees are yet bearing on the farm because Jewett gave them a new lease of life by his practical knowledge.

Every one was struck by his leading quality—observation. He had acquired his knowledge of fruit-raising by a little study and much observation. So with botany; he was born to love flowers and fruits. Readily his taste and tact absorbed botany. Dr. Baldwin's farm was explored in the interest of that fascinating science. In later life, he was one of the best botanists in the country. We have seen somewhat of his ingenuity in boyhood; it advanced with his years. While studying medicine he constructed a miniature bureau for holding jewellery and knick-knacks, a piece of cabinet-work that extorted exclamations of surprise from all who saw it. He made also a lady's penknife—the handle out of an old silver spoon, and the blade of the finest steel, highly polished—a gem of its kind, as every one said. Both of these articles he presented to Miss Lucy A. Tracy, an accomplished young lady who became his wife four years thereafter. Both of the presents are still in a good state of preservation, and could not be bought now for love or money.

The temperance revival in Lisbon prepared young Jewett for a contest on Dr. Baldwin's farm. One Brown, a labourer, held that hard work could not be performed without intoxicating drinks, especially that no one could complete the haying-season without them. Jewett opposed his view, and proposed to make hay on water and milk-porridge. Both were honest in their opinions, and the contest began. Jewett was an athlete, tall, strong, wiry, constructed to endure. He could jump higher and further, run faster, and lift more weight than any of his associates. Of course he beat Brown, cutting his corners when mowing, and pitching on and off a load of hay more easily and quickly. At night, day after day, Brown

was fagged out, and was glad to crawl away to his bed, while Jewett was fresh as ever, jumping in the door-yard, or off to a party with the boys and girls. Cold water and porridge won a signal victory over rum.

His talent for drawing and profile-making was often gratified at Dr. Baldwin's. We have seen specimens of his skill in this department of culture within a few years at Dr. Baldwin's house, carefully preserved as mementos of the versatile student.

He was a great mimic. In his boyhood he contributed much amusement to playmates by imitating the voice, gait, and motions of boys and men who had peculiarities. The bark of a dog, the mew of a cat, the neigh of a horse, and the bleat of a sheep he would imitate perfectly. Dr. Baldwin said that he could imitate every sound that was ever heard on his farm. On driving into his barn one day he heard the cry of a bird in distress. Looking out of the back window, he saw and heard Jewett imitating the cry of a young bobolink so perfectly that the parent birds were fluttering and screaming over him, evidently thinking that one of their young was in his clutches. On seeing the doctor, Jewett remarked, "That fellow has two notes that I can't get." But Dr. Baldwin could not tell that any were left out.

The Baldwin family employed a young woman to do their spinning. She was much given to fretting and scolding when her work troubled her, and, besides, she did not like the business. With a singular tone of voice and jerk of the body she disclosed the fretfulness inside. One evening, in the presence of the students and family, and the spinner herself, young Jewett took his seat at the spinning-wheel and

began to imitate her, with jerks, motions, fretting, and peculiar voice exactly like hers; and he set the whole company into a roar by his success, no one refraining from laughter except the spinner. To her it was not a laughing matter, but it proved a valuable lesson, for it transferred her into quite an agreeable person.

We have cited these incidents, though not belonging to a medical course of study, because the elements of character underneath them played an important part in his future career. Without them he would not have been like Sydney Smith.

He spent two years in studying medicine, attending lectures in Pittsfield both winters. The second winter he was in Pittsfield he made a set of dental instruments for his own use; for regular physicians at that time did all the teeth-pulling for the people. They were manufactured in the shop of a villager, who kindly granted him the use of his tools. When the dental instruments were completed, the proprietor of the shop remarked to another, "It is a pity to spoil a good mechanic to make a poor doctor."

Charles Jewett began his career as a medical practitioner in East Greenwich, Rhode Island. It was a manufacturing town, with a rough, ignorant, drunken population, with no church privileges which the doctor could enjoy. He united with the Congregational Church in Lisbon some time during the last year of his medical studies; but there was no Congregational Church within five or six miles. He wasted no time, however, in lamenting over the condition of things. He was there to practise medicine, and he proceeded to business at once. In personal appearance he was one of the most attractive

men the people of the town had ever seen. Handsome, social, witty, and brilliant, he pushed right into their good graces at once. He was but twenty-two years old, but appeared like a young man of twenty-six or twenty-eight. His reception was all that he could desire. Everybody seemed glad that so "smart" a doctor had come to their town to settle.

The religious society in the place was known as the "Six-Principle Baptists," most of the members operatives in the mill—ignorant, uncouth, and superstitious. But the doctor cast in his lot with them, taking part in meetings, and suggesting improvements that were readily adopted. He was a graceful and ready speaker, whom the people delighted to hear from the first. They regarded him as a very valuable accession to their religious organization. All this favoured his medical practice. The people sought his services more readily. There was only one physician within five miles, and he was old and infirm, so that Dr. Jewett really had the whole field. He stepped directly into a good practice, which increased from month to month, until he had all that he could do. His popularity increased with his business.

He interested himself also in the schools and industries of the place. Farmers knew little about farming, and fruit-growers little about fruit-growing. The doctor instructed them about the relation of different soils to different crops, the grain in relation to crops, and the absolute necessity of the best seed. All through that region to-day, the people will tell of the great stimulus that was given to farming and fruit-raising by Dr. Jewett's counsel.

Two boys at his boarding-place took turns at the grindstone—hard work for them. The doctor told

them to run it by water. The suggestion was received as one of his playful remarks. Soon, however, a small stream running by the barn was utilized, and he had it turning the grindstone, to the astonishment and delight of the lads.

There was no regard for the Sabbath except by the few who went to meeting. The mill did not run, but all other work continued as on week-days. This, together with the intemperance that prevailed, troubled the doctor, and he began to oppose the evils. He talked against them in public and private, and his condemnation of the evil practices grew hotter and hotter. The offenders were aroused. They grew red in the face, and threatened. Rum-sellers and their patrons became his enemies. Some said that they would tar and feather him. Others said they would shoot him. The best people became alarmed. They advised the doctor to cease his attacks on the liquor traffic; but that was a violation of duty, and he could not consent. He must speak, and he would be heard. They counselled him to be on his guard at night, and take a man with him on his professional visits. But he declined their counsel, and continued to talk and work for the town's welfare. He did take a loaded pistol with him at night, but never had occasion to use it.

This was the condition of affairs in East Greenwich when, on May 5, 1830, he was married to Lucy A. Tracy of Lisbon, and brought his bride there. Determined to benefit the people morally as well as physically, he added largely to his labours by organizing a Sabbath-school. He was the superintendent, and his wife the principal teacher. With a view to developing the musical ability of the place, furnishing

an occasion for social intercourse and elevating the people, he opened a singing school free to all. The doctor was an excellent singer, and could play well upon the flute, bass-viol, and violin. Then followed a temperance society, which he succeeded in organizing after much patience-trying labour. These useful agencies increased his labours very much, but he did not consult his own health or ease at all ; he was labouring to make the community better, and no amount of work discouraged him.

All this time he pursued studies in English literature at odd moments, and also kept abreast of the times in acquaintance with the books and journals of the day. Had he not been a man of great physical endurance, he must have broken down under the terrible strain. But he saw the social and moral condition of the people improving, and that encouraged and paid him for all that he did.

Dr. Jewett did not agree with medical authorities in regard to the use of alcoholic liquors as medicine. He thought that physicians were reckless in the use of intoxicants when they should be cautious—that drunkards were often made by taking liquors for disease. All the intoxicating liquor used he carried in a four-ounce vial, and he never prescribed intoxicants to be procured by the patient. He left with his patients all he wished them to have. In this respect he was fifty years in advance of the members of his profession, and he thoroughly believed that the medical fraternity would occupy his ground in time ; and they have substantially.

Dr. Jewett became so popular as a public speaker that his services in that line were sought by neighbouring towns, for temperance especially. He was so

industrious that he always seemed to have a place for the next additional call, and it was a real trial for him to refuse. He could say NO loudly to any demand for wrongdoing, but it was the most trying experience for him to say it to a call for doing good.

In 1835 the leading citizens of Centreville, in the town of Warwick, Rhode Island, formally invited the doctor to remove thither to take the place of Dr. Knight, who was about to retire from active business. Centreville was five miles from East Greenwich, and a more inviting field socially and morally. The doctor removed to that place.

But still another change Providence had in store for him. The temperance cause was advancing, and both town and state societies were multiplying rapidly. In Rhode Island the interest was quite in advance of what it was in other states, because Dr. Jewett had done so much to arouse the people. A State Temperance Society was organized, and it was natural for the managers to urge Dr. Jewett to become its agent. They knew that it would be a great personal sacrifice for him to accept the position. His receipts as a medical practitioner were twice the amount of the salary they could pay him. More than that, they knew that honour and fame were before him in his profession. All this he must sacrifice for an office that would surely bring down upon him the wrath of rum-sellers and their supporters, disturbing his peace, and endangering his life. But the doctor was a good fighter for the right. The more opposition and persecution he experienced, the more resolution and work he seemed to command for business. He courted a field where hard work and moral courage were demanded. Of course he accepted the call; he could

not do otherwise and respect himself. He could do more good by improving the morals of the community than he could by healing their diseases.

He removed his family to Providence, where the headquarters of the temperance movement were. He passed through a very chequered experience in that city, with trials enough to discourage ordinary men. Cowardice of temperance men, hostility by persons engaged in the liquor traffic, persecution by men in favour of rumselling, and failure to pay his salary, combined to put the doctor into a very uncomfortable position. He was starved out of his office, and returned to the practice of medicine, opening a drug store and office in the city.

Many citizens of Providence knew of his success as a physician, and employed him at once. But just as he was entering upon a good practice, the State Temperance Society of Massachusetts invited him to become their agent on a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds. This was in 1840. He was poor, but the promise of a future large practice was flattering. His best friends entreated him not to accept the position, assuring him that he would stand at the head of the medical profession in Providence within a few years. His past bitter experience in the temperance cause would have been quite sufficient to the average man to settle the question at once in favour of continuing his medical practice. But the doctor viewed the matter from a different standpoint. His best impulses as a reformer were appealed to. Where another man could be found to do the reform work in Massachusetts no one could tell, especially one so exactly suited for the place as the doctor. The subject was pressed upon his heart in that light by the officers of the Massachu-

setts society. Dr. Jewett could not withstand the appeal; his conscience said, *go;* and he accepted.

He removed his family to Massachusetts, and never more returned to the medical practice. Providence now opened the door to his usefulness in this philanthropic work, and he became the most renowned lecturer on temperance in the world. He was equally efficient in every department—social, legal, and scientific. His discussions of the subject were logical, humorous, serious, witty, and powerful. For several years it was a hot battle. The enemy was rampant. Both temperance and anti-slavery speakers were mobbed and meetings broken up. But here Dr. Jewett's wit and good judgment proved equal to every emergency. He was quick to see a storm brewing, and then his humour and tact at story-telling would come to the rescue by "putting the audience into a roar." He was just as good in an anti-slavery as in a temperance meeting, and his presence was often sought for the purpose of keeping the peace. No meeting or convention was broken up where the doctor was present. He was as fearless as he was witty and eloquent. The three elements combined made him a power.

Once, before leaving Providence, a rum-seller attacked him in a meeting, calling him everything but an honest man; closing his assault by declaring that he would "thrash him the first time he caught him on the street." Dr. Jewett arose with one of his inimitable twinkles of the eye, and said, "My friend Young has told you some things that he will do. He has expressed himself very frankly and fully; but he will not be half so bad as he claims. He says that he will thrash me when he

catches me on the street; but friend Young won't do any such thing. He wouldn't do it if he could, and he couldn't do it if he would." The crowded assembly burst into a roar of laughter, in which Young himself joined; and there the affair ended.

We have alluded to his power as a mimic. He assiduously cultivated this talent through his life, and was unequalled. Mr Gough said, "He can imitate a drunken man more exactly than I can, although I have been a drunkard. It is wonderful." One evening he was to lecture in Pawtucket, where a certain rum-seller had eluded the officers successfully. Going into a barber's shop just at night to get shaved, he pretended to be a little under the influence of drink, of which the barber had no doubt. Before leaving he inquired of the barber where he could get a drink, and he directed him to this rum-seller, whose name was Crane. Going there, he called for a glass of beer, which he obtained, continuing his drunken talk with the rum-seller, appearing to grow more and more intoxicated, until Crane himself suggested, "You have got enough now, better not drink it." The doctor concluded that Crane was right, but insisted upon paying for the beer because he called for it. On that evening he went before his audience and told the whole story, over which the hearers grew wild with excitement. When Crane was told of it the next day, he declared that, even if the man were Dr. Jewett, he was intoxicated. "There was no counterfeit about *that* drunk; that was the genuine article. Do you think I don't know when a man is drunk? You can't cheat me. A man may pitch and reel about like a drunkard, but he can't make his eye drunk. Why, I stood close to him

when he was fretting about the beer [he complained that it was sour as an excuse for not drinking it], and my eye wasn't more than two feet from his, and that eye of his was drunk. You can't cheat me."

The doctor "practised as long and carefully to imitate the drunkard exactly as girls do to play well on the piano," he said. His mimicry at this time furnished the authorities with evidence to convict Crane.

We have spoken of his observation. He was constantly cultivating that. At one time he was on the train going from New York to Philadelphia. Two bright young men sat in front of him, and their uncomplimentary remarks about a lady who left the train at a station, led him to believe that they did not understand human nature, and he told them so.

"Now, young men," he said, "let us have a familiar talk about this matter; it is one of great importance. I have made character a study all my life. In the cars and stage-coach, on the steamer, in the parlour and public assembly, I have made it a business to read the characters of men; and it has been of great advantage to me. I am often reading a stranger with whom I converse, when he doesn't know it. Students like you especially should study character."

"And how do you know that we are students?" inquired one of them.

"Ah! that is it," answered the doctor. "I told you that I had made character a study. Both of you are students, I am sure."

"It is so," one of them replied, laughing.

"And you are collegians, too," the doctor continued. Both of the young men laughed outright at this happy hit, and one said:—

"Members of Princetown College. But how can you tell that?"

"Simply by observation; and what may surprise you still more, perhaps, I can tell to what classes in college you belong. You are a senior," putting his hand upon the shoulder of one, "and you are a second-year student," placing his hand upon the shoulder of the other.

The students were amazed. The doctor had "hit the nail on the head," figuratively, as he was wont to do literally, in his boyhood, in his father's nail-shop. Fifteen years afterwards he met a clergyman on the platform in a town of New York, who said to him, "I am the senior whom you met in the train, and your counsel upon studying character at that time has been worth more to me than half my college course."

Dr. Jewett was a fine public reader. He was a thorough student of Shakespeare, and proved himself a marvel in personating his characters. At one time, when he lived in Millbury, Massachusetts, a lecturer in the "Lyceum Course" failed to appear. A large audience waited patiently for his arrival, and when it was certain that he would not come, the citizens called for Dr. Jewett, who was in the hall. They did not know what subject he would present, but they knew that at a moment's warning he would interest and instruct them. They always enjoyed his speaking.

The doctor responded promptly, and gave a lecture upon Shakespeare, personating certain characters in a manner that elicited the loudest applause. For more than an hour he held the audience in breathless attention, except when he put them into "a roar of laughter." At another time, and in another place, he did the same with Burns, his favourite poet next to Shakespeare.

He could read the Scottish dialect as gracefully as he could his own.

He was in a railway train when "the tin-pail brigade," ten or twelve workmen, came into the car. Very soon the doctor was conversing with some of them, and repeated poetical extracts from Burns. Workmen and passengers gathered around him as he rehearsed poem after poem from Scotland's bard. James Russell Lowell was in the car, though Dr. Jewett did not know it, evidently an interested spectator, for his poem, "An Incident in a Railroad Car," was suggested by that scene. The poem opens thus :—

> "He spoke of Burns; men rude and rough
> Pressed round to hear the praise of one
> Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
> As homespun as their own."

Few orators, who hold an assembly of adults spellbound, are successful in addressing children. But no public speaker was ever more successful in addressing children than Dr. Jewett. He was as instructive and amusing before them as he was before adults. He would make even a scientific fact clear and interesting to a child by well-chosen illustrations. He was a great lover of children, and drew them to him by a sort of magic. After the doctor's decease, a clergyman wrote :—

"After he had been at my house once, my children would hop up and down when they learned that he was coming again......With pencil in hand, he would make them just the happiest creatures by drawing the picture of anything they asked him to sketch."

Another wrote: "Even my children mourn his death. They loved him ardently; and no greater treat awaited them than his coming to our house."

A public man wrote, "Why, the first temperance lecture I ever heard was by Dr. Jewett. I was a mere boy, but I can tell you the whole plan and argument of that discourse to-day......Boy though I was, I saw the point, and I think that every other boy and girl in the audience did; and we remembered it because he enforced the truth by his perfect mimicry."

After he was brought home sick from Pennsylvania, a friend visited him at his Connecticut home, with her little daughter. It was only a short time before his death, and the doctor was sitting in his arm-chair. Very soon he was in close conversation with the child, and he finally asked her if he should not recite "The Death of Little Joe" from Dickens. She indicated her desire to hear it, and so he began. Her interest deepened as he proceeded, tears gathered in her eyes, and her lip quivered as he drew near the end; and when he closed, the dear little girl burst into tears, and laid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed—a grand tribute to the power of the reader, so near his grave.

We spoke of Dr. Jewett's residence in Millbury, Massachusetts. His friends presented him with eight hundred pounds with which to purchase a home, and he settled there. But his labours, sickness of his wife and death of his son, a noble Christian boy, impaired his health so much that his physician enjoined absolute rest. But the doctor could not do that and live long; so he made a change for rest. He had been invited to become "lecturer on chemistry and agriculture" in the literary institution in Batavia, Illinois. He sold his place in Millbury, purchased one in Batavia, and removed thither. He devoted himself to farming and the lectureship, and improved rapidly,

at the same time becoming the most important person in the institution and town.

The locality was afflicted with malaria, and one after another of the doctor's family was stricken with fever and ague. Mrs. Jewett was an invalid before being stricken with ague, so that this additional disease completely prostrated her. Every member of the family was attacked in turn. In consequence, he removed his family to Minnesota, and purchased three quarter-sections of government land for himself, his son Charles, twenty-five years old, and Richard, who was twenty. The locality selected was being populated rapidly with people from New England. Here Dr. Jewett really laid the foundation for one of the most flourishing cities in Minnesota—Faribault. He built a house, opened it for public worship on the Sabbath, and preached to the few settlers, who gathered gladly. He established a Sabbath-school also; and Mrs. Jewett, with her husband's aid, opened the first day-school in the settlement—all in his own house. Here, too, within a few months, he caused the first Congregational Church of Faribault to be organized, now numbering four hundred members. When organized, the church had seven members, five of them being the doctor and Mrs. Jewett, a daughter and two sons. The Eliott Congregational Church of Newton, Massachusetts, which Dr. Jewett was instrumental in organizing when he resided there, sent to him a Sabbath-school library of two hundred and fifty volumes. Later on, when he caused a house of worship to be erected, this same church contributed sixty pounds, and other churches in Massachusetts tendered substantial aid. One church presented him with a bell.

Within one year and a half after Dr. Jewett settled

there, Faribault contained more than a thousand inhabitants, and he was the most active and useful of them all. In organizing schools, introducing the best seed for their farms, promoting temperance, education, and thrift, he was without a peer. He lectured to the people upon agricultural chemistry, temperance, education, Burns, Shakespeare, and other topics; and once delivered an Independence Day oration. He represented the town in the Legislature also. He was the busiest, hardest-worked man in all the region.

But a man so well fitted for public service could not be left in peace on a farm, after regaining his health. Massachusetts wanted him to fight the liquor traffic and slavery. Illinois wanted him to oppose the "slaveholders' rebellion" that was threatened. Other states asked for his services. The doctor let his farm, and, leaving his two sons on their claims, returned to Massachusetts to lecture. But the civil war was becoming real, so that friends in Illinois persuaded him to remove with his family to Chicago, where his three youngest children could be put into good schools, and he himself could render essential patriotic service to his country. His voice was heard, not only for the cause of temperance, but for the preservation of the Union, and everywhere he was received with the heartiest welcome. His speeches on "The State of the Country" were his best.

His three sons, who were old enough to enlist, offered their services to the government. Richard and John were enrolled, but as Charles had a family, he was persuaded to remain at home "for the present." He consented only on this condition, that if either of his brothers should be killed, he should be permitted to take his place—proof that

the sons were as true patriots as the father. John was killed in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863. Charles immediately took his place in the regiment. Just then Richard was seriously wounded, and was sent north. He lived until a few years ago, but was a constant sufferer, never able to support himself by labour. We may add here, that Dr. Jewett was greatly blessed in his children. The three youngest were in the High School in Chicago, where five prizes were distributed at the end of the year. The doctor's children obtained one each; and the Principal said, "If there had been five of the Jewett family they would have taken all of them." The youngest son, Frank, is now professor of chemistry in Oberlin College, Ohio.

At the close of the civil war, Dr. Jewett resumed his labours in the cause of temperance, and lectured in several states, always, however, prepared to speak on the "Battle of Gettysburg," and other topics. He prepared a course of six scientific temperance lectures that won him great fame. They were regarded as the most able and practical lectures on the subject ever delivered. Educated men importuned him to write them out and publish them in a book (he had delivered them without notes), and he finally consented to do it. But the fulfilment of his purpose was delayed by frequent attacks of heart disease, until he was finally carried away suddenly by this "old enemy," as he called it, and his purpose was not accomplished.

"Forty Years' Fight with the Drink Demon" was a valuable book which he wrote and published a few years before his death. A collection of his poems was published also, together with numerous pamphlets and tracts. At the outbreak of the civil war he wrote a

tract, "The Wounded Soldier's Friend," to teach the wounded soldier what he could do for himself before a surgeon could reach him. The government adopted it as of great value to the army, and hundreds of thousands were circulated.

On the 8th day of March 1879, Dr. Jewett felt that his life was fast ebbing away, and asked that his family might be called. His wife expressed the hope that he might be spared yet longer to the family, to which he replied, "Perhaps I may; but if I say what I wish to say *now*, I shall be all ready." The family assembled around his bed, when, in the most tender and touching way, he addressed each one, and closed by expressing his gratitude to God that all of them were Christians. But he lived until the 3rd day of April 1879, when closed one of the most remarkable lives ever lived.

> "On, never resting till that great heart's tide
> Broke its own barriers, and he sank and died!"

The news of his death was telegraphed over the country, and the public journals paid noble tribute to his memory. From Maine to Minnesota the tidings were received by a host of friends with saddened hearts; and at hundreds of family altars the afflicted household was remembered with tears and fervent prayers. Letters of sympathy and condolence came to the bereaved family from far and near. In Great Britain, also, the news of his death was received with demonstrations of sorrow; and the press spoke in the highest terms of his life and character.

This life should be studied. Few men possessing such versatility of talents ever lived, and few as able. And yet, Dr. Jewett's natural endowments could not

have developed into a life of such usefulness and grandeur without that indomitable will, decision of character, singleness of purpose, industry, moral principle, and self-sacrifice, that marked his career. He would have been a star of the first magnitude in the ministry, legal profession, in Congress, in mechanics, had he chosen either of these professions. The qualities just named would have made him win. The strongest inspiration in his life-work was derived from the Christian religion. His faith was invincible, and gave direction to his noblest attributes.

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz.

NATURALIST.

JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE AGASSIZ belonged to both Europe and America. He was born in the village of Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807, and in 1846 became the adopted son of New England. The remainder of his useful and remarkable life was spent in the United States.

His father was a clergyman, having a small salary, a pastor beloved and honoured. He occupied the parsonage, which was a very convenient and pretty dwelling, on the shore of Lake Morat. Here the subject of this paper was born. He was the fifth child; but all the others died before he was born. On account of this singular mortality, Louis (he was called by this name) was watched over with more than ordinary care. His father had been a successful teacher, and he resolved to take upon himself the instruction of his son. He would not commit him to the instruction of others for the first ten years of his life, lest his active brain might be overtaxed. His physical growth should be specially guarded in these years, that his mental growth might become more marked and less perilous thereafter.

His mother was Rose Mayor, daughter of a physician at Cudrefin, situated on the shore of the Lake of

Neuchâtel. She was a well-educated, Christian young woman, who appreciated the work of her husband, and made herself as useful as possible among his people. The loss of her first four children caused her to rear the fifth with fear and trembling. She watched every movement, physical and intellectual, and early arrived at the conclusion that the boy was endowed with rare talents. She noticed that he possessed a love for all living animals—a characteristic that she was glad to see. All domestic animals, too, seemed to be particularly attached to him, as if drawn to him by some strange fascination. When Louis was two or three years of age he was vouchsafed a brother, whom he hailed with childish delight, and to whom his parents gave the name of Auguste.

Pastor Agassiz was obliged to obtain a portion of his livelihood from a vineyard, orchard, and garden belonging to the parsonage. Here Louis found congenial employment in his boyhood, sufficient to promote physical health and establish the habit of industry. When a mere boy he was able to render his father valuable assistance in grape-raising and gardening. His tact, love of nature, and thirst for knowledge made him a ready learner. He was as willing, too, as he was apt. As soon as his little brother was able to run about, he became a close companion of Louis in garden-work and vineyard culture.

That Louis had a bent toward natural history was discovered early. His biographer says, "Louis's love of natural history showed itself almost from infancy. When he was a very little fellow he had, besides his collection of fishes, all sorts of pets—birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, etc., whose families he reared with the greatest care. Guided by his knowledge of



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

The Portrait is used by permission of Messrs. Maull and Fox.

the haunts and habits of fishes, he and his brother Auguste became the most expert of young fishermen, using processes of their own and quite independent of hook, line, or net. Their hunting-grounds were the holes and crevices beneath the stones, or in the water-washed walls of the lake-shore. No such shelter was safe from their curious fingers, and they acquired such dexterity that when bathing they could seize the fish even in the open water, attracting them by little arts, to which the fish submitted as to a kind of fascination...... His pet animals suggested questions, to answer which was the task of his life; and his intimate study of the fresh-water fishes of Europe, later the subject of one of his most important works, began with his first collection from the Lake of Morat." Somewhat akin to this was the early life of naturalists whose biographies have been written.

Reference to his first collection of fishes from the Lake of Morat, in the foregoing extract, needs explanation. Behind the parsonage was a fine spring of water that flowed into a large stone basin, and this Louis used for his "first aquarium." Here he put the live fishes he caught with his hands, or otherwise, on the shore of the lake, and he spent much time in studying their habits. It was not amusement alone that he found in this boyish enterprise, but it was instruction. It will not be difficult to establish the connection between his collection of animals behind the parsonage and his museum of natural history at Harvard College.

On another line, also, Louis was a constant learner. It was customary then among the Swiss for the shoemaker, carpenter, and tailor to go through the villages seeking jobs. The shoemaker came several times a

year to the parsonage to repair and make shoes for the family, and Louis watched him with deep interest in order to learn how shoes were made. That he made the most of the opportunity is clear from the fact that he became able to make well-fitting shoes for dolls. He could also make and fit dolls' dresses with remarkable ability, because he watched the tailor whenever he came to make garments for the family. And the same was true of the carpenter; unwittingly he become Louis's instructor, so that the boy could handle tools with creditable facility.

The barrel-maker also came once a year, before the vintage, to repair old barrels and make new ones. Louis looked on—to learn. He actually became so expert that he could make a water-tight miniature barrel, which was regarded as a curiosity by the village people. These boyish methods were education to him, and did much to introduce him to the sphere of intellectual work he occupied. He often said in his manhood, when it was necessary for him to handle tools, that he owed his dexterity therewith to his boyhood practice.

Louis was a daring boy, equal to almost any emergency. He was a superior skater at seven years of age, and his brother, two years younger, could skate also. In winter the lake furnished them with plenty of this pastime. One day they were skating with a large number of village boys when the conversation turned upon a fair that was in progress on the other side of the lake. Louis's father went thither in the morning, so he proposed to his little brother that they should skate across the lake, join their father at the fair, and ride home with him in the afternoon. This was in the forenoon; and off they went, elated with

the idea of seeing the fair and riding back with their father.

At noon the village boys returned from the lake for dinner. As Louis and his brother did not return, their mother inquired where they were, and she was told of their expedition to the fair. Startled by the tidings, she rushed back to the parsonage, and, seizing a spyglass, ran up to the attic window to look for them. It was two miles across the lake, and she knew that the trip was not a safe one on account of fissures in the ice. She discovered them nearly across the lake, Louis lying flat upon his face over a fissure, that Auguste might use his back for a bridge over the narrow chasm. Filled with alarm, Madame Agassiz went to a workman, who was an excellent skater, and besought him to hasten to their rescue as quickly as possible, which he did. He reached them just as they were skating up to the opposite shore. Not knowing anything about the boys' plan to ride home with their father, he turned them about, and skated back with them, to the great relief of their mother, themselves disappointed that they did not see the fair.

Louis's progress in his studies was all that his parents could desire. He became master of the common branches, and in some of the higher was well advanced, before becoming ten years of age. He loved study, and reading was a coveted pastime to him. His father possessed the rare faculty of making lessons clear and interesting by practical illustration and explanation. To a sharp mind his methods were inspiring.

Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz had planned to send Louis away to school at ten years of age, and they had been practising the most rigid economy in order to accom-

plish their purpose. There was a school, or college, for boys at Bienne, and it was to this institution that they planned to send him. The course of study was somewhat exacting, requiring nine hours of close application each day, but the facilities for physical exercise were numerous. Special attention was paid to the physical health of the students. The principal, Mr. Rickly, believed that pupils, with ample provisions for play, could devote nine hours of the twenty-four to study without detriment. With eight or nine hours for sleep, which he considered most important of all, five or six hours would be left for meals and recreation. The school showed an excellent record for the health of pupils.

It was a four-years' course of study that boys pursued at Bienne. Louis began the course in high spirits, and made his mark from the outset. He set a high value upon the school, and ardently loved his teachers. Between him and the principal there grew up a mutual attachment that continued until the latter's death. At nine years of age his younger brother became a member of the school also, to his inexpressible joy. That Louis put excellent work into his studies is plain from a memorandum that he made upon a sheet of paper near the close of his four-year course.

"I wish," the record was, "to advance in the sciences, and for that I need D'Anville, Ritter, an Italian dictionary, a Strabo in Greek, Mannert and Thiersch; and also the works of Malte-Brun and Seyfert. I have resolved, as far as I am allowed to do so, to become a man of letters, and at present I can go no further. First, in ancient geography, for I already know all my note-books, and I have only such books

as Mr. Rickly can lend me; I must have D'Anville or Mannert. Second, in modern geography, also, I have only such books as Mr. Rickly can lend me and the Oesterwald geography, which does not accord with the new divisions; I must have Ritter or Malte-Brun. Third, for Greek I need a new grammar, and I shall choose Thiersch. Fourth, I have no Italian dictionary, except one lent me by Mr. Moltz; I must have one. Fifth, for Latin I need a larger grammar than the one I have, and I should like Seyfert. Sixth, Mr. Rickly tells me that as I have a taste for geography, he will give me a lesson in Greek (gratis), in which we would translate Strabo, provided I can find one. For all this I ought to have about twelve louis. I should like to stay at Bienne till the month of July, and afterwards serve my apprenticeship in commerce at Neuchâtel for a year and a half. Then I should like to pass four years at a university in Germany, and finally finish my studies at Paris, where I would stay about five years. Then at the age of twenty-five I could begin to write."

This is a remarkable paper for a boy of fourteen to write. It shows that his intellectual progress must have been phenomenal, otherwise he could not have mapped out such a course of study for nine years to come. He must have put in much more thought and reflection than his immediate studies required. He was canvassing the future, while improving the present with almost unexampled success. Within the grasp of his young mind was held a curriculum, such as a college professor might lay out with credit to himself.

Before Louis went to Bienne, the decision of his parents was that, at fifteen, he should quit school and enter the business house of his uncle, François

Mayor, at Neuchâtel. But his progress at school had developed a larger degree of ability than his parents anticipated. It seemed to them that he ought to make something more than a trader. Mr. Rickly was of that opinion also, and united with Louis in asking his father to send him to a college in Lausanne for still higher instruction. His parents were not at all reluctant to grant the request of their son, whose love of learning had become almost a passion, and whose diligence, fidelity, and moral character were all they could expect or ask.

Accordingly he went to Lausanne, where he soon was regarded by the professors as a genuine naturalist in embryo. The director of the Cantonal Museum, Professor Chevannes, possessed the only collection of natural history in the Canton de Vaud, and he gave Louis free access to all there was to attract him. Professor Chevannes proved a valued friend to the aspiring student, as did all the professors in the college. His uncle, Dr. Matthias Mayor, desired that he should study medicine at Zürich, as now it was settled that he would not go into business with his uncle, François Mayor. His friends were not pleased with his love of natural history, thinking that a livelihood would be quite impossible from that calling alone. He must have some more definite profession, and the medical seemed to them the most promising. He was called "the young naturalist" by the faculty and students of the institution, and his enthusiasm was so great that his father misconstrued it. He wrote Louis a characteristic letter about this time, from which we extract the following:—

"Your mother's last letter, my dear Louis, was in answer to one from you that crossed it on the way,

and gave us, so far as your health and contentment are concerned, great satisfaction. Yet our gratification lacks something; it would be more complete had you not a mania for rushing full gallop into the future. I have often reproved you for this, and you would fare better did you pay more attention to my reproof. If it be an incurable malady with you, at all events do not force your parents to share it. If it be absolutely essential to your happiness that you should break the ice of the two poles in order to find the hairs of a mammoth, or that you should dry your shirt in the sun of the tropics, at least wait till your trunk is packed and your passports are signed before you talk with us about it. Begin by reaching your first aim—a physician's and surgeon's diploma. I will not for the present hear of anything else, and that is more than enough."

Louis considered the matter philosophically, and went to Zürich to study medicine; but he continued to be more of a naturalist than anything else. Still he devoted himself to his studies with all his heart, and found that the door of medicine opened directly into Professor Schinz's department of natural history and physiology. The professor soon learned that Louis Agassiz was a born naturalist, and gave him the key to his private library and his collection of birds. This was turning him into clover at once, a most unexpected experience. While he did not really neglect the medical course of study, he did attend to natural history with increased enthusiasm. Often he turned night into day by actually copying books that his poverty would not permit of his owning. His brother Auguste went to Zürich with him, and he assisted Louis to make the contents of a number of

books his own. His letters home continued to be as full of natural history as ever; he wrote more like a naturalist than he did like a doctor. This troubled his parents; and they imagined he was still "riding his hobby." His mother wrote to him, fearing that he would renounce the study of medicine. "We cannot consent to such a step. You would lose ground in our opinion, in that of your family, and in that of the public. You would pass for an inconsiderate, fickle young fellow, and the slightest stain on your reputation would be a mortal blow to us. There is one way of reconciling all difficulties—the only one in my opinion. Complete your studies with all the zeal of which you are capable, and then, if you have still the same inclination, go on with your natural history." Louis replied, "You think that I wish to renounce entirely the study of medicine? On the contrary, the idea has never occurred to me, and, according to my promise, you shall have one of these days a doctor of medicine as a son."

Louis took his degree at Zürich, going home as Dr. Jean Rudolphe Agassiz, and his parents were happy. By this time, his instructors at Zürich having spoken in such high terms of his gifts as a naturalist, his parents acquiesced in his going to the University of Heidelberg. He was nineteen years of age at the time, bearing university honours of which a professor at forty might have been proud. He was poor as ever, obliged to economize in every possible way, but he was equal to the necessity. He wrote to his father from Heidelberg: "As soon as I know, for I cannot yet make an exact estimate, I will write you as nearly as possible what my expenses are likely to be. Sometimes there may be unlooked-for expenditures,

as, for instance, six crowns for a matriculation paper. But be assured that at all events I shall restrict myself to what is absolutely necessary, and do my best to economize. The same of the probable duration of my stay in Heidelberg; I shall certainly not prolong it needlessly."

It troubled him exceedingly to think that his parents were constantly denying themselves for his sake. From one of his letters we extract the following:—

"My happiness would be perfect, were it not for the painful thought which pursues me everywhere, that I live on your privations; yet it is impossible for me to diminish my expenses further. You would lift a great weight from my heart if you would relieve yourself of this burden by an arrangement with my uncle at Neuchâtel. I am confident that, when I have finished my studies, I could easily make enough to repay him. At all events, I know that you cannot pay the whole at once, and therefore, in telling me frankly what are our resources for this object, you would do me the greatest favour. Until I know that, I cannot be at peace."

This letter discloses his profound filial love, his desire to meet the wishes of his parents at all times, his readiness to deny himself for the sake of his parents and for the sake of learning, and his cheerful acceptance of poverty as a necessary evil on his way to the goal.

His brother Auguste separated from him at Zürich, and went into business with his uncle, François Mayor, at Neuchâtel. He wanted a certain book, and he wrote to Louis for it after the latter had gone to Paris for further study. It was some time before

Louis forwarded the book to him, and he apologized thus: "In the first place, I had not money enough to pay for it without being left actually penniless. You can imagine that after the fuel bill for the winter is paid, little remains for other expenses out of my two hundred francs a month, five louis of which are always due to my companion. Far from having anything in advance, my month's supply is thus taken up at once." In the same letter he gave a reason why he did not accept invitations to attend gatherings of notables, "I have no presentable coat." Later on, when he was preparing his first work for the press, and was obliged to employ an artist to draw his illustrations, he was able to pay the latter out of his stipend only by getting his own breakfast in his room, and purchasing his dinner at the cheapest restaurant in town for a few pence. But a happier young man was not found in the institution. Poverty could not damp his ardour; it only served to increase his industry and strengthen his resolution.

Having spent two years at Heidelberg, he went to the University of Munich, where even more famous professors than those of Heidelberg taught. He was accompanied by Alexander Braun, a young botanist, who became famous in after years. Their student-life at Munich continued two years, and was crowded with hard work. Louis was as straitened for money here as he had been elsewhere; yet he wrote to his father the following. After detailing his plans, he said: "Here are my aim and the means by which I propose to carry it out. I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen, and a good son, beloved of those who knew him. I feel within myself the strength of a whole

generation to work towards this end, and I will reach it if the means are not wanting."

His self-reliance as well as his perseverance invest this utterance with prophetic significance. Such a spirit never acknowledges and never knows defeat. No unfavourable circumstances, no amount of privation, no demand for self-sacrifice, ever forces it into retirement; it goes straight to the goal.

At Munich young Agassiz planned and completed his first work on natural history. Although he was but twenty-three years of age, this work won him fame in all lands to the end of his life. He meant to have brought out the work before his parents learned of his purpose. But, in some way, his father on a visit to Lausanne heard that his son was engaged upon such a work. It was a description of Brazilian fishes that were collected by Martins and Spix in their famous journey to Brazil. Pastor Agassiz was somewhat surprised by what he heard, and he feared that his son had made a grave mistake by deciding to issue such a book before completing his studies. Such was the vein of his letters to Louis; but when he received a copy of the book and had examined it, he had only words of commendation for the author. He was as much surprised that his son could produce such a work as he was gratified. He wrote to Louis from Orbe (whither he had removed) as follows:—

"I hasten, my dear son, to announce the arrival of your beautiful work, which reached me on Thursday from Geneva. I have no terms in which to express the pleasure it has given me. In few words—for I have only a moment to myself—I repeat my earnest entreaty that you would hasten your return as much as possible. The old father, who waits for you

with open heart and arms, sends you the most tender greeting."

Louis made so favourable terms with Cotta, the publisher of his book, that he was able to pay his own bills for a time. He was overjoyed to be no longer dependent upon his father for assistance—a state of affairs for which he had long been hoping. Nor was his mind at rest when his first book appeared. Plans of others, equally important and useful, followed in rapid succession.

On closing his studies at Munich he spent a few months in Vienna, where he made himself familiar with the medical school, the hospitals, and Museum of Natural History. Here he was highly honoured by the scientific men of the town; for his fame had gone before him, young as he was. Every attention was shown him, and he was given free access to every library, laboratory, and institution of the city. He wrote to his brother:—

"Everything was open to me as a foreigner, and, to my great surprise, I was received as an associate already known. Was it not gratifying to go to Vienna with no recommendation whatever, and to be welcomed and sought by all the scientific men, and afterwards presented and introduced everywhere? In the museum, not only were the rooms opened for me when I pleased, but also the cases, and even the jars, so that I could take out what I needed for examination. At the hospital several professors carried their kindness so far as to invite me to accompany them in their private visits."

He was so modest that he scarcely seemed to understand that all this was a hearty tribute to his talents and triumphs. He was not made proud or vain by

these attentions, and never, thereafter, in all his life appeared to be over-elated by the great measure of his fame.

From the time he was ten years of age, and went away to school, his parents carefully preserved his note-books, copy-books, essays, college reports, and kindred documents, as mementos of his accuracy, industry, method, care, and neatness. The chirography was clear and beautiful, every letter was made with care, the arrangement systematic and simple, and not a blot to mar one page. Similar books of Washington, now preserved at Mount Vernon, are not more attractive mementos of his remarkable boyhood and youth than were those of Agassiz of his early habits and virtues.

The year 1831 Louis spent at home to gratify his parents. But it was a year of close study and progress. His father had become pastor in another parish still, that of Concise, to which place, accompanied by his artist, he went with as much baggage as a fashionable lady takes with her to Brighton. It consisted of several boxes of fossils, trunks, and scientific outfit. He was pursuing the study of ichthyology, with reference to another important work, and he could study at home as well as abroad. So he put in a year of solid labour at the parsonage of Concise. He was but twenty-three years old in May, before going home, and yet he was Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine, and author of a quarto volume on the fishes of Brazil. He "knew every animal, living and fossil, in the museums of Munich, Stuttgart, Tübingen, Erlangen, Würzburg, Carlsruhe, and Frankfort," and he was well known in all these centres of scientific research.

But his education was not complete. He desired

to spend some time in Paris, where he could enjoy superior advantages on some lines of the natural sciences. There was the house of Cuvier, with whom he had corresponded, and to whom he had sent a copy of his book, which he hoped would please the venerable naturalist. Cuvier acknowledged the receipt of the book by a lengthy note, in which he said, in part, "You and M. de Martins have done me honour in placing my name at the head of a work so admirable as the one you have just published. The importance and the rarity of the species therein described, as well as the beauty of the figures, will make the work an important one in ichthyology, and nothing could heighten its value more than the accuracy of your descriptions. It will be of the greatest use to me in my 'History of Fishes.' I had already referred to the plates in the second edition of my 'Règne Animal.'"

Agassiz arrived in Paris, December 16, 1831. On the same day Cuvier heard of his arrival, and invited him to spend the evening at his house. It was an honourable recognition of true worth, and was fully appreciated by him. M. Humboldt resided in Paris also, and showed the young naturalist from Switzerland much attention. Here he found what he called "a wealth of material;" so much that he became even more economical of his time than ever, as the following extract from one of his letters shows:—

"In the morning I follow the clinical courses at the Pitié......At ten o'clock, or perhaps at eleven, I breakfast, and then go to the Museum of Natural History, where I stay till dark. Between five and six I dine, and after that turn to such medical studies as do not require daylight. So pass my days, one

like another, with great regularity. I have made it a rule not to go out after dinner—*I should lose too much time.*"

He learned that Cuvier was preparing a work on the same plan as his own, and he knew that if Cuvier's were given to the public, there would be no sale for his. While he was lamenting the misfortune to himself if Cuvier should publish his work, the latter sent for him, and showed the material which he had collected for his book.

"I have examined your material," he said, "since you placed it in my hands, and it is so excellent, and your work so much further advanced than mine, that I deem it no more than right to put my material at your disposal, hoping that you will be eminently successful in your efforts."

Agassiz was almost overcome by such kindness and generosity. He could scarcely find language to express his gratitude, and for weeks his letters teemed with references to Cuvier's generous act. With new ardour he applied himself to his studies, and he said, when writing to his uncle, Dr. Mayor, about it: "To accomplish my end without neglecting other occupations, I work regularly at least fifteen hours a day, sometimes even an hour or two more; but I hope to reach my goal in due time."

Only three months later Agassiz went to work with Cuvier in his study, as he had frequently done before. He was employed upon something Cuvier asked him to do. They worked until eleven o'clock, when Cuvier invited him to breakfast. After breakfast and a brief period in conversation with the family, they returned to the study. Agassiz continued upon the piece of work Cuvier had given him to do

until five o'clock, when he excused himself, saying that it was his dinner hour, after which he would return and finish his task. Cuvier assented and remarked, "Be careful, and remember that *work kills.*" These were the last words the great naturalist ever spoke. On the following morning a stroke of paralysis carried him off, adding emphasis to his words, "Work kills," as excessive work does. Agassiz never saw Cuvier alive again, and the disappointment and sorrow to him was wellnigh overwhelming. Cuvier's material, placed in his hands for his new work, was more precious now than ever. It was the dying legacy of the famous scholar.

But M. Humboldt was left to befriend and advise Agassiz, and he proved himself a friend indeed. Had Agassiz been his own son he could not have been more fatherly. At one time, learning that his poverty was interfering with his plans of future study, as well as with the publication of a forthcoming work, Humboldt presented him with a thousand francs. It was wholly unexpected by the young scholar, and his feelings may be inferred from an outburst of grateful emotion in a letter to his mother. "Oh, if my dear mother would forget for one moment that this is the celebrated M. de Humboldt, and find courage to write him only a few lines, how grateful I should be to her."

At twenty-five years of age Agassiz was amply qualified to fill a professorship of natural history in any university of Europe. The trustees of several institutions were waiting for him to age a little before calling him to high positions. But an institution at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, seizing time by the forelock, invited him to its chair of natural history, and he

accepted. Switzerland was his native land, whose "rocks and rills" were dearer to him than the palaces of other realms, so that he did not hesitate a moment about accepting the appointment. He removed to Neuchâtel, and entered upon his life-work.

We shall but briefly speak of his future great services in Europe: it is not necessary that we enter into details, for we have learned how he made his way upward and onward. It is plain as the way to market. It was pluck, pluck, pluck; work, work, work; faith, faith, faith! His fine talents alone could never have lifted him into so great renown. He knew it well, and never depended upon his birthright inheritance for achievement. He clutched God's gift of time, as if talent were naught without it, and crowded its precious moments with thought, plans, resolves, aims, and labour, that made his name immortal.

He more than filled the professorship at Neuchâtel; he overflowed. Other institutions sought his services, because he could fill more important positions. He was invited to a professorship of natural history in the universities of Heidelberg, Geneva, and also of Lausanne, with larger pay and more distinction; but he declined the flattering calls, and continued his labours at Neuchâtel. He had laid out a definite work in the latter institution, and he would not abandon it for money or honours. His heart was as deeply concerned in its success as his head; his conscience as truly as his will.

In October 1833, Agassiz married Cecile Braun, sister of his very dear friend and college-mate, Alexander Braun, of whom mention was made on a former page. She possessed rare artistic talent, and

it had done noble service for her brother in his botanical studies. Her husband had two important works in preparation when they commenced housekeeping in Neuchâtel, and here she found a new and interesting field as an artist. The two works were "Fossil Fishes" and "Fresh-water Fishes," and her skilful hand furnished some of the finest illustrations in them.

He was so widely known at the time of his marriage that invitations from men of science, in different countries, began to pour in upon him. Such scientists as Professors Lyell, Buckland, and Murchison sent very urgent requests for him to visit England. He received a prize, through Professor Lyell, for the superiority of one of his works. But he was so constantly occupied by increasing labours that he could not respond favourably to any one of these calls at the time. Two years later, however, in 1835, he visited England, where he was received with attentions such as would have been fitting for Humboldt himself. His stay in England added largely to his popularity. He had been honoured here because of what the people had heard; now they honoured him more for what they had seen. He returned to his work at Neuchâtel thoroughly stimulated by the knowledge that his discoveries and achievements were appreciated abroad. Before he was thirty years old he was elected to the French Academy of Science and the Royal Society of London, and received the degree of LL.D from the Universities of Edinburgh and Dublin.

His fame had reached the United States, and the faculties of Yale and Harvard desired to welcome him to their institutions. Professor Lilliman of Yale

addressed an importunate appeal to him to visit the United States, but he felt obliged to decline the invitation. It would interfere materially with his plans to extend his researches over Europe, particularly to scour the Alpine country in the interest of the natural sciences, and with special reference to the preparation of other works he had in mind. Nevertheless, he did not forget his stranger friends on the other side of the Atlantic, nor abandon the idea of visiting them at a future day.

New works from his prolific brain followed in rapid succession. "Fossil Molluscs," "Tertiary Shells," "Living and Fossil Echinoderms," "Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles," and "Monograph on the Fossil Fishes of the Old Red Sandstone," were among his productions before he removed to America. To prepare so many and large works required an incredible amount of labour and research outside of his teaching in the institution. His researches extended throughout Europe, even into other countries, the expense of which he could meet only by practising the closest economy, and living in the simplest manner.

Invitations from the most learned Americans continued to reach him, urging him to visit their land. As soon as he could, he began to arrange a visit, which was not an easy task for one so involved in teaching, writing, and investigating. He resigned his professorship that he might have more time to complete and bring out important works on his hands. At last he was ready to sail for the New World. It was necessary for him to spend a few weeks in England before his departure to America; so that it was September 1846 when he sailed for the United States. As he intended to return after a few months,

his family remained in France, at the house of Mrs. Agassiz's brother, Alexander Braun.

A warmer reception was never accorded to a foreign scientist than was tendered to Professor Agassiz in America. His arrival was heralded over the land, creating a lively interest among men of learning, and, indeed, in all literary circles. College professors were on the alert to welcome him, and high officials of state vied with each other to do him honour.

Arrangements were made with him, before he left Switzerland, to give a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, in December, upon the "Plan of Creation, particularly as related to the Animal Kingdom." The lecturer was somewhat anxious about his success because he could speak the English language but imperfectly. But his first lecture settled that matter; it was a complete success. There was a fascination about his speech and manner that carried his large and intelligent audience from the start. Each lecture won popularity for him. He was but thirty-nine years of age, and yet was ranked among the best scholars of that day. As a naturalist, he stood at the head. No doubt this fact alone created a deep impression in his favour, investing his utterances with authority, such as only the oldest and wisest professors carry. His first course of lectures created a deep and widespread interest in his work as a naturalist; and, when they were concluded, immediate steps were taken to secure another course on "The Glaciers." The necessary expense was paid by private subscriptions, and the money was readily raised. The second course of lectures was enjoyed by many even more than the first.

Invitations to lecture poured in upon him from all quarters, only a limited number of which he could give. He was glad to lecture as much as he could, that he might have the means to push his scientific investigations to the utmost. It was for this purpose that he visited the United States, and for this the King of Prussia had forwarded a liberal donation to him. But the more money he received, the more thorough and extended were his researches. Of course, he could not lecture when he was absent upon an expedition in the interest of his profession. But he was delighted with his reception and success. He wrote to Chancellor Favargez as follows:—

"Never did the future look brighter to me than now. If I could for a moment forget that I have a scientific mission to fulfil, to which I will never prove recreant, I could easily make more than enough by lectures which would be admirably paid and are urged upon me, to put me completely at my ease hereafter. But I will limit myself to what I need in order to repay those who have helped me through a difficult crisis, and that I can do without even turning aside from my researches. Beyond that, all must go again for science—there lies my true mission."

The same enthusiasm that inspired his youth to great endeavours, the same consecration to a single purpose, and the same indifference to financial receipts except as a means of advancing science, that we have seen all along from the opening of his career, appear in the foregoing extract. The fact recalls another, after he had become absorbed, soul and body, in his "Museum of Natural History" at Cambridge. A lecture committee waited upon him to secure a course of lectures from him in their city. After listening to

their appeal, and receiving an offer of sixty pounds for each lecture, he replied, "I cannot afford to turn aside from my work here and lecture for money."

Every facility was provided for him to pursue his studies in America. Dr. Bache was superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and his steamer was offered to him without charge. He could scour the coast, from the woods of Maine to the "Florida Reefs," with his assistants and artists on board. He pushed his investigations, not only on the coast, but far back into the interior, wherever science could be benefited by his inquiries.

So great interest was awakened in natural history, that in 1847 a "Scientific School" was established in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the chair of natural history offered to Professor Agassiz. The "school" was founded through the generosity of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, and hence was called the "Lawrence Scientific School." It was in April 1848 that he removed to Cambridge and entered upon the labours of his professorship. No provision had been made for his collections, and he was obliged to resort to a deserted boat-house on the banks of Charles River to found his "Museum of Comparative Zoology." By nailing pine-boards upon the walls for shelves, he succeeded in establishing quite a respectable museum in the old building, where his rapidly increasing collections were stored. This little boat-house exposition grew into the famous "Museum of Comparative Zoology" under his almost magical touch. Money was unexpectedly contributed, in small and large amounts, for the erection of a fine building. The Legislature appropriated five thousand pounds for this object; and twenty thousand more was given for it, on Agassiz's birth-

day, by interested friends. In due time the noble edifice was completed—an ornament to the city, and a grand tribute to science. Before the death of Agassiz, his "museum" had become the most famous one of the kind in all the world.

Agassiz had now remained longer in America than he expected when he left his native land. Several causes combined to prolong his stay. First, his wife had died; second, political troubles in Switzerland, which interrupted the kind of scientific work that awaited his return; and third, the importunity of the American people that he should make their country his permament home. Besides, in 1850, he married Elizabeth Cabot Cary of Boston, a sister of Professor C. C. Felton of Harvard College. His son, too, a youth of fifteen, had arrived in Cambridge, and his daughters soon followed him. Again the family were united, and the eminent professor had what he valued more than wealth or fame—a home.

Volume after volume appeared from his pen, as the months passed; but his great work was "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," in ten large octavo volumes. At first, it was thought that the high price of the work would hinder its circulation. But, to the surprise of the author, orders for it poured in from every quarter—a rare compliment to Agassiz as a scholar and naturalist. Its publication was a notable success.

Agassiz spent two winters in Charleston, South Carolina, as lecturer in the Medical College of that city. He assumed this lectureship chiefly because it would assist in paying his expenses of researches in that part of the United States. But Cambridge was an ample field for his exploits, where, with more

regard for the advancement of science than for his own emolument or health, he spent the remainder of his life.

His characteristic modesty needs additional mention. He seemed not to realize his greatness. Tributes to his attainments appeared to surprise him. What he had attained was very insignificant to him in comparison with what remained to be known. He had only picked up a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of science tempted him to fathom its mysteries. He claimed only the beginning of knowledge in his department, and often said that many things are uncertain now, even about laws and facts that are known. An amusing incident, that illustrates the foregoing remarks, was related to the author at Cotuit Port, Massachusetts. One or two years before his death, Agassiz spent four weeks there, studying fishes in the waters of that vicinity, and collecting specimens for his museum. One day, at the hotel where he stopped, a discussion on different kinds of fishes arose between him and several of the citizens. One citizen called his attention to a kind of fish that was always seen in schools, swimming with one fin out of water, and inquired what the professor knew of them. He replied that he knew nothing, for he had never seen them. One citizen asked him, "Which fin is out of water, the back or tail fin?" Without the least hesitation he replied, "Oh, it must be the back fin," answering, no doubt, according to some general theory in his mind.

A boy, ten years old, son of one of the citizens—a bright, observant little fellow—was standing by, taking in every word of the distinguished naturalist; and he could not contain himself, so full of the subject was

his soul. He interrupted him by saying, "I think it is the tail fin: I've seen 'em." The men laughed, and Professor Agassiz laughed with them, and patted the boy on his head, commending his sharp observation, and expressing the hope that he would know all about it in his manhood.

The boy was not satisfied with the turn of affairs. On the next day he went down to the wharf, a few rods behind the hotel, and laid himself flat on his face to watch for a school of the fish. They were not plenty, but he had seen them in the harbour, where they swarm directly under the wharf. He watched several hours, but no fish appeared. On the next day he went thither and watched equally long, but he only had disappointment for his pains. Undismayed, he repaired to the same spot on the third day, and, after the lapse of an hour, was rewarded by the appearance of the fishes he was seeking. The school swam directly under the wharf, in full view of his two large blue eyes. Imagine his interest and excitement to make sure whether the back or tail fin was out of water. It was the *tail* fin, he was positive of it. A second sharp look convinced him that the professor was wrong.

Quick as his feet could carry him to the hotel, he reported to Agassiz, "A school of them fish is in the harbour." The professor hurried down to the wharf, and saw, with his own eyes, the "tail fin out of water." The boy's fact had upset his theory; and he complimented the lad for his intelligent observation. No one enjoyed the issue more than he. The episode had added another fact to his museum of facts—a tail fin can be out of water. And the whole affair was in harmony with what he was ever teaching—that

many things are uncertain, even about things we know. Great talents and learning are always modest.

In the summer before his death, Professor Agassiz inaugurated the system of "Summer Institutes," that is now so marvellous a method for American teachers to advance themselves in studies essential to their calling. Before his plans were matured, when he had not even determined upon a location, except that the institute should be somewhere on the sea-coast, that students could find necessary recreation while they pursued their studies, a wealthy gentleman in New York city settled the question by a generous offer. He owned a summer residence on the island of Penikese, in Buzzard's Bay, and he offered it to Agassiz for his school, and ten thousand pounds with which to equip it. He had only seen in the papers that the professor would start such a school; and that announcement moved him to this noble act.

Agassiz was taken by surprise. He began to think that the American way of endowing important enterprises was somewhat in advance of the European. He accepted the offer with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and the "Summer School" was opened, and conducted with such remarkable success, that it became the mother of hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of similar schools in the United States and Europe.

The professor needed absolute rest when he assumed the exhausting labours of that Summer Institute. He was an overworked, tired-out man when he entered upon his work at Penikese. Nevertheless, he continued his teaching to the close of the session, returning to Cambridge with health very much impaired.

He delivered a course of lectures in the Scientific

School in October, and commenced a series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* upon "Evolution and Permanence of Type." On the 2nd day of December 1873 he was called to lecture for the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture at Fitchbury on the "Structural Growth of Domesticated Animals." This proved to be his last public effort. On the 6th he left the museum for home, complaining of great exhaustion. He took to his bed, from which he did not rise again. He passed away peacefully on the 14th of December, surrounded by his sorrowing family and many friends who gathered to sympathize with them—a martyr to science! He was buried at Mount Auburn.

Nathaniel Prentiss Banks.

MACHINIST.

THE town of Waltham, Massachusetts, was formerly known as the home of Count Rumford, but in our day it is better known as the residence of the late Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, who was born there, January 30, 1816. His father was a carpenter by trade, and built many houses by contract; and his mother was a woman of much ability, devotion, and tact in the discipline of her children.

"Nat," as both parents and neighbours called him, was a precocious boy, and learned to read when he was a mere "tot." He attracted much attention by his early facility in reading and his passion for a book. Left to himself, he would have a book in his hand from early dawn till late at night. In school, he took the first rank, so that his teachers predicted that his manhood would be distinguished.

The first shilling he ever earned was by raising winter squashes on a patch of ground allotted to him by his father. He was but eight or nine years old, but was endowed with unusual energy, perseverance, brightness, and resolution to accomplish what he undertook. After a winning battle with beetles and caterpillars, he gathered a good crop of squashes and sold them in town. This enterprise brought him a few shillings.

Nat proved that he was a born orator by the time he was six years old. He had a passion for declamation and dialogue, and both at home and in school exercised his oratorical powers. Pierpont's First Class Book contained "Alexander the Great and a Robber"—a dialogue in which he took great delight—and "My Voice is Still for War," together with other pieces that stirred his soul. These he utilized for all they were worth, to the surprise and real entertainment of friends at home and pupils and teachers in school. If he excelled in the execution of one piece more than another, perhaps "Marco Bozzaris," "Cataline before the Roman Senate on Hearing his Sentence of Banishment," and "Dialogue from Macbeth," were the most prominent. In all, however, his success was remarkable.

Nat was a very affectionate child, and his attachment to playmates was strong. One day he heard that two of his playmates were arrested for disturbing an exhibition in the hall owned by a manufacturing company, and that the boys were already before the justice. Nat ran to the courtroom as soon as possible, where he found the trial was in progress. He pushed his way up towards the boys, and saw that both of them were feeling badly, and one of them was crying. His own heart overflowed with sympathy for them, as he thought that they would never do such a thing again if the justice would discharge them. Nat knew the justice well—that he was a kind, good man, and this thought inspired him. So, when the justice asked if any of their friends would speak for them, he stepped forward, with hat in hand, and interceded for them. He told the judge that Tom and Harry had not

thought of what they did—that they would never do any such thing again, and, to prove his position, he turned to one of them and said, "Will you, Tom?" Both of them promised, and they were dismissed with good advice. Justice and spectators were mightily pleased over the plea of "the little lawyer."

One Saturday afternoon, when school was not in session, a trip into the suburbs for wild cherries was proposed. A mile away the party found a well-loaded tree of so large cherries that Nat questioned whether they were not "tame" cherries. But the tree was so far from any house, the nearest dwelling being a quarter of a mile off, that all concluded the cherries were wild, and therefore legitimate plunder. But when they had half filled their caps and stomachs, the proprietor of the nearest house was seen running at full speed towards them. All the boys leaped from the tree and ran away except Nat. Feeling confident that he could satisfy the owner that they had no intention of stealing, he waited under the tree for him to approach. At once he put in a plea for his comrades, and convinced the owner that their trip for wild cherries was honest, and that they were gathering what they thought was common property. He dismissed Nat with a good word for his uprightness and frankness, and insisted that he should take away the cherries he had in his cap.

Swimming, ball-playing, running, and jumping were the principal athletic sports in which the boys engaged, and Nat surpassed them all. He could swim farther and perform more feats in the water than any other boy in Waltham. He once swam four rods under water, a feat that no one in the town had ever performed. In manhood he was asked what

was the secret of his success, and he replied, "Swimming four rods under water." The qualities that made him the best swimmer made him the best in everything else. The determination that made him the best ball-player and runner made him the best scholar and orator.

But the time came for a change, and it was a sad one to the subject of our sketch. The straitened circumstances of the family made it necessary for him to find employment whereby he could earn something. The agent of the mill in town wanted a bobbin-boy, and Nat could have the place. School-days would end, of course, and this was what almost broke his heart. The only comforting thing about it was suggested by his mother, that the mill company provided a library for their operatives. Here Nat could get his fill of knowledge by taking out books to read in the evenings. This part of the proposition was fascinating to him, so that he finally yielded to the extremity with good grace, and was introduced to the business world as bobbin-boy.

The agent of the mill had a social gathering at his home at one time, and, among other boys, Nat was invited. The agent was somewhat aristocratic, and did not look upon a very poor family with the favour he did upon the rich. But for some reason he invited Nat; perhaps circumstances forced him to do it. However, he slighted the boy so manifestly during the evening that his pastor, who was present, noticed it, and called the attention of a friend present to the fact, saying, "The time will come when Nathaniel P. Banks will rank vastly higher than he [the agent] does, or ever will." The years rolled on, and when the bobbin-boy had become Governor of Massa-

chusetts, the citizens of Waltham sent the aforesaid agent and pastor to lay before him and his council their claim for some public improvement. The pastor said to the author, "I was almost overcome by the fulfilment of my prophecy. There was the agent of the factory pleading with the bobbin-boy whom he had snubbed, now governor of the state, for a favour." The pastor discovered a true man under the boy's poor jacket, but the agent did not.

Nathaniel filled his new place in the mill to overflowing. He did his work as well as it could be done, and, out of the mill, used its library in the most studious way for self-improvement. His economy of time, that he might read the more, was wellnigh parsimonious. Not a leisure moment was lost from month to month, and his advancement in knowledge and manhood was noticed by every one.

He possessed a literary pocket, as Franklin, Roger Sherman, Hugh Miller, and Elihu Burritt did, in which he carried a small volume for use at odd moments, instead of a jack-knife, string, nails, and old keys. That pocket was an important factor in his rise and progress thereafter.

When he was fourteen or fifteen years of age he conceived the idea of visiting a bookstore in Boston, ten miles distant. There came a day when the mill shut down for repairs, and he improved it to gratify his longing to forage in a bookstore. He walked to Boston and back, spent all his time while there in examining the books on the shelves, and purchased a copy of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," a book that Robert Burns, Samuel Drew, and Mendelssohn, the German scholar, claimed was a great help to them in going up higher. Banks said, in his

manhood, that this book inspired him to do more and better thinking.

Subsequently, he walked to Boston and back several times to purchase some volume that he desired. Once it was a copy of Shakespeare, whose writings he eventually prized above rubies. Later on he walked to Boston to hear Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Edward Everett, and returned after their speeches, late at night. Also, after becoming intensely interested in the works of Shakespeare, he walked to Boston more than once to witness the plays of "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Lear" at the theatre. It was not for amusement that he went, but it was to learn how the great actors rendered these classic plays. In the strength of his manhood he said that the knowledge he acquired in this way was a great help to him as a public speaker.

Nathaniel was instrumental in forming a debating society when he was sixteen years old. Their meetings were in the district schoolhouse, private at first, but finally they were opened to the public. Two years later, an amateur dramatic society was organized for the purpose of bringing out some of the plays of Shakespeare. Nathaniel was not only the originator of these literary societies, but he was the life and soul of them while they existed. He was so able in every part he played, and his oratorical talent was so bewitching, that many citizens went to hear him. He became the talk of the town on account of his talents and eloquence.

He was about eighteen years old when he fairly electrified the citizens of Waltham by his eloquence. It was in this way. The dramatic society which he organized caused quite a commotion among the

Christian people of the town, who thought that theatricals were demoralizing. So much was said, that finally the following question was announced for debate in Rumford Hall: "Are dramatic exhibitions beneficial to society?" The question was to be discussed by the best speakers of the town, and the hall was crowded with eager listeners. Nathaniel was there, and sat beside his mother, perhaps the most deeply interested listener present. He became greatly excited during the debate. His mother noticed that he trembled as if shaken by palsy at times. When the regularly appointed debaters on both sides closed, and the discussion was thrown open to the audience, Nathaniel sprang to his feet and startled the assembly by striking at the heart of the subject at once, with such a command of well-chosen language and flow of eloquence as they had not heard in that hall before. Stronger and stronger he grew in his utterance, while his fervid eloquence held the listeners spell-bound to their seats. For fifteen minutes he continued his impromptu speech, without the least hesitation for words, his commanding eloquence charming the audience to the end. He sat down amidst the most tumultuous applause; and from that time he was regarded as one of the best debaters in the town, a crowd turning out to hear him whenever they knew that he would speak. Waltham became convinced that a youth of remarkable powers was numbered among its people.

Two or three years previously, the cause of temperance took a new departure in the town, and the young people were enlisted in the work. They were organized into a society, of which Nathaniel became president. They discussed the subject among them-

selves, and circulated the pledge; but after Nathaniel's philippic in Rumford Hall, members began to say, "Nathaniel can give us a lecture on temperance, and the whole town will turn out to hear it." Sure enough, within a short time it was announced that Nathaniel P. Banks would lecture on temperance in Rumford Hall on a given night. The hall was packed, and many went away because they could not get in. His lecture was upon "The Fifteen-Gallon Law," a logical, instructive, and impassioned defence of the law as one of the means to diminish the terrible evils of intemperance. Many drinkers and two or three rum-sellers were there, the most prominent of the latter class being converted by the young lecturer's appeal. From that time young Banks rose rapidly into public service and fame.

We must return to the factory. Nat served as bobbin-boy but for a few months; for he aspired to go up higher. He went into the machine-shop to become master of the business, and he was there when the scenes transpired that we have described in the last few pages. He became an excellent machinist, and appeared to be satisfied with the business that was his trade.

After his speech and temperance lecture in Rumford Hall, however, it was the town's talk that he should be educated. There was but one mind in regard to his abilities, and every one seemed to think that he would become a noted public speaker. His services were sought on this line on various occasions, and he was even called upon for political speeches. He had become quite interested in politics by reading the life of Jefferson, whose career specially interested him because he was opposed to slavery. Nathaniel ab-

horred the buying and selling of human beings, so that when he found that Jefferson was hostile to the slave-trade, he announced himself as a Jeffersonian Democrat. Though a mere boy, he was regarded as quite an acquisition to the party. He was not over twenty years of age when he accepted an invitation from the Democratic leaders to deliver an address at a meeting of the party in his own town. The announcement created great interest among the citizens, and many Whigs were as anxious to hear him as the Democrats. The meeting was crowded to overflowing by both parties, and his speech would have done credit to an experienced politician. It was well fortified by the opinions of Thomas Jefferson, and was really an anti-slavery address.

From this time his fame as a political speaker spread into surrounding towns, and committees applied for his services here and there. Calls multiplied to such an extent, and he was so generally importuned to study law, that he left the machine-shop and devoted a part of his time to study, using the other part to assist his father in his carpenter's shop. He enjoyed this arrangement hugely, and made good use of the library of Harvard College, ten miles distant, by travelling to and fro as he wanted to consult books. His progress was manifest to all his friends.

One day a Democratic committee visited the town to secure his services at a grand meeting. His fame as a public speaker had reached them, but further than that they knew nothing about him. They supposed that he was a young lawyer, and, on driving into the village, inquired of a citizen on the street for Esquire Banks. At first the citizen did not understand what they meant, but when one of them said something

about a "great speaker," he understood. To play a joke on them, he replied, "Oh, I understand now; his office is on —— Street, at the corner of —— Street," at the same time pointing out the way.

The two men drove on to the place, when one of them said, "Nothing but a carpenter's shop; we must have misunderstood the man we inquired of." The other responded, "Well, perhaps we can find out where his office is by inquiring here." So they alighted and entered the shop. Father Banks was at work there, and his son was planing boards.

"Can you direct us to the office of Esquire Banks?" one of them inquired of the father.

"Whose office did you say?" Mr. Banks answered, not comprehending their errand.

"The office of Esquire Banks, the young orator."

This reply was sufficient, and pointing to Nathaniel, Mr. Banks said, "There is the young man you are looking for, I think," as a smile played over his face. The Democratic committee looked puzzled, and for a few moments were confused. They expected to find their "great speaker" revelling in law-books instead of planing boards, and they scarcely knew what it all meant. However, they made the best of it, told their errand to the young carpenter, and departed with his assurance that he would be present on the night of the meeting and make a speech.

Never were a political committee of any party more disappointed than this one. "Nothing but a boy," exclaimed one of them on the way home; "and a carpenter at that."

"Well, the responsibility is not on us," answered the other; "we only acted for others. There will be a fine time over the result, or I am mistaken. Demo-

crats are reduced to a great strait if they are obliged to depend on boys to defend their cause."

They decided, however, before reaching home, to say nothing about the invited speaker except that he would come, and let the people express their own opinion when the meeting was over. That was a wise conclusion, for the result was that young Banks carried his audience by storm. He exceeded the expectations of the most enthusiastic Democrat, and the men appointed to invite him were filled with wonder. They could scarcely believe what they saw and heard, and their joy knew no bounds.

Banks subsequently became the editor of the local paper, the readers of which soon learned that he could write as well as he could speak. The paper flourished under his editorial management, and the list of subscribers increased rapidly. His command of language and ready expression of thought served him as well in the editorial chair as it did upon the platform, and he enjoyed one about as much as he did the other.

But his plans for the future assumed more definite form. With the advice of interested relatives and friends, he decided to study law. At the same time his calls to lecture multiplied, so that his time was quite absorbed on that line of work. Schools and all educational matters were assuming a degree of importance hitherto unknown, and he espoused the cause with all his heart. He spoke as well for better schools and more liberal support of public instruction as he did on political questions. He became so popular as a speaker, and was so able a defender of the common-school system, that finally, the State Board of Education employed him as a lecturer through the

States. There were many obstacles existing to the growth and success of public instruction at that time, and it was thought that so fascinating a speaker might remove them. In all towns his coming was hailed with much enthusiasm, and his labours hastened many wished-for improvements. At the same time this service introduced him to the people, so that, when the time came for him to go up higher, they were prepared to give him their support.

He succeeded in preparing himself for the practice of law, and was admitted to the bar; but his services as public speaker, and his decision to enter the political arena, hindered his engaging in practice. That line of study, however, proved of great advantage to him in his public career, and he never regretted the time he devoted to law.

In 1849 the friends and foes of American slavery opposed each other hotly. For several years the anti-slavery sentiment had been growing rapidly, and had culminated in the organization of the "Free-Soil Party." Banks was a Democrat, but in sympathy with the purpose of that party. Nor was he slow or cautious about expressing his opinions on the subject. His party advocated those views, although not a few of its members were pro-slavery. In that year he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, where he distinguished himself for his ability in debate as well as for his eloquence. He was the youngest member in the House, and yet he was equal to the eldest in his ability to grasp the questions of the hour, and greater than all in his oratorical gift. It was claimed that he made a speech to prove that his party must oppose slavery or be untrue to its history, which excelled any speech ever heard before in that body for the

power of its logic, its clear, honest exposure of the guilt of slavery, and its charm of eloquent speech. He made so deep an impression upon the minds of his constituents that they continued to return him to the Legislature, where he advocated a coalition between the Democrats and the "Free-Soil Party" in the interest of freedom. He was successful in this measure, and became really the leader in that departure; so that in 1851 he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. It was no partisan movement, however, that elected him to this high position, for both parties admitted that he was better qualified to fill the office than any other representative. His familiarity with parliamentary rules, his cool and ready ability, his clear, musical voice, and his natural grace and ease, fitted him well for the position. He was quite generally considered a prince among speakers of legislative bodies.

He was re-elected Speaker of the House in 1852. In 1853 he was chosen delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts, and was elected president of that body. His popularity as a presiding officer never received a check from the time he was first made Speaker of the House. In the Constitutional Convention his ability was universally recognized, and his judgment on disputed points was accepted as sound. For so young a man, on the highest wave of political fame, he conducted himself with singular freedom from conceit and self-complacency.

The following year (1853) Mr. Banks was named for a representative to Congress, and he was nominated and elected as a coalition-Democrat. The times were burdened with great questions of public policy, and the South was making unreasonable demands upon

the North. The Fugitive Slave Law had been enacted, followed by intense excitement throughout the North, and the outlook for peaceful measures was forbidding. The Democratic party, also, had forsaken its Jeffersonian attitude towards slavery, and become rather an apologist for its Southern supporters. With this condition of things Mr. Banks was not well pleased. He could not cast in his lot with the supporters of slavery, so he withdrew from the Democratic party during his term in Congress, and joined the American party. He was a candidate for re-election when his first term was drawing to a close. The Whigs and Democrats united upon a candidate to defeat him, but he was re-elected by a much larger majority than he was in the first instance. At this term he was elected Speaker of the House—a compliment that he richly deserved. The struggle for the office was the most hotly contested of any on record. One hundred and thirty-three ballots were taken, and Mr. Banks was elected on the last one by a small majority. The contest lasted two months, and the deadlock was finally broken by the adoption of the plurality rule.

He was a popular Speaker. There was great excitement in Congress as well as out, and a cool, self-possessed presiding officer was the necessity of the hour. Mr. Banks proved himself to be the right man in the right place—fair, deliberate, firm, and even-tempered. No amount of scheming or opposition could throw him off his guard or ruffle his temper. He knew no North, no South, no East, no West; he knew only the rules which governed that body, and the courtesy that should be shown to both friend and foe. To these he adhered without regard to party or sectional distinction. He was a model Speaker.

Before his term expired, the American party ceased to exist, and the Republican party, just organized, took him up, and re-elected him to Congress by a large majority. He served until December 1857, when, having been elected Governor of Massachusetts, he resigned his seat.

He was forty-one years old when he was inaugurated governor, a little more than twenty years from the time he startled the citizens of his native town by his speech in Rumford Hall. He made a popular governor—more thoughtful, of sounder judgment, and abler than most of his predecessors in that office. The two following years (1858 and 1859) he was re-elected governor, showing that his administration each year was a success. He was in full sympathy with the Republican party on the matter of slavery, and was ready to champion the cause of liberty at all times.

The third year of his governorship was a stormy time throughout the country. The defenders of slavery had become rampant, and threatened to break up the Union unless the North ceased to oppose the institution. Many Northern citizens were in favour of yielding to the demands of the Southern leaders for the sake of peace. They dreaded civil war so much that they were ready to sacrifice almost everything to avert it. They were blinded also to the facts of the case, and really believed that the only way to prevent war was to let slavery alone. But not so with Governor Banks. He believed that there could be no peace to the nation until every slave was free; that it was impossible to preserve amicable relations between the North and South so long as the latter maintained an institution that was repugnant to the

North. These views gave character to his administration, and they were satisfactory to his constituents.

At the close of his governorship he withdrew from political life to accept a position of great importance to the commercial world. He was elected President of the Illinois Central Railroad, with a salary of two thousand pounds—a post of high honour and responsibility. Friends of the Union regretted this step at a time of such excitement and peril. The counsels and labours of the ablest statesmen were needed in the halls of legislation more than in the marts of trade. But Mr. Banks was not a man to turn a deaf ear to the calls of his country when the crisis came. He was a true patriot, ready to sacrifice property and life itself to save the Union. He proved this by resigning his lucrative office when the South declared war against the national government, and offering his services for the loyal cause. He was appointed major-general of volunteers, and assigned to the command of the Fifth Corps in the army of the Potomac. He relinquished a salary of two thousand pounds for one of eight hundred; and a peaceful, safe pursuit for one of hardship and constant danger. His patriotism stood not for money or ease, but would lay all he had cheerfully upon the altar of his country.

On the 23rd of March 1862, his first battle was fought at Winchester, Virginia, where his command acquitted itself well, and received the commendation of the general-in-chief. General Banks found that the tact, observation, courage, and persistent effort of his early life served him as truly in war as in peace. After this battle he was left to guard the Shenandoah Valley with eight thousand men, and Stonewall Jackson watching for an opportunity to

capture the whole command. The exigencies of the hour were such that a part of his army was needed elsewhere, even though the other part was exposed to greater dangers.

Stonewall Jackson was on the alert. He thought it was a good time for him to capture the whole command, and laid his plans adroitly for that purpose. By one of the sudden attacks for which he became noted, he hurled his whole corps upon this small division of General Banks, and would have captured the whole of it but for the good generalship that withdrew it in order, and enabled it, by hard fighting and skilful retreating, to cross the Potomac at Front Royal with small loss. The Confederate general was cheated out of a prize of which he felt sure, and the cause was General Banks's ingenious tactics.

When General Pope was placed in command of the army of Virginia, June 27, 1862, and concentrated his forces near Culpepper Court-House in August, General Banks was ordered to the front with his corps, and the battle of Cedar Mountain followed. It was a hotly-contested battle that continued through the day and well into the night. General Banks persistently maintained his ground against "a largely superior force" through the battle, and during the night received timely reinforcements, in consequence of which the enemy retreated over the Rapidan.

Subsequently he participated in General Sigel's campaigns, which occupied his time for two months, when the government placed him in command of the defences of Washington. The commander-in-chief was then secretly preparing an expedition by sea to New Orleans, and General Banks was to command it. In the meantime he could defend Washington, and be

of signal service in getting that expedition ready. His executive ability, and the readiness with which he grasped military tactics, fitted him to render substantial service on that line. About two months were occupied in preparing the expedition, when General Banks became its commander, and sailed in December for that hot-bed of treason.

On reaching New Orleans, General Banks succeeded General Benjamin F. Butler in that command. It was one of the most important posts for any officer to hold, and the appointment shows in what estimation General Banks's services were held at Washington. Then, too, General Butler's success in controlling the rebellious elements of New Orleans had been exceptional, and a general of decided ability only could succeed him with honour.

For three months General Banks was engaged in reconnaissances toward Port Hudson, with the view of opening the Mississippi River from St. Louis to the gulf. The enemy was strongly intrenched at various points, and their numbers were large; but, after the reconnoitring of the winter, the commanding officer believed that their works could be carried. Accordingly, in April 1863, he led his army up the Tēche country, meeting with opposition all along the way; but he marched on, contesting every inch of ground, and holding it when once acquired. In this way he reached the Red River. Thence he crossed the Mississippi to invest Port Hudson in connection with Farragut's squadron. Port Hudson was one of the strongest holds of the enemy, to be defended at all hazards or lose the control of the Mississippi. Of course the Northern army met with stern resistance. It was quite problematical whether such strong works

could be carried; but both military and naval commanders were eager for the attempt. Several unsuccessful efforts to carry the works by storm were made, and were attended with considerable loss.

In the midst of the siege, news of the capture of Vicksburg was received, and this changed the whole character of the contest. The Northern army was greatly encouraged, and the Southern disheartened. If Vicksburg had fallen, Port Hudson must fall too, and the way on the "father of waters" opened to the sea. Within a few days, July 9, 1863, the garrison at Port Hudson capitulated, the news of which sent a thrill of joy through the loyal North. There were six thousand soldiers in the garrison, and these, with all their munitions of war, fell into the hands of the commander. Best of all, however, the control of the Mississippi changed hands, and this mighty watercourse offered its aid to the national cause.

The army enjoyed a respite after the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, until the spring of 1864, when General Banks led the so-called "Red River Expedition" for the purpose of regaining control of Western Louisiana. General Banks did not favour the movement, but accepted the command under protest. To his judgment it was a very doubtful enterprise in the circumstances, when, if successful, the gain would not be equal to the outlay. For this reason he did not favour the expedition, but obeyed his superior officer, like a good soldier, and went. It was an exhausting, trying march, resulting in disaster and heavy loss of men and material, as the commander prophesied. General Richard Taylor, one of the ablest Confederate officers, confronted him with a large force, who were familiar with the country. That General Banks

managed a successful retreat, and brought his army out of the dilemma in so good condition as he did, was much to his credit.

When relieved of his command at New Orleans, General Banks resigned his commission, and returned to Massachusetts, where he was re-elected to Congress. That was in 1864, and he continued until 1877 to be re-elected to Congress, where his services were of still more value because of his experience in the army. In the great questions that arose with the close of the war, and the process of reconstructing the rebellious states, his abilities proved of decided value. Always acting for the highest good of the republic, with no schemes of personal aggrandizement, his counsels were invaluable. He served for a long time as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

On retiring from Congressional labours, he was appointed United States Marshal for Massachusetts, a position for which he possessed the highest qualifications. He needed the salary which the office afforded for a livelihood, having but little property. He had spent fifty years in the public service, and now had scarcely anything to show for it—a fact that proclaims his political honesty. He never defrauded the treasury of his country, and never took advantage of the opportunities to make money that were opened to him by political promotion. It is one of the incidents of his life that is worthy of record, and one to be cherished by his surviving friends, to whom his memory is dear. So many public servants, with far less opportunity to acquire riches, possess fortunes on their retirement from official trusts, that such an illustration of genuine honesty and fidelity to government becomes a matter of the highest credit.

General Banks was removed from office by President Cleveland. He was too old and his health too much impaired to take up another public trust. He retired to his pleasant home in Waltham, where he died in 1893. As intimated, his health was precarious when he laid down the office of Marshal, and it gradually declined until he was unable to attend to any business whatever. For months he lingered upon the confines of life, suffering, no doubt, from the overwork and overstrain of his long, public career, until he expired in his native town, where he had always lived.

He was a skilful machinist, quick and nice in the execution of his work; and he was just as skilfully "the artificer of his own fortune." Never was Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" more vividly illustrated than it was by his noble achievements.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

David Livingstone.

MISSIONARY.

A WRITER says that "blood is everything to a family." No doubt that remark is substantially true. The right kind of ancestry results in the right kind of family as a rule. "Breed is everything," says the cattle-raiser. The fact is generally acknowledged in our day. What "breed" is to the brute creation, that is "blood" to mankind.

In his "Missionary Travels and Researches," Livingstone says: "One great-grandfather fell in the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; and one grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that cluster of Hebrides spoken of by Sir Walter Scott:—

'And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay
That gird famed Staffa round.'

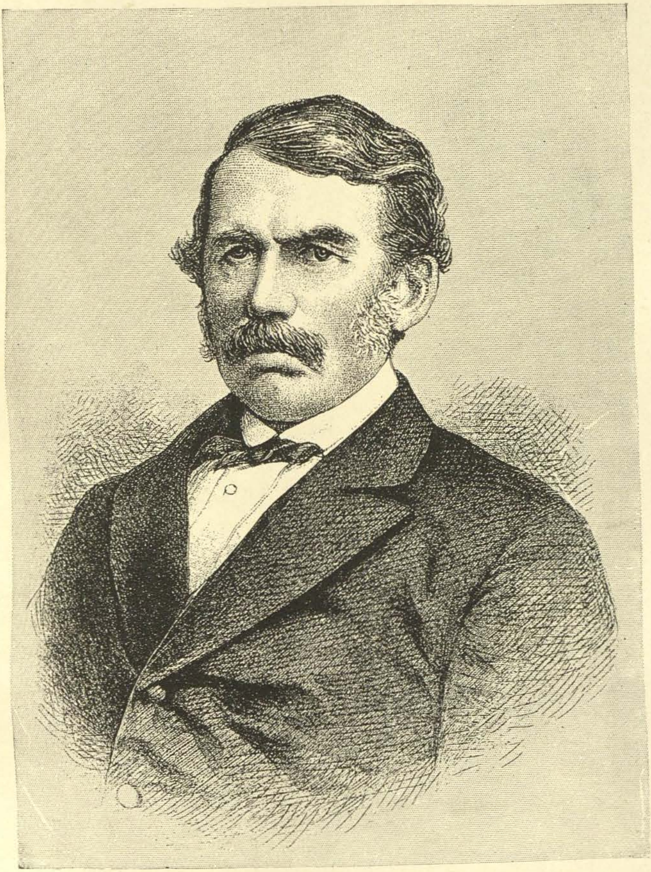
"Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' and other works. As a boy I remember listening with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother, too,

used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders languishing among the Turks."

Again: "One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that, when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him, and said, 'Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family; and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest.'"

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, in 1813. His parents were in very humble circumstances, but much respected for their correct Christian lives. They toiled contentedly to support their children, always believing in and trusting Divine Providence. His father had a small grocer's shop, the profits of which could scarcely provide the household with food and clothes. He was a kind-hearted man, and often trusted customers in straitened circumstances, although knowing full well that he would never be paid. This element of his character, though it won for him respect and gratitude, added to his embarrassment.

The children were reared under the strictest religious discipline, and David was sometimes restive in consequence. For example, his father wished he should read "The Cloud of Witnesses," Boston's "Fourfold State," and Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," instead of so many scientific works and books of



David Livingstone.

travel. David objected to this selection, and thought he should be left to select his own books—that he understood better than his father what works were suited to his taste and talents. But his father had never heard or known anything about a child's *bent*, and he insisted that his son should read the books prescribed, and read them more than once, too. As David was not happy over the final decision, he was treated to a flogging, which ended the matter.

Yet Livingstone said of his father, in manhood, "He deserves my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night.'"

David improved such opportunities as he had at school. These were very limited, but enabled him to become quite well versed in the common branches. He had access to a line of good books, so that his reading did about as much for him as his schooling. Books of travel were of special interest to him. He exhausted all of this class he could beg or borrow. In this way he became acquainted with foreign countries in early life, much more so than the boys around him.

But at ten years of age he left school and went to work in the mill as "piecer." The family needed every penny he could earn for its support, and dire necessity thus converted him into a mill-boy, whose life was beset with hardships. He was employed from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, with intervals for breakfast and dinner. He did not take his supper until his day's work was done at night. Fourteen hours a day, six

days in the week, was a heavy tax upon a boy ten years old. It was all work and no play. It looked very much as if he had entered upon a lifetime of toil and menial service. There was nothing in the prospect before him to awaken the hope of a change for the better. For this reason, the outcome of his life was far more wonderful. That he should overcome the formidable difficulties in his way, and make a name for himself that is honoured in every part of the civilized world, is a fact that lifts his life out of ordinary careers and makes it worthy of the closest study.

David's mother was a very gentle woman, whose life was wholly consecrated to the religious education of her children. She had more sympathy than her husband with the literary tastes of David, and was more disposed to allow him to follow his own bent. She heard more from David about acquiring an education than his father did, because he enjoyed a freedom in his mother's society that he did not have elsewhere. He poured out his heart to her, as he did not dare to do to his father. Still, neither mother nor son could see any chance for an education to a member of the family.

David went to work in the mill with a light heart. He could add something to the comfort of his parents, and that was a good reason for an obedient, affectionate boy like him to go cheerfully to his task. He would not have so much time for reading as he would like, but he could make time for the privilege out of his working hours. Without disclosing his plan to any one, he began the life of a mill-boy in good spirits.

That a lad of his years and environment should

think about studying Latin was rather unusual. But when he received wages for his first week's labour, he expressed the desire to use enough of it to purchase Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." After canvassing the subject somewhat carefully, his parents consented, and the text-book was bought. It was a treasure to him; a companion that never deserted him through life. The more he studied it, the more he wanted to study it. The only drawback was the want of time.

The company that owned the mill supported an evening school for the benefit of the employees, and David became a member of it at once. His school-hours were from eight to ten o'clock in the evening. Working from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, then eating his supper hastily and going to school until ten, did not offer much of an opportunity to study Latin. But David knew how to use all the time there was, and he planned to read and study Latin from ten to twelve o'clock at night. That would lengthen his working and studying day to eighteen hours. At first his mother objected to his programme, believing that his health would suffer in consequence; but finally she consented to the trial. She watched him with deep solicitude from week to week, resolved to deny him the hours from ten to twelve whenever she discovered the least symptoms of failing health. Within a short time she found that he would overrun his time, and it would be ten, fifteen, and perhaps twenty minutes after twelve before he closed his book and sought rest. She corrected this habit by appearing before him at precisely twelve o'clock, closing his book for him, and sending him off to bed.

David wanted more time for reading. His mind was hungry for more mental food. It could take more if it were provided. How could he get it? He hit upon this device. He could fasten a book upon his spinning-jenny, so that he could catch a sentence now and then as he passed in his work. It could be done without interfering with his work in the least. The plan worked well, and he added materially to his stock of knowledge by this ingenious arrangement. The practice, too, cultivated the best qualities there were in him, so that he progressed constantly in "tact, push, and principle." His willingness to work hard, to make sacrifices to gain his object, and his persistent endeavour to surmount obstacles, became more manifest from month to month.

David did not particularly enjoy the reading of religious works, but it must have been more for the reason that his father made the selection of rather dry reading for him. For, a number of years thereafter, the "Philosophy of Religion" and the "Philosophy of a Future State," by Robert Dick, fell into his hands, and he read them with the deepest interest. The most fascinating novels could not have more thoroughly engaged his attention. He grew thoughtful over them, and his mother's careful religious instruction now appeared both reasonable and important. The result was that he became a Christian, with as strong convictions as his father ever had, and resolved to become a missionary to China. The remainder of his life proved that his conversion was thorough and enduring.

There must have been some change in his hours of labour after a time, though there is no record of it. But he became interested in botany and geology

later on, and, in company with his brothers, John and Charles, scoured the hills and valleys of his district for specimens. How he found time for this kind of research is not clear, unless there was some change in his working hours in the mill. We may add here that his brother John, in early manhood, went to Canada, where he entered upon a career that was eminently successful; and Charles became a minister, and was settled for a number of years in the United States. Both of these brothers were inspired by the example of David to strive for something noble. Charles was at the head of the expedition, which David joined, in 1858, to explore the Zambesi and its tributaries.

When David was nineteen years of age he was promoted to "cotton-spinner" in the mill. This was a compliment, because it indicated that he had done previous work well; and his wages were now nearly double. His work as cotton-spinner was more difficult and wearisome, but he was sustained by an inspiring purpose, of which his employer was ignorant. Probably his parents were let into the secret, although we do not positively know. But he had planned to study medicine some time; it would be a great help to him among the heathen, should he ever become a missionary. For this reason he was glad to receive higher wages, as he could earn enough each year to pay his expenses at Glasgow each winter, attending medical lectures, and pursuing other studies at the university. It was a plan of his own; no one had suggested it to him. But it was a part of his original purpose to make a true man of himself.

An ordinary youth would have shrunk from this undertaking. He could not board in Glasgow because he had not money with which to pay his board. It

was nine miles from his father's house to the university, and he must walk the distance to and fro daily, if he would enjoy the advantages of the institution. Could he do it? Of course he could. Nine miles was no barrier to a youth of his intrepid spirit. The work would sharpen his mental appetite so that it would be more hungry than ever. And there he would find an ample table spread; his mind could appropriate all it could digest. He was happy to walk the distance, and was deeply grateful for the opportunity.

He continued to work in the mill two-thirds of the year and study at Glasgow the other third, until he took his degree. His standing was high in the university, both in scholarship and character. With greater difficulties to overcome than any other student in the institution encountered, he distanced most of them in his acquisitions and progress. He was a more independent thinker, too, than any other student, and sometimes disagreed with both teacher and text-book. Nor were the professors troubled by this prominent characteristic; for they encouraged independent thought. They recognized young Livingstone as a deep thinker, and they rather enjoyed discussions that were the consequence. They knew that the thinking pupil will succeed.

At the close of his medical curriculum he was required to present a thesis to the Examining Board of the University, on which would depend the acceptance or rejection of "his claim to be admitted to the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons." He selected for his theme one involving the use of the stethoscope for its diagrams, a subject on which he differed from the faculty. The ability with which he handled it, and

especially his independence in treating such a subject, caused the examiners to subject him to an extra critical examination. But he passed through it so triumphantly that he received the hearty congratulations of the faculty. Some years afterwards, looking back on his struggles for a medical degree, he wrote: "It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues, from age to age, its endeavours to lessen human woe." He always regarded the sacrifices and hardships incident to his student-life as indispensable for the peculiarly trying and difficult mission he prosecuted in the Dark Continent. To him it was a providential arrangement to fit him for a work in Africa that had never been done.

We have said that Livingstone intended to go to China as a missionary. But when he was nearly ready, the opium war with that country forbade such a mission, and he abandoned his purpose for a mission to South Africa. He had been reading about the successful labours of Robert Moffat in that country, and his heart cheerfully and promptly exchanged China for Africa. He applied to the London Missionary Society for an appointment, and received it; after which, according to the custom of the society, he was sent to the missionary training school at Chipping Ongar, in Essex, under the direction of Rev. M. Cecil. Here he was instructed in the work of missions, as well as in those useful employments a missionary must take up when obliged to shift for himself, such as chopping wood, cultivating the garden, taking care of the useful domestic animals, and grinding corn for the household bread. It was a very practical and

necessary discipline to which would-be missionaries were subjected in this training school. He remained here until 1840, when he sailed for Africa, arriving at Cape Town before the close of the year.

He joined Mr. Moffat at Kuruman, and remained with him several months to familiarize himself with missionary operations, and with the language, customs, and manners of the Bechuana people, with whom he designed to settle. He found, however, that he must completely isolate himself for six months in order to become master of the native language. And here one of his prominent traits came to his relief—readiness to do whatever was necessary to accomplish his purpose, at whatever cost. He went to Lepelóle, and there devoted himself for six months to the mastery of the language. He decided to settle there. But it was necessary for him to make a tour of several weeks towards the river Zonga, and when he returned, the inhabitants of Lepelóle had been driven out by a neighbouring tribe, completely frustrating his plans. Subsequently he located in the valley of Mabotsa, where he had a thrilling encounter with a lion which nearly cost him his life. Several lions were destroying the cattle of the natives, who determined to kill them by driving them to a wooded hill, which they surrounded, and there assaulted them with guns. Livingstone joined them, and discharged the first shot at a lion. While he was reloading, a shout from the natives showed that he was in danger. What followed he described thus:—

"Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together.

Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening......This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast......Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native schoolmaster), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose hip I had cured before after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead......Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in my arm."

We have seen that Livingstone was known for his self-possession, the outcome of his courage and self-reliance, and in this struggle with the king of beasts it was remarkably prominent. A sense of terror would have unmanned him, and cost him his life. But he was cool, resolute, and did not appear to think that he was about to be devoured. He had just commenced his work, and he had no idea of closing it so soon.

The Backwains was the tribe to which Livingstone attached himself, and Sechele was their chief. The

first religious service which Livingstone conducted was a very interesting one to Sechele, who listened with the closest attention. Near the close an opportunity was given for the hearers to ask questions. Sechele inquired, "Did your forefathers know of a future judgment?" "Oh yes," Livingstone replied, somewhat surprised by the chief's question; and he went on to describe the great white throne, and the Judge who will sit on it, repeating several striking texts, as, "Before whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away." Sechele looked anxious and troubled, and finally said:—

"You startle me. These words make all my bones to shake. I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going."

Sechele was a bright man evidently, for a savage. He learned the alphabet on the first day of Livingstone's residence in Chounane, and his desire to learn to read was irrepressible, and he readily succeeded, and studied arithmetic also. After he could read, it was his greatest joy to be permitted to read the Bible to Livingstone, who was delighted with his progress. Isaiah was his favourite book, which he read over and over, often saying, "He was a fine man, Isaiah. He knew how to speak." Sechele and his family were Livingstone's first converts. He had a number of wives, and he put them all away but one, which act subjected him to some trouble with their relatives. "Oh, I wish you had come into this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs."

The men of his tribe did not sympathize with him in embracing Christianity, in view of which he said to his teacher, "I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me."

Livingstone had singular power over the natives, such influence as no other missionary or explorer ever had. There was a personal magnetism about him which drew the natives to him. This was of great value to him in his gospel work. In 1844, he married a daughter of Mr. Moffat, and she, too, was much like him in this respect. Her assistance in his work was indispensable, and the natives treated her with the greatest respect and kindness. Livingstone wrote: "The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour; nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, ensures a reputation which procures favour for the gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies; there, if anywhere, love begets love."

Another thing contributed to his influence. He could turn his hand to all sorts of work, and depended upon the savages for nothing. He built his own hut, cultivated his own garden, shot game for his own food, and gathered the fruits he used in his family. It was a capital lesson for the natives, this lesson of self-help. Livingstone learned it to perfection in his boyhood and youth; and now an unconscious influence was constantly going out from him to improve the natives on this line. His biographer says:—

"Everything they [missionaries] required had to be

manufactured by themselves. Bricks to build his house were made by himself [Livingstone] in moulds made of planks sawn from trees he felled in the forest. The abundant forests furnished plenty of materials for roofing, doors, windows, and lintels. The corn was ground into meal by his wife, and when made into dough was baked in an extempore oven constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan placed in the centre of a fire. A jar served as a churn for making butter. Candles were made in moulds from the tallow of various animals. Soap was made from the ashes of a plant called *salsola,* or from ordinary wood-ashes.

But for his early training and hardships, Livingstone would have been poorly fitted for a life in the darkest continent of the world. In his youth he made little account of difficulties, except as stepping-stones to something higher. To him a difficulty was not to discourage, but an appeal to the best there was in him to overcome it. It was discipline of the most practical kind. A failure was a good reason why he should strive to succeed; it was fully as good a lesson for him as success.

The Boers (originally Dutch colonists) were about the only class with whom he had trouble. They were warlike and merciless, and made frequent raids upon the native tribes. They sought conquest and plunder. Hence they once attacked Livingstone's house, and stripped it of everything. He was away at the time, but had he been at home, they would have plundered the house and possibly killed him.

Livingstone had contemplated a journey through the Kalahari Desert, to determine the existence of Lake Ngami; but it was not until June 1849 that he

was able to undertake it. It was a perilous enterprise, but his fortitude, perseverance, and faith were equal to it. The most serious privation on the journey was the scarcity of water. Often a whole day would pass without a single drop. The people were in the habit of storing and hiding it for use, lest some passing tribe might seize it by force. Livingstone was usually able to persuade these people to produce the concealed beverage. He would sit down beside them, and speak kindly and tenderly until he won their good opinion, when the water would be forthcoming. He discovered Lake Ngami, and, on the 1st of August 1849, he and his companions stood upon its shore—a sheet of water nearly a hundred miles in circumference, and two thousand feet above the level of the sea. He also discovered the Zambesi, to which he pressed his way under the most trying circumstances.

Our space will not permit of the details of Livingstone's great journey that was undertaken in 1850, except to say that its perils were such as scarcely to admit of his safe return. He wrote about it thus:—

"The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world thus came before me in a pretty, plain, matter-of-fact form; and it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children, to break up all connection with earth, and enter on an untried state of existence. And I find myself, in my journal, pondering over that fearful migration which lands us in eternity; wondering whether an angel will soothe the fluttering soul, sadly flurried, as it must be, on entering the spirit world; and hoping that Jesus might speak one word of peace, for that would establish in the bosom an everlasting calm. But as I had always believed that if we serve God

at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care, as I was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will; and considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be the plundered party than one of the plunderers."

The object of this expedition was accomplished, and South Africa was opened to the world. It was done, however, at a fearful sacrifice of suffering and death. Hunger and thirst, sickness and warfare, were a part of the price. Livingstone had twenty-seven attacks of fever, and more than once was nigh unto death. For months he and his companions were given up for lost. No tidings were received from them, and it was supposed that they had perished by disease or the vengeance of marauding tribes. When, finally, they returned to Linyanti, the joy of the people knew no bounds. As they had despaired of ever beholding them again, their return was like life from the dead. Livingstone's health was very much impaired, but his spirit was young and hopeful as ever. His bitter experience had not damped his ardour at all; he was just as earnest to explore and evangelize as he was in the beginning of his work. After a brief rest, he was ready to do and dare again for science and religion.

Very often in his explorations Livingstone encountered slave-traders and their captives, and he usually set the slaves free. In doing this, he often took his life into his hand, and he ran the risk with evident satisfaction. These slave-hunters knew of

Livingstone, and that he was a representative of the British government, which fought slavery, and this fact made them timid. One day, on his return from the long journey spoken of, he was passing through a hostile district when they discovered a slave-party coming in the distance. "Shall we run the risk of freeing those slaves?" was the question raised. Nearly every one said "No;" they thought that the whole country might be aroused to attack them. But Livingstone said, "The slaves must be set free at all hazards. In God's name we will do it, and He will protect us." When the two parties met, the slave-traders found that they stood face to face with Livingstone and his men, and they turned and fled, leaving their slaves, numbering nearly a hundred, for the missionary to care for. "The captives knelt down and, in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. Knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom......Many were mere children, about four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, 'The others tied and starved us; you cut the ropes and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? Where do you come from?'"

When Livingstone returned after an absence of four years from his wife, he found her very sick with the African fever, and within a few days she died. The intrepid husband came nearer to being unmanned

by this terrible affliction than ever before. All the privations, hardships, and sufferings he had endured were as nothing compared with this indescribable loss. Gladly would he have repeated his experience of years in African wilds, could he have had his devoted companion spared to share his love, if not his toils.

In 1863, Livingstone received a dispatch from Lord John Russell, Minister of Foreign Affairs, withdrawing the expedition, and he returned to England, arriving some time in 1864. His return was an occasion of many demonstrations in his honour, and both scientific and Christian men showed him every attention. After a few months' rest, of which he stood in pressing need, he set to work to prepare for publication an account of his explorations on the Zambesi, the Shiré, and Rovuma, and Lake Nyasa. This done, he commenced preparation for a new expedition, under the patronage of the Royal Geographical Society. The purpose of the expedition was "to solve the problem of the direction taken by the outflow from Lake Tanganyika, and the country between it and Lake Nyasa." Earl Russell connected it with the public administration by "appointing Livingstone H.M. consul to the tribes of the interior," and a friend of the enterprise contributed one thousand pounds to aid in making it a success.

Livingstone was in his element when he left England on the 14th of August 1865, for further researches in the Dark Continent, arriving at Zanzibar a few months later, from which place he sailed for the Rovuma, March 28, 1866. Within a few months the report came back to Zanzibar that Livingstone had been murdered, and thence the report went to London. The public generally accepted it as true;

but a few of his intimate friends rejected it as false, and immediately set about organizing an expedition to learn the facts. Under the command of Mr. E. D. Young, the expedition sailed for its destination; and, before losing itself in the wilderness, Mr. Young received satisfactory intelligence, through natives, that the traveller was alive and well. Subsequent researches confirmed the tidings. Besides, a letter from Livingstone, written November 10, 1866, was received in Scotland before the search expedition returned. In that letter he wrote: "It has been quite impossible to send a letter coastwise ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave-traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bugbear to them. Eight parties thus skedaddled; and, last of all, my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nassich boys......We have had precious hard times, and I would not complain if it had not been for gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin...... The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine-box which your friends at Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up. This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever; but I shall try native remedies, trusting Him who has led me hitherto to lead me still." The medicine-box was stolen by some of his carriers, who made off with it.

The foregoing was followed by another report that Livingstone was held as a captive by a relentless tribe. To this and all kindred reports, Sir Roderick Murchison publicly said, "Whatever may be the spec-

ulations entered into during his absence, I have such implicit confidence in the tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and herculean power of Livingstone, that, however he may be delayed, I hold stoutly to the opinion that he will overcome every obstacle, and will, as I have suggested, emerge from South Africa on the same western shore on which he appeared after his first great march across that region, and long after his life had been despaired of."

Again Livingstone was heard from. In one letter he wrote: "I have heard nothing from the world for more than two years." In another he said that all of his attendants but four had absconded, adding: "The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so, verily, am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too." These extracts show the leading characteristic of the man; and that, also, he was given to pleasantry, as if there were a comical side to his experience that caused him to smile.

But again Livingstone disappeared from the knowledge of men, and news came of his martyrdom far in the interior. That his death had been probable at almost any time was a good reason for the public to accept the report as true. Not so with all, however. The owner of *The New York Herald*, Mr. Bennett, thought otherwise, and decided to use a portion of his riches in finding Livingstone, dead or alive. Mr. Henry M. Stanley was one of his correspondents in Spain, reporting the civil war then going on in that country. Mr. Bennett summoned him by telegram to Paris. The next night Stanley reached Paris, and proceeded directly to the Grand Hotel, where Bennett was stay-

ing. He was in bed, but responded, to Stanley's rap, "Come in."

"Who are you?" inquired Mr. Bennett.

"My name is Stanley."

"Ah, yes; sit down. Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"Really, sir, I have no idea."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not."

"Well, I think he is alive, and I am afraid he may be in want; so I intend that you shall go to him. Take whatever you need for yourself and for him; go as you please, and do as you please. *But find Livingstone.*"

"Yes, sir, but the cost," responded Stanley.

"How much will it be?"

"I am afraid it will not cost less than three thousand pounds."

"Very well; draw a thousand now. When it is gone, another thousand; when it is gone, another; when it is gone, another; and so on as long and as often as necessary. *But find Livingstone.*"

Thus the Bennett expedition to search for Livingstone was created, and in due time was on its way to Africa. Mr. Bennett knew what stuff Mr. Stanley was made of, or he never would have placed him at the head of an expedition to search for a missionary in the heart of Africa. And his judgment proved to be sound.

At the same time Mr. Bennett was sending out this expedition, another was being organized at Zanzibar under the patronage of the British government and the guidance of Lieutenant Dawson, and to this expedition Mr. Oswell Livingstone, a son of the dis-

tinguished missionary, was attached. As the English people were interested in this enterprise, little was thought or said of Stanley's. But the latter pushed forward his expedition with almost unparalleled determination and speed, and was in the heart of Africa before the government's expedition started. He directed his march to Ujiji, through portions of the country that were devastated by war, often having to fight his way against mighty odds, or perish. In the midst of his direst troubles his Arab assistants whom he had taken into his service fled in dismay. Nothing daunted, he recruited one hundred and twenty-five fugitives that came into his camp, fleeing before the bloodthirsty chief, Mirambo, and pressed on his way. He wrote: "And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal afar off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye, I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji; then, perhaps, to the Congo River."

At length the day dawned on which, from an eminence, they beheld the long-looked-for Tanganyika, on the shores of which lay Ujiji. It was the great day of Stanley's whole life; for he was positive, from all he had learned, that he should find Livingstone there. The stars and stripes were flung to the breeze, and muskets were fired to arouse the inhabitants of the town, who knew not of the approach of the strange visitors. What followed Stanley describes thus:—

"The natives of Ujiji, and I know not where else, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means—this fusillading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are yambos (how-do-you-do's) shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hand, and ask anxiously where I came from. But I have no patience with them; the expedition goes far too slow; I should like to settle the question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled? Suddenly a man, a black man, at my elbow shouts in English, 'How do you do, sir?' 'Hallo! who the deuce are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions he is running like a madman towards the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a great triumphal procession. As we move, they move; all eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt; the journey is ended for a time; but I alone have a few more steps to make. There is a group of the most respectable Arabs, and, as I come nearer, I see the white form of an old man among them. He has on a cap with a gold band around it, his dress is a short jacket of red blanket-cloth, and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' and he says, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus*" (the end crowns the work).

Whatever may have been the emotions of either in that supreme moment, it was quite evident that the man who was found and the man who found him had certain valuable traits of character in common.

Unless they had, Livingstone would never have put himself where there was any necessity for hunting for him, and Stanley would not have been disposed to make the attempt if he had. For two such men to meet in the heart of Africa was a new fact in the history of mankind. They made it happen; otherwise it never could have happened.

Stanley remained with Livingstone some time for rest and research. They visited the head of Lake Tanganyika, a hundred miles distant, and discovered the Rusizi River emptying into it. Stanley hoped that Livingstone might return with him, but the latter said: "I would like very much to go home and see my children again; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

This was certainly a characteristic conclusion for a man whose maxim was, "Accomplish, or never attempt." On Stanley's return to the coast, however, Dr. Livingstone accompanied him as far as Unyanyembe, there to await stores which Mr. Stanley would forward from Zanzibar. On reaching the coast, the news he brought thrilled all hearts. It was on the 3rd day of July 1872, and the glad tidings spread far and near. They soon reached England and America, and every other part of the civilized world; causing universal joy, and magnifying the fame of both discoverer and discovered.

Stanley bore letters from Dr. Livingstone to various parties, among them one to James Gordon Bennett, the author of the Stanley expedition. In that he said :—

"If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four and five hundred miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woful sights I had seen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' re-acted on the bodily frame and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. Almost every step of the weary, sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some five hundred pounds worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself......The mere prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable......Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho ; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass that way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand ; and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming !

I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming; and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'"

The reader may possibly conclude that Dr. Livingstone had become more of an explorer and discoverer than missionary. But not so. All through his explorations he enjoyed abundant opportunities to proclaim the gospel. On week-days, and especially on the Sabbath, he preached the Word, and sought to make the people familiar with the wonders of the Bible. He was a missionary to the end, in the best sense of the word. And he wrote in one of his communications that no portion of the Scriptures impressed the Africans so much as the touching story of the Cross.

The reports which Stanley brought to England from Dr. Livingstone, disclosing the horrors of the African slave traffic, aroused the English people to a new sense of duty. The government adopted measures at once to interfere with and abolish the cruel business throughout that benighted country; and it is true that the African slave-trade, since that day, has been substantially abolished.

The story of Livingstone's sickness and death is a pathetic one, and, on the whole, was a sublimely fitting termination of so noble and grand a life. He was attacked with chronic dysentery, and for several months found little or no relief. Becoming alarmed at his condition, he desired to be removed to Ilala.

He was too weak to ride a donkey, so he was carried thither by his people, who appear to have treated him with great kindness. On arriving at Ilala, he said to his men, "Now build me a hut to die in." The hut was built, and the best bed possible was made for him. The natives declared that his sufferings were severe; for he groaned night and day, and, on the third day after lying down in his hut, he said, "I am very cold; put more grass over the hut." Often he spoke about his home and family, and, when he was first seized, he told his followers that he should exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. His servant Majwara was with him constantly, doing everything in his power to make him comfortable. In the afternoon of May 3, 1873, he asked for his watch, and showed the servant how to hold it in the palm of his hand, while he wound it slowly, explaining to him the operation. Soon after, as if racked with extreme pain, he groaned out, "Oh, dear, dear!" and asked to have some water boiled. This was done immediately, and the copper kettle, full of it, was brought to him, when he called for his medicine chest. He could not see very well, and so asked for a candle. Selecting some calomel, and preparing it in boiled water, he said to Susi who boiled it, "All right; you can go now." These were the last words he spoke.

The night wore away with no particular change in the sufferer. Towards morning he slid off his bed, and kneeling, engaged in silent prayer. While in this attitude the servant lay down to get a little rest, and dropped to sleep. When he awoke about four o'clock, the doctor was still on his knees. Fearing the worst, the servant slipped out of the hut and called to some

of the men, saying, "Come, I do not know that the doctor is alive." The men responded at once, and, on entering the hut, saw the doctor on his knees. "When I lay down he was just as he is now," said the servant. They went up to him and found that he was dead. His life went out in prayer, dying as he had lived—a fitting close of his long and godly life.

What next? Here is the dead body of a great benefactor in the hands of savages, in the interior of Africa: what can they do with it? They held a council, and decided to preserve the remains for his family. They were familiar with a substitute for embalming; and, removing the body to another hut for the sake of seclusion, they proceeded to their painful task. First they removed the internal organs and buried them under a large tree, on the bark of which they caused to be cut in well-made letters: "DAVID LIVINGSTONE, DIED MAY 4, 1873." The body was then preserved in salt and dried twelve days. In the meantime a coffin was prepared of bark, into which it was laid, when the chief, Kitumbo, ordered the beating of drums and firing of guns to show their respect for the dead. Knowing that Dr. Moffat was the father-in-law of the deceased, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone his son, the Nassich boys determined to convey the remains to them. They sent forward an advance party to the coast to acquaint the friends of the decease of the doctor.

At Unyanyembe, Livingstone's remains were put into another bark case, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. His clothing, papers, and instruments accompanied the body. It

may be mentioned that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala he said, "I am going home."

It is enough to say that the remains reached Zanzibar in safety—a fact that reflects much credit upon the children of the African forest, who knew so well what and how to do with the remains of their best friend. Christianized people could have done no better. From Zanzibar they were forwarded to Southampton, where Stanley, Dr. Moffat, Oswell Livingstone, James Young, and other distinguished men were awaiting their arrival, to escort them to London. They reached Southampton, April 15, 1874, and on the 18th were laid in their final resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

Great respect for the dead man was shown throughout the realm. A king or queen could not have been more highly honoured. The day of the funeral called out a multitude of the best and noblest people of the country, sincerely lamenting the sad death of their countryman, whose life was a benison to millions, and his death a loss to the world.

Amos Lawrence.

COUNTRY CLERK.

SEVENTY years ago a clerkship was very different from the clerkship of to-day, both in city and country. In the country, shops were few and scattered, and kept everything used in families. There were no railways, so that people could not step into a train and ride to a city to make purchases as they can now. Dry goods, wet goods, groceries, hardware, tinware, earthenware, woodenware, and so on to the end, were kept on sale. There was no dry-goods department, hardware department, nor other department, to one of which alone a clerk was assigned with no thought of his becoming acquainted with any other department, as the case is now. The clerk was expected to become familiar with all sorts of goods in the establishment.

It was such a "variety shop" as this which the subject of this memoir entered, at thirteen years of age, in the town of Groton, Massachusetts. His name was Amos Lawrence, born in that town on April 22, 1786. His father was a Revolutionary officer, a man of great influence, and very prominent in securing good schools. He founded Groton Academy. He was a farmer, and obliged to practise the strictest economy in order to support his family. Nor was he able to give his own children all the school opportunities he desired; for

they had to shift for themselves as soon as they were old enough. But a better home no boy ever had. "Good boys make good men," was the summary of his father's counsels. "Good principles are better than great riches," he enforced with emphasis. Of his excellent mother it was said, "She was a woman well fitted to train a family for the troubled times in which she lived. To the kindest affections and sympathies she united energy and decision, and in her household enforced that strict and unhesitating obedience which she considered as the foundation of all success in the education of children."

Until Amos began work at thirteen years of age he attended the public school ten or twelve weeks in summer and winter, and he was a pupil in the Groton Academy a short time before commencing his shop-life. A prompt, ready, conscientious pupil, he made the most of his limited opportunities, so that he was well qualified in fundamental knowledge for his new position. He was second to no scholar in reading, spelling, penmanship, and arithmetic, and these served him well, not only when he was clerk, but all through his eventful life. He was early taught to say No to all forms of temptation, so that in school as well as at home he was a boy of decision and good habits. No slang or profanity ever escaped his lips, and he was known as a boy of principle who could not be lured into mischief.

Before he became a clerk in the Groton shop he served in that capacity in a shop in the neighbouring town of Dunstable for a few months. But on becoming fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to the Groton merchant until he became twenty-one years of age—seven years. Then he began his life-work, and

entered upon it with all his heart. It was not because he felt that farming was not an honourable business; it was rather because he had tact and taste for traffic. Nor was it because he expected to become a rich man: such a thought was not entertained for a moment. Whatever were his views and feelings, he began his career with the purpose of doing his best.

Several young men and boys were employed in the shop. A large business was done, requiring a number of salesmen and helpers. We have said that the shops of that day sold *wet* goods as well as dry. Among the former were intoxicating liquors, considered by many as necessary as sugar. The Groton shop was no exception. How well the home training of Amos fitted him for the place will appear from what he wrote about it in the prime of his life.

"The five boys in the shop," he wrote, "were in the habit every afternoon of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, etc., with biscuit—all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the place four weeks, I found myself admonished, by my appetite, of the approach of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my seniors, I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain for a week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the remainder of my apprenticeship. During that whole period I never drank a spoonful more, though I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers. I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odour of it then, and even now have in my drawer a superior Havana cigar given me not long since by a friend,

but only to smell. I have never in my life smoked a cigar; never chewed but one piece of tobacco, and that was before I was fifteen; and never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rappee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now, I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right* am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labours, for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections around me."

Here we learn several of the qualities that made Amos Lawrence successful. First of all, there was his *self-control.* He could bring his appetite into subjection as soon as he saw that it might make trouble for him. He loved the beverage, but rejected it because it might possibly lead to intemperance. He would not run the risk of sacrificing his character for mere pleasure. This showed not only *principle,* but marked *decision.* It was not hard for him to say No; he learned to say it to temptation in his earliest boyhood. It was true *observation,* also, that caused him to see the tendency of his acts. The average boy does not stop to think even that such an indulgence may lead to ruin. That he maintained the decision of that hour through his apprenticeship is proof of his *firmness.* His employer, together with every man and boy in the place, drank liquors, and he stood alone for abstinence. He must have met with many things to try his mettle, but he was steadfast, immovable. He knew that he was right, and nothing could turn him therefrom.

In manhood he declared that, "Of the whole number educated in the Groton shop for some years before and after myself, no one else, to my knowledge, escaped the slough of intemperance; and my escape I

trace to the simple fact of my having put a restraint upon my appetite." Self-control did as well for him in boyhood as it did in manhood. Nor did he ever regret the decision he made so early against the use of intoxicating drinks and tobacco. In later life he was better pleased than ever with that early decision; for he saw enough to convince him that it was the only safe course. In his extensive mercantile business in Boston he employed young men and boys who did not use tobacco or liquors. He wrote to the President of Williams College, "I have always given the preference, among such persons as I have employed for more than forty years past, to such as avoided rum and tobacco, and my experience has been to confirm me that it is true wisdom to have done so." He gave two hundred and fifty pounds to establish four scholarships in Wabash College, Indiana, but counselled "that candidates for the scholarships should be those who abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks and tobacco." Once, too, he presented the Mechanic Apprentices' Literary Association of Boston with a liberal donation, and, in the letter conveying it, he wrote, "At your time of life, habits are formed that grow with your years. Avoid rum and tobacco in all forms, unless prescribed as a medicine, and I will promise you better contracts, heavier purses, happier families, and a more youthful and vigorous old age, by thus avoiding the beginning of evil."

In 1832 he wrote to his son, who was away at school: "I want you to analyze more closely the tendency of principles, associations, and conduct, and strive to adopt such as will make it easier for you to go right than to go wrong. The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse. Gluttony, tobacco,

and intoxicating drink are not less dangerous to the latter than loose principles, bad associations, and profligate conduct are to the former. Look well to all these things." This was precisely the way he conducted his own early life. As we have seen, he noted the tendency of acts, and considered moral principle as above all acquisitions. In consequence he became the man that he was.

In the Groton shop, as in all other country shops at that time, working hours extended from early morning to nine and ten o'clock at night, six days of the week. There was really no time for a clerk to read, except on Sunday. But Amos kept a book at hand, and occasionally he found a leisure moment to peruse it, and often, before retiring at night, he would spend a short time reading. On Sunday he found more time for this pleasant and profitable privilege, though he was always at public service morning and afternoon. His Sabbaths were used for divine worship and self-improvement.

Of course, he had no time for sports except on occasional holidays. At that time arrangements were made for work and not play. Amos never objected to the plan; he enjoyed being busy, and would have been wretched under enforced idleness. He was prompt, too; never was behind time in the morning during his whole apprenticeship. That was not true of the other four boys, all of whom were older than himself. Occasionally they would oversleep, or perhaps were overlazy, and would come rushing to business after the work of the day was opened. But Amos was never caught napping. Nor did he attend to business in general only, satisfied with that, but in detail. He was as careful about the small things

as he was of the greater ones. Late in life he said to a young person:—

"When I look back, I can trace the small events which happened at your age as having an influence upon all the after things. My academy lessons, little academy pastimes, eight-cent expenses for music and gingerbread, the agreeable partners in the hall, and pleasant companions in the stroll, all helped me to feel that I had a character even then; and after leaving school and going to work, there was not a month passed before I was impressed with the opinion that restraint upon appetite was necessary to prevent the slavery I saw destroying numbers around me."

He carried this habit of looking after details into his business. For this reason, he readily acquainted himself with the great variety of articles on sale, not only the prices, but also their quality. This was true even of the medicines, for there was no drug-shop in Groton at that time. He became so familiar with them, of what they were composed and what they were for, that ailing customers would often consult him as to what medicine was best for their complaints. Of course, he identified himself with the business as if it were his own; and this was a quality which his employer especially admired. It was a rare quality; the other boys did not possess it. It is rare now. Many a young man makes a failure because he says to himself, "It is no interest of mine whether my employer's business prospers or not; I work for a livelihood, that is all." Such boys really fritter away their best days of discipline for business, and grow into a shiftless manhood. We shall see what this quality of identifying himself with his employer's business did for him.

Amos was scarcely nineteen years of age when he was promoted, and became superintendent of the whole business. Though he was the youngest boy in the place, he rose to a position that demanded more thoughtful attention, judgment, and efficiency than all the other boys seemed to possess. And this responsibility which he accepted was one of the uplifting influences that secured him the front rank among the successful merchants of Boston thirty years thereafter. The faithful, enterprising, upright country clerk was good material out of which to make the merchant prince. After he had become an invalid, and had been confined to his house most of the time for ten years, he wrote about those days of his country clerkship: "The knowledge of every-day affairs which I acquired in my business apprenticeship in Groton has been a source of pleasure and profit even in my last ten years."

Amos was known for his genuine courtesy. He was a young gentleman in the best sense of the term. The other boys formed the drink habit, and it made them thoughtless and more or less rude. They had no idea that such a quality as true politeness was necessary, and so they made no effort to cultivate it. The uniform courtesy of Amos supplemented his intelligence, fidelity, honesty, and industry well.

But his apprenticeship closed, April 22, 1807. He had previously decided what to do when he became a free man, and his employer understood it. He was going to begin mercantile life in Boston. The country clerk of Groton became a merchant in the great metropolis. Within a week after he left the Groton shop, he took his father's horse and chaise, and en-

gaged a neighbour to drive him to Boston, with, as he said many years afterwards,—

"Twenty dollars in my pocket, but feeling richer than I had ever felt before, or have felt since; so rich that I gave the man who came two dollars to save him from any expense, and insure him against loss by his spending two days on the journey here and back (for which he was glad of an excuse)."

Only a few days elapsed before he received the offer of a clerkship from a respectable house, and he accepted it. Now he was a city instead of a country clerk. The same qualities that made him successful in Groton won promotion for him in Boston. Within a few months the firm offered to admit him to partnership. He declined the offer because he thought they did not conduct their business upon correct principles, and therefore would not succeed. That he was observing and sagacious was proved by the fact that the firm became insolvent within a few months. It was a high compliment which the creditors paid to young Lawrence by appointing him to settle their affairs, which he did to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

He resolved at once to begin business for himself. He had become quite well acquainted with the city, and had formed pleasant relations with many merchants. On the whole, he concluded that it would be better for him to become an employer rather than to continue an employee. But he would begin in a small way, and move forward cautiously. He rented a small shop on Cornhill, and stocked it with goods obtained on credit, showing that his noble character was better than gold for him. His father offered to provide him with two hundred pounds, but he declined the

offer, thinking it was better for him to hew his own way to success. He opened his shop with only one assistant, Henry Whiting, known many years thereafter as Brigadier-General Whiting of the United States army. Forty-one years after Mr. Whiting served him, Mr. Lawrence addressed him a letter, from which we extract a single paragraph :—

"I have just looked into my first sales-book, and there see the entries made by you more than forty-one years ago. Ever since, you have been going up from the cornet of dragoons to the present station. Abbott [his brother], who took your place, is now the representative of his country at the court of St. James."

A memorandum in that sales-book tells of the financial condition of himself and family, thus :—

"I was then, in the matter of property, not worth a dollar. My father was comfortably off as a farmer, somewhat in debt; with, perhaps, four thousand dollars. My brother Luther was in the practice of law, getting forward, but not worth two thousand dollars; William had nothing; Abbott, a lad just fifteen years old, at school; and Samuel, a child seven years old."

On his first Sabbath in Boston he attended service at Brattle Street Church, and continued there forty-six years. Unlike many young men, he had no disposition to run from one church to another to hear celebrated preachers. His parents advised him to select a church-home, and make it truly his own; and he did. After his death his pastor said, "He was a constant worshipper here during the forty-six years of his residence in this city; for more than forty years of this period a communicant, and for more than ten

a deacon of this church—resigning the office at length because of his invalid state of health—he had strong attachments to this house of God."

"Our venerable church," he says in one of his notes to me, "has in it deeply impressive, improving, instructive, and interesting associations, going back to the early days of my worshipping there; and the prayers of my friends and fellow-worshippers of three generations, in part now belonging there, came in aid of my weakness in time of need; and no other spot, but that home where I was first taught my prayers, and this my domestic fireside, where my children have been taught theirs, has the same interest as our own Brattle Street Church."

That he still kept uppermost the thought of character and self-improvement as being second to no other consideration, is quite evident from a letter he wrote to his son in 1832:—

"When I first came to this city I took lodgings in the family of a widow who had commenced keeping boarders for a living. I was one of her first, and, perhaps, had been in the city two months when I went to this place; and she, of course, while I remained, was inclined to adopt any rules for the boarders that I prescribed. The only one I ever made was, that after supper all the boarders who remained in the public-room should remain quiet at least for one hour, to give those who chose to study or read an opportunity of doing so without disturbance. The consequence was that we had the most quiet and improving set of young men in the town. The few who did not wish to comply with the regulation went abroad after tea, sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to other places, but, to a man, became bankrupt in

after life, not only in fortune, but in reputation; while a majority of the other class maintained good characters, and some are now living who are ornaments to society, and fill important stations. The influence of this small measure will perhaps be felt throughout generations. It was not less favourable on myself than on others."

Through life, Mr. Lawrence improved whatever time he could snatch from a busy career to read the best books. His advance in knowledge and intelligence was manifest as he grew older, and aided to introduce him to the literary society of Boston. At the same time, he did not allow reading to interfere with his business. Some time during the last years of his life, when he was too much of an invalid to mingle in society, a friend wrote to him to inquire about his business habits when he first came to Boston. He replied as follows:—

"And now, having delivered the message, having the power at the present moment, and not having the assurance that I shall be able to do it the next hour, I will state that I practised upon the maxim, 'Business before friends,' from the commencement of my course. During the first seven years of my business in this city I never allowed a bill against me to stand unsettled over the Sabbath. If the purchase of goods was made at auction on Saturday, and delivered to me, I always examined and settled the bill by note or by crediting it, and having it clear; so that, in case I was not on duty on Monday, there would be no trouble for my boys; thus keeping the business *before* me, instead of allowing it to *drive* me."

Here appears the singleness of purpose, application, love of order, and wisdom of the country clerk at

Groton. And, still further, his systematic way of doing things appears from a further statement of his:—

"I adopted the plan of keeping an accurate account of merchandise bought and sold each day, with the profit as far as practicable. This plan was pursued for a number of years; and I never found my merchandise fall short in taking an account of stock, which I did as often as once a year. I was thus enabled to form an opinion of my actual state as a business man. I adopted also the rule always to have property, after my second year's business, to represent forty per cent. at least more than I owed—that is, never to be in debt more than two and a half times my capital. This caution saved me from ever getting embarrassed. If it were more generally adopted, we should see fewer failures in business. Excessive credit is the rock on which so many business men are broken. When I commenced, the embargo had just been laid, and with such restrictions on trade that many were induced to leave it. But I felt great confidence that by industry, economy, and integrity I could get a living; and the experiment showed that I was right. Most of the young men who commenced at that period failed by spending too much money, and using credit too freely.

"I made about fifteen hundred dollars the first year, and more than four thousand the second. Probably, had I made four thousand the first year, I should have failed the second or third year. I practised a system of rigid economy, and never allowed myself to spend a cent on unnecessary objects until I had acquired it."

From his boyhood, Amos Lawrence never felt above

his business. He could do anything that was necessary to be done. That he was compromising his dignity by doing necessary errands never entered his head. After he began business in Boston, a lady purchased a bill of goods of him, and he directed his clerk to carry the package to her residence. The clerk declined because it was beneath his dignity to do an errand-boy's work; he was not an errand-boy. Mr. Lawrence administered a sharp rebuke to the poor, deluded fellow by taking the package and carrying it himself to the purchaser. He had a profound contempt for boys or men who cherished such mistaken ideas, and he would not knowingly employ that class of clerks, unless it was to cure them of such folly. An applicant for a position in his place of business, having on a finger-ring, or swinging a cane, or wearing a watch with a showy chain and seal, always awakened his suspicion, and ten chances to one his application was not considered. He could not endure a fop, or any of his relations, and he would not tolerate them on his premises. He thought that the young man who feels above his business had doomed himself to failure and dishonour in advance.

Late in life, after he was too ill to continue business, he was riding through Tremont Street when the bells rang out the fire alarm. That was when men instead of horses drew the fire-engine to the conflagration. Seeing the fire company tugging away to reach the spot as soon as possible, he put his head out of his carriage and said to the firemen, "I would get out and help you if I could; but if you will fasten your engine to my carriage, I will help you along in that way." This offer was characteristic. He had just as much respect for a faithful fireman as he had

for a faithful merchant, and felt no more above the fireman's work than he did his own. Not only a very honourable sentiment to cultivate, but a very popular one also.

The business of Mr. Lawrence increased rapidly, and he enlarged his stock from year to year. By the time that his brother Abbott was of age, his business was very large. He took Abbott into his employment as an apprentice at fifteen years of age, and when he became twenty-one he was admitted as partner. He regarded his brother as the possessor of unusual business qualities, and his future career proved that his ability was not overrated. Two men were never better matched for conducting a large business; one was as competent as the other. It was difficult to tell which of the two was the more industrious, enterprising, energetic, and persistent. The two together made a firm that stood at the head of Boston houses within a few years.

Mr. Lawrence wrote in 1849: "On the 1st of January 1814, I took my brother Abbott into partnership on equal shares, putting fifty thousand dollars that I had then earned into the concern. Three days afterwards *The Bramble News* came, by which the excessive high price of goods was knocked down. Our stock was large, and had cost a high price. Abbott was in great anguish, considering himself a bankrupt for at least five thousand dollars. I cheered him by offering to cancel our co-partnership indentures, give him up his note, and at the end of a year pay him five thousand dollars. He declined the offer, saying I should lose that and more besides, and, as he had enlisted, would do the best he could. This was in character, and it was well for us both. He was

called off to do duty as a soldier through most of the year. I took care of the business, and prepared to retreat with my family into the country whenever the town seemed liable to fall into the hands of the British, who were very threatening in their demonstrations. We still continue mercantile business under the first set of indentures, and under the same firm, merely adding, '& Co.' as new partners have been admitted."

We neglected to say that Mr. Lawrence married Sarah Richards, daughter of Giles Richards of Boston, on June 6, 1811. She died January 14, 1819. Her worth is indicated by the following fact. Just before she expired she called for paper and pencil, and wrote: "Feeling that I must soon depart from this, I trust, to a better world, I resign very dear friends to God, who has done so much for me. I am in ecstasies of life. How can I praise him enough? To my friends I give these tokens of remembrance." In April 1821, he married Mrs. Nancy Ellis, widow of Judge Ellis of Claremont, New Hampshire.

The diary and correspondence of Mr. Lawrence show that he considered character indispensable to success. His counsel to clerks and young people generally represented that dishonesty will surely lead to ruin. He indignantly repelled the idea that a business could not be successful and be truly honest. The thought was abominable to him. Such paragraphs as the following abound in his letters and diary:—

To his son in France he wrote: "Good principles, good temper, and good manners will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along

with the absence of any. The most important is good principles.

"And here I would impress upon you the importance of looking carefully to your steps. The difference between going just right and a little wrong in the commencement of the journey of life, is the difference between finding a happy home or a miserable slough at the end of the journey."

Later on, he wrote to his son: "Bring up your boys to do their work first and enjoy their play afterwards. Begin early to teach them habits of order, a proper economy, and exact accountability in their affairs. This simple rule of making a child, after he is twelve years old, keep an exact account of all that he wears, uses, or expends, in any and every way, would save more suffering to families than can fairly be estimated by those who have not observed its operation."

He insisted upon the strictest economy as well as honesty, in business and out of business, everywhere. He received a boy into his service, and he wrote to his father:—

"He will have much leisure in the evening, which, if he choose, may be profitably devoted to study, and we hope he will lay out such a course for himself as to leave no portion of his time unappropriated. It is on account of so much leisure that so many fine youths are ruined in this city. The habit of industry once well fixed, the danger is over. Will it not be well for him to furnish you, at stated periods, with an exact account of his expenditure? The habit of keeping such an account will be serviceable, and, if he is prudent, the satisfaction will be great, ten years hence, in looking back and observing the process by

which his character has been formed. If he does as well as he is capable, we have no doubt of your experiencing the reward of your care over him."

At twelve years of age his son was in Andover Academy, and he sent a blank book to him, in which he was requested to keep an account of his expenses, adding, "Do not cheat yourself; God is ever present, and sees the inmost thoughts." Later, he wrote:—

"I received your note yesterday, and was prepared to hear your cash fell short, as a dollar bill was found in your chamber on the morning you left home. You now see the benefit of keeping accounts, as you would not have been sure about this loss without having added up your account. Get the habit firmly fixed of putting down every cent you receive and every cent you expend......Among the numerous people who have failed in business within my knowledge, a prominent cause has been a want of system in their affairs by which to know when their expenses and losses exceeded their profits."

In 1815 his brother Abbott sailed for England on business. Even to him the letters of Amos Lawrence were filled with counsels of the same kind.

"As a first and leading principle," he wrote, "let every transaction be of that pure and honest character that you would not be ashamed to have appear before the whole world as clearly as to yourself. In addition to the advantages arising from an honest course of conduct with your fellow-men, there is the satisfaction of reflecting within yourself that you have endeavoured to do your duty; and, however greatly the best may fall short of doing all they ought, they will be sure not to do more than their principles enjoin......While here, your conduct has been such as to meet my entire

approbation; but the scenes of another land may be more than your principles can stand against. I say *may be*, because young men of as fair promise as yourself have been lost by giving a small latitude to their propensities. But I pray the Father of all Mercies to have you in His keeping, and preserve you amid temptations."

Mr. Lawrence attached as much importance to benevolence as an element of success as he did to industry or economy. In the early part of his business career he inscribed upon his pocket-book, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As soon as his son was permitted the personal use of money, he directed him to "divide your expenses into ten parts, nine of which may be termed for what is necessary, and one part applied to benevolent objects."

His view of wealth appears in the following extract from a letter to a friend: "If, by the consecration of my earthly possessions to some extent, I can make the Christian character practically more lovely, and illustrate, in my own case, that the higher enjoyments here are promoted by the free use of the good things entrusted to me, what so good use can I make of them?"

He was known for his benevolence throughout the country. Churches, colleges, academies, ministers, students, poor families, widows, and benevolent societies of every kind received his liberal contributions. A room in his house was consecrated to charity. Here he stored wearing apparel, woollen and cotton cloth, shoes, groceries, and numerous other articles used in families, from which packages were made up for the needy. Cloth for a suit of clothes for a minister or

for a student, a shawl for the minister's wife, groceries for a family in want, clothing and even toys for children, books, mittens, gloves, overcoats—these, and many more articles, constituted the packages that were dispensed from that room. He believed fully that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and no man in the city was as happy as he was when doing this charitable work.

His diary of January 1, 1849, contains a record of gifts to "needy institutions," and says, "I can truly say that I deem these outlays my best, and would not, if I could by a wish, have any of them back again. The more I give, the more I have."

He wrote to one of his partners, December 18, 1843: "I am housed [sick], and denied the sight of most of those who call, but not the privilege of reading their papers and spending money. Indeed, I have more use for money when in the house than when able to be abroad. Tell Brother Sharp [bank teller], that his beautiful bills find an exceedingly ready use, and I shall be glad of one hundred in ones and twos, two hundred in fives, and three hundred in tens and twenties; say six hundred dollars, just to keep me along till the end of the month. The calls are frequent and striking."

But the above amount did not carry him through the month; twelve days after, he sent a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds more, and accompanied it with the following words:—

"The good there is in riches lieth altogether in their use, like the woman's box of ointment; if it be broken and the contents poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, in his distressed members, they find their worth; the covetous man may there-

fore truly write upon his rusting heaps, 'These are good for nothing.' He is not rich who lays up much, but he who lays out much, for it is all one not to have, not to use. I will therefore be the richer by charitable laying out, while the worldling will be poorer by his covetous hoarding up."

During his lifetime he gave away over one hundred and forty thousand pounds, of which twenty thousand went to Harvard College, eight thousand to Williams College, and four thousand to Groton Academy, which his father founded. He left an estate at his death valued at a quarter of a million.

Mr. Lawrence was always bound by a strong tie to home. From the time he became a resident of Boston, he planned to visit his parents frequently, but never allowed his visits to encroach upon his business or the Sabbath. He would leave Boston just at night, and reach Groton about midnight. On returning, he would leave Groton by one o'clock on Monday morning, and reach Boston so as to be at his place of business in time. A young man with less attachment to home would hardly be willing to make such sacrifice for the sake of visiting his parents; or one with little decision, energy, enterprise, and resolution would prefer the time in bed that young Lawrence spent in going to and from home.

When he was nearly fifty years old, he wrote to his mother, who was still living:—

"MY DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,—My mind turns back to you almost as frequently as its powers are brought into separate action, and always with an interest that animates and quickens my pulse; for, under God, it is by your good influence and teachings that I am prepared to enjoy those blessings which He

has so richly scattered in my path in all my onward progress in life. How could it be otherwise than that your image should be with me, unless I should prove wholly unworthy of you?......The cheering promise that has encouraged you when your powers were the highest, will not fail you when the weight of years and infirmities have made it more necessary to your comfort to get over the few remaining spans of the journey. To God I commend you; and pray Him to make the path light, and your way confiding and joyful, until you shall reach that home prepared for the faithful."

Mr. Lawrence was always much interested in public affairs, but was averse to holding office. Once, however, he consented to represent the city in the Legislature, and once was Presidential Elector. On public questions he was well posted, and was often tried by the methods adopted by political parties to settle them. He was bitterly opposed to slavery and the liquor traffic, and never let slip an opportunity to express his opinion of them. Everybody knew where to find him. He hated dodging questions, and had no words severe enough to express his condemnation of political chicanery. The corruption of political parties troubled him exceedingly. A political party, in his view, should be as honest as a merchant. An office-seeking and tricky politician aroused his indignation and contempt. He could not tolerate him. With these strong convictions, Mr. Lawrence was a reliable and honoured legislator. Such men are always good and true in legislative halls. They have the courage of their convictions, and can be trusted.

He believed that few men withstand the corruption of political life. For this reason he did not favour

the political promotion of his brother Abbott, who was well qualified to conduct public affairs. Abbott was sent to Congress, but Amos did not approve of it. He was a candidate for Vice-President of the United States at one time, and Amos stoutly opposed his nomination, which he failed to get. President Taylor tendered to him a place in his Cabinet—Secretary of the Navy—whereupon Amos wrote a note to him:—

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have heard since noon that you have the invitation of General Taylor to take a seat in his Cabinet. I am not less gratified with the offer than you can be; but I should feel deep anguish if I thought you could be induced to accept it, even for a brief period. Your name and fame as a private citizen is a better inheritance for your children than any distinction you may attain from official station; and the influence you can exercise for your country and friends as you are, is higher and better than any you can exercise as an official of the government."

A few days later he wrote: "I awoke this morning very early, and, after a while, fixed my mind in prayer to God that your duty may be clearly seen, and that you may perform it in the spirit of a true disciple."

Two days after, he heard that his brother had declined the appointment, and he wrote: "The morning papers confirm my conviction of what you would do; and I do most heartily rejoice, and say that I never felt as proud before."

Subsequently his brother was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James. He wrote to a friend: "Brother Abbott has received the place of Minister to the Court of St. James—the most flattering testi-

mony of his worth and character that is within the gift of the present administration, and the only office that I would not advise against his accepting."

Mr. Lawrence was a confirmed invalid the last ten years of his life. He was a great sufferer, and much of the time confined to his room. At one time he wrote to President Hopkins of Williams College: "If your young folks want to know the meaning of epicureanism, tell them to take some bits of coarse bread (one ounce and a little more), soak them in three gills of coarse-meal gruel, and make their dinner of them and nothing else; beginning very hungry, and leaving off more hungry. The food is delicious, and such as no modern epicureanism can equal."

His biographer says: "He was limited to the use of certain kinds of food, which, from time to time, was slightly modified as was thought expedient. This food was of the most simple kind, and was taken in small quantities, after being weighed in a balance, which always stood before him upon his writing-table. To secure perfect quiet during his meals, and also that he might not be tempted to overstep the bounds of prudence, a certain amount was sent to him in his chamber, from which he took what was allowed. The amount of liquid was also weighed; and so rigid was he in this system of diet, that, for the last sixteen years of his life, he sat down at no meal with his family."

Yet, Mr. Lawrence was a happy man. He wrote to his wife, who was ministering to a sick relative at a distance: "The situation I occupy is one that I would not exchange, if I had the power, with any man living; it is full of agreeable incidents, and free

from the toils and anxieties frequently attendant on a high state of prosperity; and is, besides, free from that jealousy, or from any other cause of uneasiness, so common among the ardent and successful in this world's race."

He wrote to his son, also: "I am enjoying myself highly under the close confinement of two parlour chambers, from which I have only travelled into the entry since November. I have lived pretty much as other prisoners of a different character live, as regards food—namely, on bread and water, or bread and coffee or cocoa. I have come to the conclusion that the man who lives on bread and water, if he have enough, is the genuine epicure, according to the original and true meaning."

The foregoing narrative gives the life of one who rejected all such delusions as that "luck" or "chance" has anything to do with great achievements, and believed that virtue alone, supplemented with suitable energy, judgment, and perseverance, makes a way to success. His own life eminently illustrated his opinions. No one can question the fact. Like all other facts, it admits of no doubtful interpretation. It is just as valid as any other unquestioned matter of history. Whatever other qualities must be cultivated in order to win, character is indispensable.

The last letter he ever wrote was on the evening before he died, and it was about Bunker Hill monument, for the erection of which he had contributed two thousand pounds. The letter was folded, directed, and left on his table. He retired about ten o'clock, after family devotions, and in two hours was seized by one of his usual attacks, though of increased severity. The family and physician were summoned,

and every effort exhausted to relieve him, but in vain. At fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock on the morning of December 31, 1852, he expired. His funeral took place at Brattle Street Church, whither a crowd of people went with tearful eyes. A large number could not gain admittance. Nearly all professions and occupations were represented in that large assembly. Clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics, students, old and young, rich and poor, high and low, came together to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the great and good man. Many of them had been the recipients of his generous gifts. Even little children were there, and, at the close of the services, they gathered around the coffin and sang a sweet hymn, and then each one laid a bouquet of flowers on it. The scene was so touching that not an eye in the vast assembly was dry. Dr. Lothrop, the pastor, said:—

"We have met with a great loss. Death has snatched from us one whose departure will be sorely felt and widely lamented by many who saw him daily, and by many who never saw him. His person was unknown to them, but his name was enshrined in the love and gratitude of their hearts. He will be missed by many, and in many places. He will be missed here in this house of worship by all the members of this church and society, and we must all unite our zeal, our fidelity, and devotedness to make his place good among us. He will be missed in our streets, where his cheerful presence has been so long known and noticed by all. He will be missed among the poor, and in our hospitals and asylums, where his frequent visits and presents brought a ray of light to many a darkened mind, and of gladness to many a

sorrowing heart. He will be missed in the family circle, by the domestic fireside, where he was an object of the love, the reverence, and the tenderest assiduities of those whose bereaved heart not human sympathy, but divine help and consolations can alone comfort."

President Hopkins of Williams College, to which institution he had given eight thousand pounds, said :—

"He was a true man, in sympathy with suffering humanity, and was always glad to find a worthy object of his bounty. He sought out such objects. He learned histories of reverses, and of noble struggles with adversity, that were stranger than fiction. Those thus struggling he placed in positions to help themselves; furnishing them, if necessary, with sums from one hundred to a thousand dollars, or more, as freely as he would have given a cup of cold water. He visited alms-houses and hospitals, insane asylums, and retreats for the deaf and dumb and blind, and became deeply interested in many of their inmates. He was watchful for everything needed there for comfort or for instruction, and his presence always carried sunshine with it......He aided genius, and encouraged promising talent. A true son of New England, he appreciated education, and gave his money and influence to extend it, and to elevate its standard in every grade of our institutions from primary school to college."

On the morning after his death the following lines were found upon his table, being a part of the hymn which his first wife repeated just before she died, thirty-three years before :—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature—cease the strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark!——"

As if too feeble to continue the quotation, here his pen stopped. Unable to finish the lines, he went to prayers, and then to his bed, which proved his bed of death. "Hark!" Possibly he heard the joy of the angels over a sinner that repenteth, and he could write no more!

George Stephenson.

ENGINEER.

THIS is an age of railways. The nations of Christendom are covered with a network of iron tracks; and heathendom will present a similar appearance when Christendom has accomplished its purpose. The railway is a great civilizer. Commerce is dependent upon it; and even the doctrine of human brotherhood cannot be illustrated without it. In these circumstances it is worth while to learn who made this mighty agency of progress happen. And it is all the more interesting when we know that the real author of it arose from the poorest class of work-people—the colliers.

George Stephenson, the great engineer, was born in Wylam, a colliery village on the Tyne, on the 9th day of June 1781. He was the second of six children—four sons and two daughters. To say that Robert Stephenson, the father, was a poor man is saying only what was true of all colliers, whose poverty was aggravated in most cases by ignorance and drink. But Robert was not cursed by the latter habit. He appears to have been an industrious, well-meaning man, without education or aspiration; content to live on the verge of starvation as the least of two evils. He lived in a single room even when his complement

of children was fully made up. A father and mother, with six children, in one room of ordinary capacity, must have realized that each one had rights which the others were bound to respect. Especially this must have been true when the eldest attained the age of fifteen or sixteen.

Necessity compelled this mode of living. For Mr. Stephenson earned but twelve shillings a week—a very small amount to divide between food and clothing. Both must have been scantily provided; and as for schooling, that was out of the question. At that time there were no schools for colliers' children. It was not supposed that knowledge was necessary for this class. Robert Stephenson knew enough to be the fireman of "the old pumping-engine at the colliery in Wylam," and that was supposed to be all that a man in that capacity needed to know. Ignorance was bliss to a collier.

One fact tells much for the parents; they owned a Bible—a family Bible—and in it were recorded the births of their children. Bibles were not common at collieries. This class of workmen could live without Bibles, for these were neither food nor clothing; but they could not live without food. They could survive without much clothing, but food was indispensable to the life of a collier. For this reason Bibles were not often found among colliers. Hence, the ownership of a Bible was creditable to the Stephensons. It was proof that they valued the book, otherwise they would not have kept it. That their children's births were recorded therein is pretty good proof that they loved their children; they were worthy of a place in the old family Bible. Had Robert Stephenson been intemperate, as a great many colliers were, no doubt

the Bible would have been pawned for drink long before the youngest of the six children was born. We know, from other sources of information, that the father was a sober, industrious, good-tempered man, and we introduce the family Bible to corroborate the statement. Whether much read or not, that Bible warded off influences that degraded and destroyed other families at the colliery.

As soon as the children were old enough to work, the condition of the family began to improve. James and George could earn a little sometimes when quite young, and every honest penny was a help to the family. The time came when three or four of them could earn a small amount each, and then the poverty of the household was somewhat relieved.

One fact should not be omitted, for it is quite creditable to the father. Mr. Stephenson was a great story-teller, and he enjoyed telling stories to the boys and girls of the village. He encouraged them to gather about him in the evening, when he was tending his engine-fire, to listen to his tales of Sindbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe, and other similar stories that he had learned somehow and somewhere. He never tired of relating them, and they never tired of hearing them. In this connection, also, he taught them to be kind to birds and other animals, and he showed them what kindness could accomplish. Robins were plenty, and so tame that, in the winter, they would come every day and hop around him for the crumbs he gave them. There appeared to be a good understanding between the fireman and the birds, for they played and chirped about him with the utmost confidence and delight. It was a good lesson for the children to learn, and George especially never forgot it.

A wooden railway passed the door of the Stephensons' home at Wylam, over which coal from the pit was drawn by horses. The railway was so near the dwelling that the chief business of the older children was to keep the younger ones off the track. George was particularly interested in this method of carrying coal. It was before a locomotive was dreamed of, so that he could not have had even an inkling of a better mode of conveyance.

But the coal-pit at Wylam was exhausted when George was eight years old. His father must find another or starve. The Duke of Northumberland had opened a pit at Dewley Burn, and thither Mr. Stephenson removed to serve in the capacity of fireman. Here he occupied but one room, as in Wylam; and here George began his work-life. There was a woman in the neighbourhood who kept several cows, and had the privilege of feeding them along the roadways; and she wanted a boy to watch them. George was eager for the service, and he was engaged "at twopence a day." He was delighted with his prospects, and looked after the cows faithfully, though he had considerable spare time. He found a playmate in Tom Thirlwall, and together they found much sport in a play that, no doubt, was of considerable service to George in his manhood. It was making clay-engines. There was a bog on the farm, which furnished ample material for the business. It was George's idea, for he had studied his father's engine, and began to anticipate the time when he could run one just like his father's. In the meantime, clay-engines would gratify his curiosity as well as his ingenuity; and he succeeded well in modelling them, using hemlock sticks for steam-pipes. He relieved

the monotony of this work by making and running water-wheels in a small stream that emptied into the bog; and, also, by manufacturing whistles "out of reeds and scrannel straws." Evidently George possessed a mechanical turn of mind, that asserted itself in this boyish way, as it did later on in a manly way.

After a little, George was promoted to leading the horse for the ploughman, and hoeing potatoes and turnips in the garden "at fourpence a day." For a boy of his age, and so small of his age, he was accounted smart and enterprising, and fourpence per day was good wages for a child like him. But George's heart was set on an engine—he wanted to do something on his father's engine. Soon he was favoured with an opportunity. A "picker" was wanted "to clear the coal of stones, bats, and dross." Here he was paid sixpence a day; and when, soon after, he drove the gin-horse, his wages were raised to eightpence per day. He was pleased with his situation, and more pleased still, a few months afterwards, when he was hired to run a gin at Black Callerton, two miles away. He walked thither in the morning, returning at night; "quick-witted, full of fun and tricks," as the neighbours said.

We said that his father was on the best of terms with birds and other animals, so that they sought his companionship. The same was true of George, and the fact became well known while he worked at the Black Callerton Colliery. Blackbirds abounded in that region, and George tamed nests of young ones, so that they would fly in and out of his father's house, not manifesting the least fear or shyness. One blackbird became so domesticated that he flew into the house every night, and roosted "upon the bed-head." He

would go away during spring and summer to pair and rear the young, but would return to spend the winter with George; and he continued to do this for several years, perhaps until his decease. A pair of rabbits, also, were among the boy's treasures. They appeared to be strongly attached to their young owner, and he to them. Their offspring multiplied rapidly, and a trifle was occasionally added to George's bank account by the sale of one. These things are of little account except as revelations of the boy; as such the reader will scarcely fail to recall them when he comes to read of George's manhood.

The next advance was when George became his father's assistant in firing the engine. Nothing could suit him better; now he could become as familiar with the engine as he desired. Yet, he was so small that he feared the proprietor would not approve of his father's selection; and so, whenever he saw the proprietor coming, he would run away and hide. But his fears were groundless. He succeeded so well that the owner himself appointed him assistant to his father, when he was fourteen years of age, "at a shilling a day." From this promotion may be dated George Stephenson's success.

Another removal awaited the family. The coal-pit at Dewley Burn was exhausted, and Robert Stephenson removed his family to Jolly's Close, a few miles distant, where his employer had another mine. Here, too, the family lived in one room—the only room in the dwelling. The father and mother, four sons and two daughters, lived and slept in "three low-poled beds." The four boys were earning money at this time, and the united earnings of father and sons amounted to thirty-five or forty shillings a week,

enough to enable them to occupy a better dwelling. But there was no other tenement for them—they were obliged to accept what they could get.

Next, George was employed as fireman at Mid Mill at one shilling a day. He was a temperate, reliable, hard-working boy, desirous of becoming an expert in the management of an engine. He aspired to become an engineman, with a man's pay. Nor did he have to wait long; for his employer sent him to Throckley Bridge, where he was paid twelve shillings a week. This was a large pay for a boy of seventeen years, and he earned the promotion by fidelity to and aptitude for the business. On receiving his first week's pay of twelve shillings, he remarked to some of his fellow-workmen, "I am now a made man for life!"

George's father went to Water Row, not far distant, where a new pit had been sunk, to continue his occupation as fireman; and George was appointed engineman at the same place. The height of his ambition was now reached; he was further advanced than his father. Engineman, or plugman as it was sometimes called, was a higher grade than fireman: there more responsibility was assumed, and more knowledge, judgment, and tact were required. The whole care of the engine rested with him, and whether it ran well or ill depended upon the condition in which he kept the machine. This was what George liked, for he meant to do his work well, and to understand it thoroughly. His mechanical ability was developing rapidly, because he did the best he could.

One of his methods of perfecting himself in the work of an engineman was to take the engine to pieces, when it was not running, clean it thoroughly, and put it together again. In this way he came to

understand the machine as well as the man who made it; and he became an enthusiast over its quiet but successful operation. He was told that the most wonderful engines ever known were made by Watt and Boulton, and that a description of them might be found in books. But George could not read a syllable; he did not even know the alphabet, although he was eighteen years of age. Some of the workmen could read, and they were importuned to read the newspapers that occasionally came into the village to the class who could not read. No listener was more attentive than George. At that time Napoleon was invading Italy, and stirring up Europe generally, and the newspapers were full of tidings from the seat of war. These were thrilling tales to George, who listened to them with surprise and wonder. How much he wished that he could read, so that he could have access to these sources of knowledge! How much he desired to read about the engines invented by Watt and Boulton! He could think of nothing more desirable than that.

Robert Cowens had opened a night-school at Walbottle, not far off. The school was opened for the sons of colliers and other labourers in the vicinity, the charge being threepence per week. Cowens was not much of a teacher, but better than none—at least for such an inquiring young fellow as George. He attended this school three evenings a week to learn to read, write, and spell. And he learned to do them all well. On his nineteenth birthday he could read and spell quite well, and write his own name. But George was not satisfied; he wanted to study arithmetic, and Mr. Cowens could not teach that. Andrew Robertson, a bright Scotsman, had opened a school

at Newburn, near by, and he could teach arithmetic. George resolved to attend Robertson's school, where he distinguished himself for his ready acquisition of the science of numbers. He outstripped all the scholars in school. He was so fascinated by the study that he requested his teacher every night to write down problems upon his slate that he might solve them at odd moments during the day when watching his engine. In this way his progress was so remarkable that his instructor was surprised, and prophesied great things of him in future. About this time George learned the "art of breaking an engine," which belonged to the highest department of colliery labour, and received the highest compensation. As he was determined to become master of the whole business, he lost no time in learning this branch of the work; then he could manipulate an engine with the ease and satisfaction of an expert.

George was now twenty years old, a capable young man who could turn his hand to other work if necessary, and do it well. For two or three years he had earned a little money by mending shoes, and finally by making them, out of working hours. He had earned and laid by a guinea in this way—the first guinea he ever owned, and he said that he should keep it for a nest egg. He had learned to read, so that he found a new source of information, although he had access to few such books as he needed until several years later. Still, learning to read was a new era in his life, and it introduced him to an opportunity that proved of great value to him. He was not precocious, but steady, upright, reliable, and a hard worker. Many colliers spent their money on drink, and let their wives and children suffer. It was the great

curse of coal-miners. But George was too much of a man to do anything of the kind. His money was spent on necessary things. Then, when he went to Black Callerton for service in the Dolly Pit, he had an additional reason for saving money and being a man. He had made the acquaintance of Fanny Henderson, a girl about his own age, and his heart was captured by her noble qualities. He fully persuaded himself that to be married and have a home of his own was the most sensible thing he could do, and he would work hard and save money that he might set up housekeeping. His good sense never showed itself to better advantage than when he came to this wise conclusion.

Less than a year later he married, and began housekeeping at Willington Quay, where he was working at the time. He had money enough to furnish a tenement in a humble way, and on November 28, 1802, when he was twenty-one years old, he was married in Newburn Church, and took his bride at once to their home. Both possessed common sense and a desire to count for something in the community, and on that a good structure can always be built. It was a good foundation.

But it was not all smooth sailing for George. One night he came home from his work and found his cottage completely soaked with water, and his furniture covered with soot. His tenement was in a bad plight. It seems that the chimney took fire in the afternoon, and the neighbours ran in great excitement to save the dwelling. Without stopping to think of the consequences, one neighbour mounted the roof and poured water down the chimney, pailful after pailful as it was handed up, until the floor was flooded with

water and soot. It was a sorry-looking dwelling to the young husband when he returned home; but he accepted the experience philosophically, applied himself at once to the task of renovation, and before he retired to rest the house was cleaned and put into good order. George owned a clock, and the water had stopped it, and the soot completely covered it. The neighbours said that the clock was spoiled, or, at least, the clock-repairer only could put it in order. But George thought otherwise. He could take his engine to pieces, clean it, and put it together again—why could he not do the same with the clock? He could. The clock was taken to pieces, cleaned thoroughly, put together again, and it kept time as well as ever. On the whole, this unpleasant experience proved a blessing, for it opened a new business for him—that of repairing clocks and watches for the neighbourhood. He could do this when not engaged with his engine; and he said, years afterwards, that he earned enough in that way to pay the expense of placing his son in a private school and keeping him there.

Two years after his marriage he removed to Killingworth, where the most extensive collieries in the country were located. Here he experienced a terrible sorrow—the death of his wife. The bereavement overwhelmed him; he was wellnigh inconsolable for a time. His wedded life had been a happy one, and a son, one year old at the time of the mother's death, added fresh joy to his home. But he soon rallied from the stunning blow, and wished to live for his boy. Two or three months later, a manufacturing company in Montrose, Scotland, applied for his services. They wanted him to take charge of a Watts-and-Boulton engine; the very thing George was glad

to do, because he could become familiar with an engine about which he had heard so much. He accepted the position; walked all the way to Scotland on foot, with his kit on his back, and remained there a year. A strong desire to see his little son, whom he had left in the care of a worthy neighbour in Killingworth, and also to see his parents, led him to resign his position. He had laid by twenty-eight pounds, and with them in his pocket walked back to Killingworth. He found his father had become blind through an accident at the colliery, and was both poor and in debt. The first thing that George did was to pay his father's debts, and see him comfortably settled in a small tenement that he leased. This absorbed fifteen of the twenty-eight pounds he brought from Scotland.

His return revived the old memories of his home life when his beloved wife made it bright for him, and he became lonelier and sadder than ever. The times were very hard, for the country was engaged in war, and the price of all articles of consumption was extremely high, while wages were low. Besides, a large number of men were drafted for the army, and, unfortunately, George was one of the number; he must go, or provide a substitute. He decided to do the latter, because now his parents and his son were wholly dependent upon himself for support. When he had paid for his substitute, the last pound of the twenty-eight brought from Scotland was exhausted. A young man could scarcely have been placed in more trying circumstances. For the first time in his life he yielded to depression. Many years thereafter he said to an old friend, referring to that sad experience: "You know the road from my house at the West Moor to Killing-

worth. I remember when I went along that road I wept bitterly, for I knew not where my lot would be cast."

But the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and George found it so. With two other brakesmen he took a job at West Moor Pit, and the earnings were divided equally between them. Each day, after his labour was done, he repaired clocks, watches, and shoes, and also made shoes for neighbours and lasts for shoemakers. He even cut out the pitmen's clothes for their wives to make up. Never was there a person more economical of his time than George was at West Moor Pit. At no time did he ever make more decided progress than he did here. He introduced improvements that lessened the expense of running the engine, and he learned more and more of the possibilities of the engine from month to month. Although neither employers nor workmen conceded to him his real capabilities, he was the best engineer in the vicinity, as the following fact proves:—

A Newcomen engine, originally made by Smeaton, was set up near by, and it would not work. Different engineers were called in to discover the cause, but no one could tell what the trouble was. At length George went to see it. He looked it over carefully, and thought he saw the reason of its failure. On leaving the place he remarked to one of the workmen, "It is plain to me what the matter is." "Do you think you could make it work?" "I am quite sure of it," George replied as he hastened home. The workman reported what George had said to one of the owners. The latter lost no time in seeing George. "I understand that you think you can make the engine work," said the proprietor. "Yes, I think

I can," was George's answer. "In a week's time I could put it right so that men could be sent to the bottom." "Well," added the proprietor, "the engineers hereabouts are all beat, and if you accomplish what they cannot do, you may depend upon it I will make you a man for life." George accepted the challenge, and in less than a week the engine was in working order, and the owner paid him ten pounds, and appointed him engineer to take charge of it.

His fame as an engineer was established from this time. No matter what the trouble was with a machine, it was supposed that George Stephenson could repair it; and he was sent for by parties here and there to restore their disabled engines to a working condition. The fact was, George had been studying the engine from his boyhood, and he had thought more upon the subject than all the men in Killingworth, though he had not proclaimed the fact abroad. His actual knowledge had not been really tested before.

Now he gave more attention to self-improvement. He spent many evenings with John Wigham, who was a good mathematician, in studying arithmetic. Before he left each evening, Wigham would cover his slate with problems for him to solve in leisure moments during the day. Whenever he found that he could not meet Wigham in the evening, he would send his slate to him by some one of the workmen for correction of the problems.

That young Stephenson was animated by a noble purpose at the time, and possessed sharp observation and marked decision, is evident from an incident related of him by his employer, Ralph Dodds. The latter had invited him to take a glass of ale with him at

the public-house in the village. It was not usual for an employer to invite an employee to accompany him to a public place for a drink; but George was an exceptional workman, more of a man than those about him. It was quite an honour to receive such an invitation from his master, and he accepted it the first time tendered. But George was disturbed about the act after it was done, and yet he accepted the next invitation to repeat it; but on reaching the door of the public-house, George stopped, and said, "No, sir, you must excuse me this time; I have formed a resolution to drink no more at this time of day;" and he went back. The incident furnishes a key to his character. He stood almost alone in observing the evil effects of drink. Everybody drank beer. It was thought that workmen could not do their best without it. And George formed his opinion all by himself, without the aid of a lecturer, temperance tract, or associate. His desire to be somebody, and to stand for the right and true manliness, are clearly manifest in the act. The future of his career will confirm this view of the case.

His thought seemed to dwell upon inventions much of the time; and he was frequently bringing out something that was of service to the working class. His biographer says:—

"He won the women's admiration by connecting their cradles with the smoke-jack, and making them self-acting! Then he astonished the pitmen by attaching an alarm to the clock of the watchman whose duty it was to call them betimes in the morning. The cottage of Stephenson was a sort of curiosity shop of models, engines, self-acting planes, and perpetual-motion machines—which last contrivance, however,

baffled him as effectually as it had done hundreds of preceding inventors. He also contrived a wonderful lamp which burned under water, with which he was afterwards wont to amuse the Brandling family at Gosforth—going into the fish-pond at night, lamp in hand, and attracting and catching the fish which rushed wildly towards the subaqueous flame."

At one time he had a contest with John Morrison, a joiner, to see which could make the best shoe-last. When Stephenson completed his, he carried it to the Morrisons in Newcastle, "and got them to put their stamp upon it." Stephenson won; and it is a singular coincidence that while he became "the inventor of the safety-lamp and the originator of the railway system, John Morrison became the translator of the Scriptures into the Chinese language." The latter was the missionary who proposed to go to China, single-handed and alone; to whom a sneering unbeliever said, "And so you, Mr. Morrison, expect to convert the great Chinese empire by your unaided efforts?" Morrison replied, "No; but I expect that God will." The two men must have had some noble qualities in common to win so grandly—such as industry, lofty aim, perseverance, and faith.

In 1812, Stephenson was appointed overseer of the colliery at Killingworth, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year, so that he was no longer one of the working class. This promotion gave him better opportunities for the study of mechanics. Already his thoughts had been busy about the invention of a locomotive to be run by steam. There had been quite a number of attempts made in this direction by several parties, and he had examined one or two of the machines. But none of them worked, and Stephen-

son thought he had discovered the reason. One Sir Thomas Liddell had closely watched his inventive genius, and had formed a high opinion of his promise, so that he encouraged him to continue his improvements.

About a year after he took charge of the colliery he opened the subject of a locomotive to Lord Ravensworth, who was the principal partner of the Killingworth Company. The noble lord had already formed a high opinion of Stephenson's mechanical ability, so that he was prepared to listen to almost any proposition. After discussing the matter thoroughly, and learning exactly what Stephenson's plans were, he authorized him to go forward and construct a locomotive according to his ideal. Lord Ravensworth agreed to pay the bills. Mr. Stephenson, at a public meeting in Newcastle several years after his locomotive had proved a success, referred to the transaction with Lord Ravensworth as follows:—

"The first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes, Lord Ravensworth and partners were the first to entrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made thirty-two years ago, and we called it 'My Lord.' I said to my friends there was no limit to the speed of such an engine if the works could be made to stand it."

After meeting with many disappointments, and overcoming difficulties that would have disheartened most men, his locomotive was completed, and on July 25, 1814, it was tested on the Killingworth railway. It did not operate quite so successfully as the inventor expected. It would draw a heavy load, but its speed was no faster than that of horses; and, on estimating

the expense of running, it was found to cost about as much as horse-power.

Stephenson was disappointed, but not disheartened. The partial failure of his machine paved the way to success. He studied the thing until he learned why it failed. Having the patience of Job and the resolution of an Arctic explorer, he went to work upon another locomotive, which was completed and tested in 1815. It was a decided improvement upon the first one, but needed changes. It contained the principles of the best locomotive constructed since, and was the type of the locomotive of our day, so that to Stephenson is awarded the credit of being inventor of the locomotive. He continued to improve it from time to time, being determined to make it a complete success.

At that time railways were confined to the colliery districts, and it was not supposed that they could be used successfully for public travel. But Stephenson continued to improve his locomotive, and he turned his attention also to the railway track required. If his machine should ever appear at its best, it would be on a track very much improved.

But something higher and better was in store for Stephenson. A company had secured an Act for the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and he received the appointment of engineer. The completion of the railway is the best proof of his engineering ability. It was accomplished under stupendous difficulties, but the end was satisfactory to all. While he was rejoicing over the completion of the work, he said to two young men with whom he was talking:—

"Now lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long,

when railways will come to supersede almost all other modes of conveyance in this country, when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working-man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered, but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth."

His prophecy about future railways was greeted with incredulous smiles, and even ridicule, but he lived to see his locomotive universally indorsed, and the beginning of the great railway system of our day entered upon.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened to traffic on the 27th day of September 1825. A great crowd assembled, some in hostility to the project, some to see it "play out," and a few to witness its triumph. The mass of the people had no faith in its success. One man—Stephenson—knew that it would succeed. Possibly he was the only man of the multitude whose faith was complete. His biographer describes the scene as very exciting, thus:—

"The opening was auspicious. The proceedings commenced at Brusselton incline, about nine miles above Darlington, when the fixed engine drew a train of loaded wagons up the incline from the west, and lowered them on the east side. At the foot of the

incline a locomotive was in readiness to receive them, *Mr. Stephenson himself driving the engine.* The train consisted of the engine and tender; six wagons loaded with coals and flour; after these were the passenger coach, filled with the directors and their friends, and twenty-one wagons fitted up with temporary seats for passengers; and lastly came six wagon-loads of coals intended to leave the procession at Darlington Branch, making in all thirty-six vehicles. The local chronicler of the day went almost out of breath in describing the extraordinary event: 'The signal being given, the engine started off with the immense train of carriages; and such was its velocity that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour, and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be four hundred and fifty, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to ninety tons. The engine with its load arrived at Darlington Branch, a distance of 8¾ miles, in sixty-five minutes. The six wagons loaded with coals intended for Darlington were then left behind, and obtaining a fresh supply of water, and the procession rearranged to accommodate a band of music and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived in Stockton in three hours and seven minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly twelve miles.' By the time the train reached Stockton there were about six hundred persons in the train or hanging on to the wagons, which must have gone at a safe and steady pace of from four to six miles an hour from Darlington Branch. 'The arrival at Stockton,' it is added, 'excited a deep interest and admiration.'"

The experiment was so satisfactory that the com-

pany directed Mr. Stephenson to build a railway coach, thus fulfilling the inventor's prophecy almost as soon as spoken. This was the first railway coach ever built, and Mr. Stephenson indicated by the name he gave it—"Experiment"—that it would need considerable improvements.

Immediately followed the project of building a railway between Liverpool and Manchester, and Stephenson was called to conduct its construction. The company applied to the House of Commons for a charter, and Mr. Stephenson appeared before a committee of that body to explain their purpose. He told the committee that he could build a road over which trains would run at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This claim appeared to awaken the disgust of members of the committee, so much so as to jeopardize the enterprise; for the company's lawyer said to him, "Unless you moderate your views, and bring your running time to reasonable speed, you will jeopardize the whole thing, and be yourself regarded as a maniac fit for Bedlam." There were few people even then who accepted Mr. Stephenson's prophecies as uttered to private citizens. He said to parties that the day was coming when "an engine would be seen flying across the country, with more than a hundred people in its train, at a far greater speed than either the fleetest horses or dogs could run." Scarcely any one believed a statement like this, showing that Stephenson was the wisest and most sagacious man of his time. Twenty years afterwards, at a public meeting in Manchester, he said: "I remember the time when I had very few supporters in bringing out the railway system—when I sought England over for an engineer

to support me in my evidence before Parliament, and could find only one man, James Walker; but was afraid to call that gentleman, because he knew nothing about railways. I had no one then to tell my tale to but Mr. Sanders of Liverpool, who listened to me, and kept my spirits up; and my schemes were carried at length by dint of sheer perseverance."

While Stephenson was building his first locomotive, he resolved to invent a safety-lamp to be used in the coal-mines. There were frequent explosions of fire-damp, attended with considerable loss of life. One day he was startled by a message from the colliery that the deepest main was on fire. He ran quickly to the pit mouth, toward which the women and children were already running in the wildest excitement. At once he directed the engineman to lower him down the shaft in the corve. "There was danger, it might be death, before him, but he must go. As those about the pit mouth saw him descend rapidly out of sight, and heard from the gloomy depths of the shaft the mingled cries of despair and agony rising from the workpeople below, they gazed on the heroic man with breathless amazement." Within a few moments he was at the bottom with the terrified men. "Leaping from the corve on its touching the ground, he called out, 'Stand back! Are there six men among you who have courage enough to follow me? If so, come, and we will put the fire out.' Inspired by such daring, six workmen volunteered, and the fire was extinguished, but not until several lives were lost. On searching for the dead bodies subsequently, one of the workmen said to Stephenson, 'Can nothing be done to prevent such awful occurrences?' Stephenson answered, 'Yes, I have been thinking of that;

and something must be done.' 'Then,' retorted the workman, 'the sooner you start the better; for the price of coal-mining now is pitmen's lives.'"

His safety-lamp was soon constructed. "But suppose it don't work?" said one. "An explosion, of course," replied Stephenson; "but it will work." He had entire confidence in the lamp. But he had to proceed alone into the thickest fire-damp, the only place to test it; not one of the men dared to go with him. His biographer says, "Stephenson advancing alone, with his yet untried lamp, in the depths of those underground workings—calmly venturing his own life in the determination to discover a mode by which the lives of men might be saved and death disarmed in these fatal caverns—presented an example of intrepid nerve and manly courage, more noble even than that which, in the excitement of battle and the collective impetuosity of a charge, carries a man up to the cannon's mouth."

It was this courage which carried him through so many trials and hardships from his boyhood. In extinguishing the fire-damp, and testing his lamp, it was seen in a different environment. A grand quality to be found with the other noble traits that made him a public benefactor! It is sufficient to add that his safety-lamp was a perfect success, and added much to his fame.

In 1824, Mr. Stephenson started locomotive works in Newcastle, his son, Robert Stephenson, who had been educated in the best schools for such a position, being made superintendent. The demand for his locomotives was large, and in time they found their way into almost every country, and gave universal satisfaction. Engines sent to the United States in

1832 were in use in 1860, showing that good material and good work were two things which Stephenson would have at any cost. It was at these Newcastle works that he built the famous "Rocket."

He had become a distinguished man by this time. The best engineers in the country sought his advice when perplexed. Leading public men invited him to their homes. Members of Parliament called upon him. Strangers from abroad made his acquaintance. Scientific and mechanical societies made him an honorary member. He was invited to speak at public meetings, where well-known orators spoke also. On one of these occasions he was asked to follow Dr. Buckland with a speech. He responded as follows:—

"I blush to follow brilliant speakers, for I stand before you as a humble mechanic. I commenced my career on a lower level than any man present here. I say this to encourage young mechanics to do as I did—TO PERSEVERE. The humblest among you occupies a much more advantageous position than I did on commencing a life of labour. You have teachers [he was addressing the young men of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute] who have left their great discoveries as a legacy and a guide; and their works are now accessible to all members of such an institution as this. But I remember the time when there were none to guide and instruct the young mechanic. With free access to scientific books, I know, from my own experience, that you can be saved much unnecessary toil and expenditure of mental capital...... All my life through I have keenly felt the want of an education. I set out in life without much learning—nay, I might say, without any at all. Now, without education of some sort, it is scarcely possible

for a man to succeed in any undertaking. But with a sound and comprehensive education, many a humble mechanic may attain to the rank of civil engineer. PERSEVERANCE is one of the principal qualifications requisite on the part of any young man who enters that profession. The civil engineer has many difficulties to contend with; and if he wishes to rise to the higher grades of that, or indeed of any other profession, he must never see any difficulties before him. Obstacles may appear to be difficulties; but the engineer must be prepared to throw them overboard, or to conquer them."

Young men frequently called upon him for advice about a chosen occupation, or something of that kind. Some of them were marked examples of honesty, enterprise, and force of character. He delighted to serve this class in any way possible. An ingenious young mechanic from London called upon him with a steam-gauge of his own invention when Mr. Stephenson was unusally busy, and scarcely knew how to give him a single moment of his time; but he ceased his work, examined the new invention, and pronounced it excellent. The young man was delighted to receive the indorsement of so distinguished an engineer, and so expressed himself. On concluding his visit, he said, "Before I leave, will you be pleased to tell me your charge?" "Charge!" exclaimed Stephenson. "Oh, nonsense, I make no charge; but I'll tell you what you must do. Send your instrument down to my works and I will attach it to one of my boilers and prove it. I will do more. I will put it in the papers for you, and invite the public to come and examine it at work, and afterwards purchase it myself if it answers, as I expect

it will." He did for the young man just what he promised. As the steam-gauge was a great success, he so advertised, and thus gave it a good start. He saw enterprise and aspiration in the young man, coupled with fidelity and worth, and he did for him all that he could. But it was not so with the opposite class of young men. One of these called upon him one day, and said that he wanted to become an engineer, and came to Mr. Stephenson for that purpose. He flourished a gold-headed cane, and in other respects appeared foppish. "Put by that stick, my man, and then I will speak to you," said Stephenson. To another, who was still more of a fop, he said, "You will excuse me, I trust; I am a plain-spoken person, and am sorry to see a nice-looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I could not have been where I am." To him a gold-headed cane in the hand of a youth, or too much attention to fashionable apparel, was the sure precursor of failure.

His views about patents were very much like those of Dr. Benjamin Franklin—that useful inventions should not be patented, but given to the public. He invented a self-acting brake when he was engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. At the time he was President of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, and he presented to that body a fine model of it, accompanied with a paper on it. The members advised him to take out a patent, to which he made the following characteristic reply: "Any effectual plan for increasing the safety of railway travelling is, in my mind, of such vital

importance, that I prefer laying my scheme open to the world to taking out a patent for it; and it will be a source of great pleasure to me to know that it has been the means of saving even one human life from destruction, or that it has prevented one serious concussion."

A few months before Mr. Stephenson died, Ralph Waldo Emerson visited England. Mr. Emerson had a strong desire to see Mr. Stephenson, and the latter to see Mr. Emerson; and a meeting of the two was arranged. Both were highly pleased with the interview; and Emerson said, "It was worth crossing the Atlantic to have seen Stephenson alone; he had such native force of character and vigour of intellect." These two men were different in all respects but one; and in that single exception we discover an element of their success—namely, they both did the best they could, and so both became renowned. Each triumphed in his own pursuit, and therefore they had an affinity for each other. Hence the mutual satisfaction in their meeting.

Mr. Stephenson died on the 12th day of August 1848. Two weeks before, he attended a meeting of the Birmingham Institute and read a paper "On the Fallacies of the Rotatory Engine." He had not been very well for some time, but felt himself abundantly able to read his paper. Soon after he returned home he was attacked with intermittent fever, from which, after a short time, he seemed to be recovering. Hemorrhage of the lungs, however, occurred, and carried him off.

His funeral was attended by a large number of working people, who sincerely mourned his death, and by the authorities of the town, and public men from

other municipalities. Business of all kinds was suspended in honour of the deceased, and the whole service of that day told that a great and good man was gone.

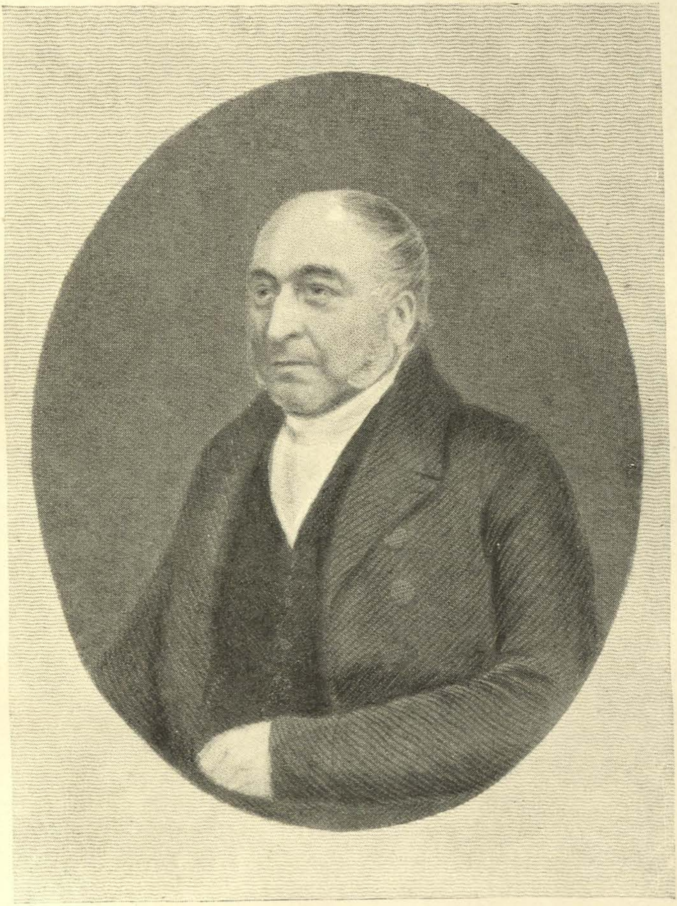
Tidings of his death spread far and wide, for his name was known over both continents. Public bodies passed fitting tributes to his memory, and statues to his honour soon appeared in many places. The humble engineer won a niche among the worthies of the land. He had been a true and useful man, and the world realized its indebtedness to him. Said one, "No mere pecuniary interest could have led George Stephenson to persevere in his onward course from boyhood, when he toiled as a slave to the great steam-engine of the mine, up to the period when he had forced his way through all difficulties, natural and artificial, of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. No mere calculation of percentages and dividends wrought this work. It was the high, heroic soul, the strong English spirit, the magnificent will, the indomitable energy, that accomplished this world-enduring labour."

Samuel Budgett.

MERCHANT.

WE have born traders as we have born poets and orators. Such men traffic as naturally as young Watts, who pleaded in rhyme with his father for leniency when the latter was whipping him for making poetry. All the other gifts of nature appear to rally about the leading one to keep it at the front. This was eminently true of Samuel Budgett, the great English merchant. He was born at Wrington, Somerset, July 27, 1794. Soon after his birth his father removed to Backwell; and when the boy was five years old, he settled in Nailsea. His frequent removals were not because he was "a rolling stone that gathers no moss," but he was poor, and was seeking a place where he might feed and clothe his growing family. Nailsea did not prove to be the fortunate place, so in 1801, when Samuel was seven years old, another removal brought the family to Kingswood. Here Mr. Budgett opened a shop on a small scale.

Samuel was a bright, smart boy, but very nervous and sensitive. His earliest recollection was that of a Mr. Taylor calling upon his father to ask if Samuel might become one of his pupils. He was a stern, brusque sort of a man, and Samuel inferred from his appearance that he would be a master who would rule



SAMUEL BUDGETT

"with a word and a blow." He was so frightened at the thought of coming under the control of such a tyrant that his parents noticed his perturbation and declined to accept the teacher's proposition. The result relieved him of further alarm.

The second event of his boyhood that he could recall was recorded by himself, many years thereafter, as follows:—

"I remember a remarkable dream of my father's. After having lost a black mare for some weeks, supposing it to have been stolen, he had given up all search for it; and when he awoke one morning, he said, 'Betsy, I have dreamed that I found the mare at Kingston Seamore, grazing on the moors; and the dream is *so* distinct, I'll go and see.' He soon obtained a horse, and rode off. My mother having told us of it, we were in full expectation towards evening of my father's return; and a little before dusk, as we were all looking out, big with expectation and hope, the gate flew open, and in rode my father on the horse with which he left home in the morning, and leading the black mare in his right hand, with his pocket-handkerchief filled with a quantity of crabs and other live fish which he brought home for our amusement. The delight and glee which we all felt on his arrival, at his success, and on beholding for the first time animals of this kind crawling on the large stones before the door, may more easily be conceived than described, and left an impression which will *never* be effaced, as one of the most wonderful events that could happen; particularly as during the loss of the horse the children participated in the feelings of the parents, supposing we were wellnigh ruined."

The incident illustrates a trait of character for

which Samuel was noted in adult life. That a boy of five years should comprehend the situation of the family in consequence of losing the horse, as Samuel did, shows that he was a thoughtful, affectionate child, whose filial devotion and obedience in later years would be conspicuous.

Samuel's mother was his father's second wife, and she was much younger than he. There were older children by the first wife; but they were a united family, and harmony reigned in their home. Both father and mother were Christians, and they tried to rear their family in the fear of God. Samuel could not remember when they began to tell him about God, it was so early in his childhood. His mother especially was a devout and sincere Christian. The following fact, which was related of him by a friend, sets forth the Christian worth of his mother in its true light:—

"He was about nine years of age when, one day in passing his mother's door, he heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family, and for himself by name. He thought, 'My mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation!' In that hour he became decided to serve God, and the impression then made was never effaced."

The sequel will show that the change wrought in his young life at that early age was radical. There was never any doubt cast by future events upon his conversion. Although a mere child, he began a Christian life, and maintained it until he died.

His early school advantages were very limited. One would infer that his school-days were time thrown away, judging from his own description of his schools. He wrote in later life:—

"At this time we went to school to a Mrs. Stone, at the Yew Tree, whose usual mode of punishment was to put us in the corner with her husband's long, speckled, worsted stocking drawn over our heads, for either a longer or shorter time, and with the foot hanging over our faces. This degradation I had twice to submit to, once for picking up an apple from under the tree, and the other time for washing my face in her pan of clean water."

We have no clue to her method of teaching. If her discipline was a sample of her method of instruction, her pupils must have fared poorly. But afterwards he attended another school, of which he spoke thus:—

"I was then placed at school with an old woman who spun worsted, and the only good I ever remember receiving was a tremendous belief in and dread of ghosts and hobgoblins. In order to keep the children quiet, she would tell us the most terrific stories of apparitions, as she walked to and fro by her spinning-wheel, such as the following: 'A man, once chopping wood at a place called Goodheavers, by accident chopped his bowels out. The hatchet became so fixed in the block that it could never afterwards be removed; and this man's ghost ever afterwards haunted the place, and frequently, when many persons were present, would make his appearance, put his finger into the fire, and light his pipe with it. After annoying the people for some time, he would descend into the coal-pit. He was twice laid, but still made his appearance and terrified those who attended the pit; when a number of good men met together, and laid him in the Red Sea, and she was not aware whether he had since made his appearance or not.'

This is just to show the kind of tuition in that temple of literature."

Upon a nature so sensitive as Samuel's such stories could work only evil, and he carried the effect of them for many years. It is quite evident that his intellect was no more improved in this school than his heart. At home, under the influence of a Christian mother having common sense, and a loving interest in the highest good of her children, Samuel would have been much better off. Subsequently, however, he was sent away to school for a time, where he made considerable progress. That his instruction even here was not thorough is evident from the fact that, on applying for a boy's position in a shop, the proprietor asked him to solve this problem, What will 86 lbs. of bacon bring at 9½d. per lb.? and he was not able to solve it. But from that time he went to work with a will, in leisure hours, to improve his mind. Being a boy who would learn something from every experience, he received one of the best lessons of his life from this failure to solve a simple problem in multiplication. From that time until his death, he became deeply interested in self-improvement, and allowed no time to run to waste that he could use for the acquisition of knowledge.

At Kingswood, Whitefield and Wesley, the most noted preachers of their time, were occasional visitors, and their preaching did much for the community. Samuel was a charmed listener, and there can be no doubt that the high aims of his Christian life later on were traceable to the touching and eloquent appeals of those preachers. And here we will record an incident that seems to prove the genuineness of his conversion, as it certainly brings out an ele-

ment of religious trust that permeated his whole career.

His mother was taken sick, and the physician was called to her. He pronounced her to be in a very critical condition, and her recovery doubtful. Between three and four o'clock on the following morning Mrs. Budgett grew worse, and her husband awoke Samuel to go for the doctor as quickly as possible. While the boy was dressing himself, with a sad heart, thinking that his mother might not live, his father saddled the horse, and had him ready for Samuel to mount. "Go as fast as you can ride," said his father in great distress; "tell the doctor to come at once, for she is dreadfully sick."

The physician was three miles away, at Mells, and the way thither was extremely lonely. Besides, it was in the winter, three hours before sunrise—dark, cold, and dismal. It was quite an adventure for a little boy like him; but he mounted the horse and started off upon the gallop, thinking only of his mother, whom he loved as he did his own life. He called up the doctor, delivered his message, and was soon on his return. His mind was sorely agitated over the probable death of his mother as he rode along through the dawn of morning. Just when his heart was most distressed, a little bird began to sing in cheerful notes, and he at once interpreted it as an assurance that God would grant the answer to his prayers for the recovery of his mother. "My heart was filled with gratitude," he wrote many years thereafter, "and from that time I never doubted her recovery; and I went home exclaiming, 'Sister Betsy, mother will get well!' 'What makes you think so?' 'Oh, I know it because God has heard my prayers,

and will answer them; and I have not had a doubt of it since I came by Mells Park this morning.'" His mother was restored.

When Samuel was ten years old, his father removed to Coleford, leaving his eldest brother in charge of the shop at Kingswood. He was sent to Mr. Milk's school at Kilmersdon soon after going to Coleford; and it was on his way to this school one morning that he came into possession of the first penny he ever had. He picked up a horse-shoe on his way that some horse had dropped, and carried it along with him, reflecting upon the disposal of it. Passing a blacksmith's shop, the thought arose whether he might not sell it for something. Into the shop he went, and asked the smith if he did not want to buy a horse-shoe, exposing the same to his notice. The jolly blacksmith congratulated him upon his "good luck," and offered him a penny for the shoe. Samuel was glad enough to get a penny for it, and so accepted the offer. On handing him the penny, the blacksmith said, "Now, my boy, if you will keep that penny two weeks, and then will show it to me, I will give you another to put with it." The boy promised, and, at the expiration of two weeks, carried his penny to the man, and received another. "From that time," he said many years after, "I was never without money except when I gave it all away."

This episode in his young life seemed to develop his talent for trading. He began to look about for money-making opportunities, and he soon found one. His sister drew a gallon of treacle for a customer, and allowed some to overrun upon the floor. Samuel ran to his mother and said, "Mother, may I scrape up that treacle, and sell it for myself?" She consented,

and he scraped up enough to bring him three-halfpence. He found, by careful investigation, that by buying a pennyworth of marbles, and selling by the halfpennyworth, he could make two marbles. For a halfpenny he could buy only six marbles, while for a penny he got fourteen. So he learned the difference between wholesale and retail trading, and pushed quite a business in that way. He did the same with lozenges and other articles, never failing to realize his expectations.

On his way to school one day, accompanied by his brother, he overtook an old woman carrying a basket of cucumbers to market. He asked what she would take for the whole, and she promptly announced her price His brother protested against his engaging in such a speculation, but he followed his own judgment, and made the purchase. His profit on the venture was ninepence. About this time he took an account of stock, and found that he was able to purchase a copy of Wesley's hymns, though it absorbed his last penny. He loved poetry. He was familiar with Watts's "Hymns for Children," and had committed many of them to memory, and now he must have Wesley's, which were new and fresh.

He continued to trade. He bought eggs, chickens, and even a donkey, because he saw money in them. In every instance he made a little money. He shall tell his own story about the donkey.

"I was one day coming from Leigh, when about twelve years of age, and saw a man walking along with an old donkey and a young one. I asked the price of the young one. He said, two-and-sixpence. I tried to see if he would take less, but finding he would not, I got a cord, put it round its neck, paid

the two-and-sixpence, took it home, and kept it a few days, then sold it to a Mrs. Ellis for five shillings. But she said she had no money, but would pay in the course of the week; I objected to leaving it without security. But here a difficulty arose, as she had no security to offer but a pair of new stays that had just cost ten shillings. 'Oh,' said I, 'there is nothing like that, because it is easily carried.' So, on receiving them, I carried them through the village in my hand, and said, 'Mother, here's a pair of stays. I have sold the donkey; Mrs. Ellis will call and pay five shillings; be sure and not let her have the stays without the money.' The donkey, however, unfortunately died, and she wished the stays returned—without the money; but in vain, as I believed the death was occasioned by want of proper treatment; and by that I learned, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' "

One day a grocer called for the purpose of securing his mother's trade. Samuel listened to their conversation, and heard his mother say to his father, "I can see no reason why we should make a change; I can buy no cheaper of him than we are buying of Mr. D———." Samuel saw through the affair at once, and he said within himself, "If that grocer could have shown mother that it was for her interest to change grocers, she would have done it. Therefore the seller must be able to show the buyer that it is for his interest to make the purchase." Years afterwards he wrote, "I believe the practical lesson then learned has, since that, been worth to me thousands of pounds—namely, self-interest is the mainspring of human action; you have only to lay before persons, in a strong light, that what you propose is to their own interest, and you will generally accomplish your purpose."

At fourteen years of age, Samuel was apprenticed to his elder brother, who still managed the store at Kingswood. His brother was nearly thirty years of age. He was apprenticed, according to the custom of that day, until he was twenty-one. His parents were in very needy circumstances, and no one knew it better than Samuel. He desired to leave them in a more comfortable condition. So he summed up his cash account, and he found that he had thirty pounds. He had made that amount by trading; and he saw what a help it would be to his worthy parents. With the consciousness of doing a proper and noble deed, he gave the whole of it to his father and mother on leaving home.

Now, this tender act explained his character. To some observers he might have appeared as a little miser, meaning to get all he could, and to keep all he could get. But he was not a money lover; he was a trade lover. He found more pleasure in making money than he did in spending it. Rich men often say that they found more pleasure in accumulating their wealth than they do in using it. That was certainly the case with Samuel. To be able to contribute so much to his parents' comfort doubly paid him for all the planning and labour it cost him to lay by the thirty pounds. It was such an expression of filial love as leaves no doubt about the real character of the giver. A cluster of the most manly qualities must thrive under the jacket of so thoughtful a boy; we can be sure of that. He is no miser, or cheat, or schemer, or disobedient son. In that farewell gift we behold the prophecy of a manhood that will bless the world, if there be any hope in a Divine promise.

He was a handy and enterprising clerk for his brother. Having little or no desire to engage in pastimes, that appear to be a necessity to many boys, he did not shrink from work. From early morning until late at night he was busy; sometimes weary, but always pleasant and prompt. Six days in a week, month after month, he devoted himself to the work in hand, all the while appearing to be in his native element. On Sundays, he devoted himself to religious thought and worship. He allowed nothing to interfere with his Christian duties, so that his Sabbaths contributed to his moral stability and honourable dealings.

But, for some reason, his connection with his brother was broken when he was eighteen. The apprenticeship appears to have been terminated pleasantly, and Samuel planned to go to Bristol. He had heard of a merchant there who wanted a young man in his shop. But, first, he must visit his parents. His younger brother was in the employment of a party in Kingswood, and he accompanied him. It was a long, lonely walk to Coleford, where they found their parents in poorer circumstances than they expected. Their father was quite ill and infirm, so that he could provide but meagre support for the family, and the struggle with poverty was constant and trying. Gladly would Samuel have given them another thirty pounds, but he had not even a single pound to give for their comfort. But he was better satisfied than ever that his decision of a few years previous to become a merchant instead of a missionary was the proper one. The decision was made just before he was apprenticed to his brother, and once he gave the following account of it:—

"About this time I was in a great strait between two courses of life; as to whether I had better direct my attention to obtaining a qualification for going out as a missionary, or to prepare for business. On the one hand, I had a great desire to be useful in a spiritual point of view; on the other, I felt sensibly the strong claims which my family had on my efforts in a pecuniary way. One day, as I was riding along on my father's horse, so deeply was I engaged in the absorbing question that I fell into a reverie. I remember imagining, first, what advantages would be likely to accrue to the family by my diligently pursuing business; and again, I imagined myself transported to some clime as a missionary, engaged in preaching the gospel to the heathen, and almost fancied myself kneeling under the bushes and among the rocks, drawing down by faith and prayer blessings on my family; and so deeply was my mind absorbed at that instant that I entirely lost sight of where I was going, nor do I know how long I continued in that state. All I remember is, that when I awoke from the reverie I found the bridle loose from my hand on the horse's neck, and he standing under a large tree, in a lane, eating grass; and it appeared to me that I had been for a considerable time surrounded by a large concourse of people, whom I had been entreating with feelings of the deepest interest to flee from the wrath to come, and to accept of present salvation through faith in Christ. One thing is certain, I had been weeping a great deal, as the point of the saddle and the horse's shoulders were wet with my tears; and I rode home with feelings of conscious dignity and peace, such as I cannot describe; and I almost thought of giving up all idea of business and

devoting myself to a preparation for the work of the ministry. But from a fancied consciousness of my want of capacity, and my want of education or means of obtaining it, I felt a fear of mentioning my impressions to any person who might have assisted me. I thought I must plod on as I could, and get my bread and help my family."

Here is another experience which largely magnifies Samuel's character. We said that he was still better satisfied with his decision, as above, after visiting his parents. He resolved to devote himself to business with all his might, that the condition of his parents might be improved, and their last days be their best. Noble boy! A thousand times noble, as the remainder of this sketch will prove!

On his return from Coleford, he repaired immediately to Bristol, and found no difficulty in securing a situation with Mr. B——; and he boarded in his family. His employer and wife soon learned to love him for his spirit and true worth. In the shop he was prompt, industrious, cleanly in his person, accommodating, and very winning in his manners. In the house he was polite, useful, a great reader, and a circumspect, model young man. Everywhere he was conscientious and strictly upright. His biographer says of him at this time:—

"He soon became a favourite with the customers of the shop. He put so much heart into his intentions, and had, withal, such address in his mode of serving them, that many imagined they got better weight from him than any one else. Many of the good women would wait long till he was at liberty to execute their orders; and as many of the cottages have gardens attached to them, it was not uncommon

for his friends to bring him presents of apples. Here, again, his economy and his generosity came in. He would not eat the apples; they were too valuable, he thought, to waste upon himself; so they were all carefully stored, and regularly sent to a pious widowed aunt residing in Bristol."

He made great progress in business ability in Bristol, and by the time he was twenty-one he had formed plans for the future which he did not divulge to any one. His brother's business had increased largely at Kingswood, and he was desirous that Samuel should return to him with reference to a future partnership. But Mr. B—— at Bristol scarcely knew how to spare him. He had become wellnigh indispensable to his business. He was a clerk of great value and promise. The result was, however, that he engaged in business with his brother at Kingswood.

We omitted to speak of a characteristic act of his when he was in Bristol. It was during the first year of his residence there. Two of his sisters came there to engage in some kind of sewing, and Samuel was deeply concerned for them to have comfortable quarters out of working hours. He had about fifteen shillings that he had saved, and he spent it all for coal to warm their room. This was the second time that he gave away the last penny he possessed.

He made an engagement with his brother for three years, at a salary of forty, fifty, and sixty pounds respectively. At the expiration of the three years he had saved over a hundred pounds of his salary by the simplest habits and strictest economy; and he had increased the business by putting more enterprise into it. Just then his brother was in financial straits.

He had embarked in a banking speculation that had involved him in debt. Samuel came to his relief at once, and insisted that he should take his hundred pounds, and use it as far as it would go to free him from his embarrassment. Here, for the third time, he gave away the last pound of his earnings, prompted by his great love for his family. Recall a remark that he once made about his first penny for the old horse-shoe, "From that time I was never without money except when I gave it all away."

He entered into partnership with his brother, and soon after married a Miss Smith, and became, within a few years, the most important factor in the history of Kingswood. He put new life and endless labour into the growing business, and was the first to introduce the plan of driving about among customers to take orders. The idea was suggested to him by the large number of women who came to his store from a distance on donkeys at great inconvenience. His brother did not favour the plan at first, but Samuel's indomitable will executed the plan, and it proved a great success. Their business was largely increased thereby. There were small traders in the region, and he conceived the idea of selling to them the stock they carried. Here, again, his brother remonstrated; but in vain. Samuel would try the experiment any way, and at first met with rebuff. He rode to Frome and applied for orders at the chief shops of the town. Some of the small traders regarded his application as an imposition.

"A shopkeeper doing business in an out-of-the-way place like Kingswood had better not talk about selling wholesale to us," one said. "We can buy sugar, tea, and other goods as well as you can."

"Well, young man," said another; "where did you come from?"

"Kingswood."

"Kingswood, indeed! I daresay you are very zealous, but you had better go back to Kingswood and mind your shop. I daresay you can earn bread and cheese there, but you had better not try to sell us goods at Frome."

One trader ordered him out of his shop, and bade him "mind his own business." But this opposition roused his spirit, and his resolution to succeed triumphed.

He said to one, "Well, I am come here to do business, and I shall do it. If I cannot do it with you, I shall with others. I have tried the respectable shops, and you won't look at me; I shall see what they will say in the little shops which you supply, and you will see whether I can serve them to advantage or not."

This brought the trader to terms, and he ordered ten casks of butter, which Budgett wrote in his order book, and went out. He had proceeded but a few steps before the trader called to him,—

"I think I shall have five more casks of that butter."

"No," answered Budgett; "I have taken your order and crossed your threshold, and I never alter an order after it is taken." Here his independence and decision cropped out again. Gradually he won over the traders in this and other towns by showing them his prices, and passing on. He paid them monthly visits. One of his sayings was, "Gain a little at a time, and take care of what you have got."

Samuel introduced into the business several decided

improvements. "Quick sales and small profits;" "no credit, but cash on delivery;" "one price and no parleying"—these and kindred rules gave impetus to the business, and its growth was phenomenal. He was so punctual, and his word was so reliable, that patrons depended upon him as they did upon their clocks. If he went to Hereford on Monday and called on a trader at ten o'clock, in just four weeks from that time at ten o'clock the trader would expect to see him again. He would know also that the cash for the order of the previous month must be ready if he would have another order filled. "A man in small business, his neighbour, had dealt with him contrary to rule. He ordered flour at the end of twenty-eight days—the period of credit—but did not bring the amount of the former order. The flour was in the wagon, the carter on the way with it. The mistake was discovered; a messenger was dispatched with orders to give the poor man one sack of flour, bring back the rest, and henceforth cease to do business with him." This strict, independent, honest way of doing business cost him some sales at first, and made some enemies; but it finally triumphed, and was hailed far and near as the model way of conducting business.

Once he was called upon by a man who claimed to be a Wesleyan local preacher. He had a recipe for the manufacture of mock vinegar—that is, it was vinegar in appearance, but something else in fact. Mr. Budgett drew him out in detail, and found that the spurious vinegar would cost but a trifle, and that it was an imposition upon the public. "What! you want to draw me into dealing in this article? If you are determined to go to hell, why should you drag me there too? And you say that you are a local

preacher!" And he ordered him to leave the shop. He could endure malice and ingratitude, but he could not be tempted to meanness without becoming indignant.

The fame of the house spread far and wide. A branch was established in Bristol, and the volume of business doubled, trebled, and finally quadrupled. The employees numbered from five to six hundred, and the horses used in the traffic numbered about fifty. The elder Budgett learned to value Samuel's energy, tact, perseverance, and pluck, whereby he made things happen which he wanted to come to pass. When he made up his mind to do a thing, he did it. The more difficult it was to do, the more determined he seemed to do it. "Accomplish, or never attempt," was his favourite motto. In his later life he was wont to tell young men that the secret of success was "Tact, push, and principle." It certainly was in his case.

It was necessary that punctuality and order should reign in so large a mercantile house, and it was done in this way, as described by an eye-witness:—

"The time to begin work was six o'clock. By the gate hung a blackboard divided into squares; each square was numbered and contained a nail, on the nail hung a little copper plate. Each man had his number, and as he went out he took a plate with him, leaving his number exposed on the board. As he entered he placed the plate on the nail, so covering his number. The moment the bell ceased ringing the board was removed, and all whose numbers were not covered were at once set down as defaulters. He who did not appear once on that list during a year received at the end a sovereign as his reward."

It proved to be a capital method to secure both

punctuality and order. Besides, the plan interested the workmen, so that they made the most of it. His method, also, of promoting total abstinence among them was equally ingenious. It was customary for employers to provide their workers with beer-rations. Samuel Budgett considered it a very bad practice, but how to avoid it was a difficult question to settle. Finally he adopted this method:—

"Close by the number-board he placed another board laden with penny-pieces; each man as he entered in the morning took a penny, on returning from breakfast a penny, and on returning from dinner a penny; thus making three in the day, which Mr. Budgett considered a full equivalent for beer and of far greater value. If, however, the poor wight was late, he lost his penny; thus paying a fine out of what was considered his due, as well as forfeiting the reward which punctuality would secure at the year's end. At first a single lapse caused the loss of the whole sovereign; but afterwards the rule was relaxed, five shillings being deducted for one, and proportionate sums for additional faults. In the course of years the beer pence was commuted for eighteenpence per week additional wages, and then every defaulter was fined,—if a porter, a penny; and so on, in proportion to rank, with every one in the house up to the partners. The post hour was a quarter past seven; at that hour the clerks must be in their places, and one of the principals present to open the letters; if he was late, his fine was half-a-crown. With such spirit was this discipline maintained, that though many of the men chose to live in Kingswood after the business was removed to Bristol, they made their four-miles journey, and many were never late."

Mr. Budgett's plan had in view the good of his men as well as the success of his business. The advantage to many of his employees was worth more than their pay. They formed the habit of punctuality for life, and it went with them into all their duties. Many of them relinquished their beer-rations altogether, and became as earnest teetotallers as Mr. Budgett himself, thereby saving themselves and blessing their families. In this connection, too, he established a sick fund, which not only aided the sick directly, but also removed a possible hardship that might arise from his system of fines. As an illustration of his power over his men, one of his drivers came out of a beershop one day as Mr. Budgett was going by. "Why, is that you, Bill?" said the latter. "Sorry to see you come out of such a place. How are your family? Have they anything to eat?" Bill managed to say, "Not much," hanging his head for shame. Mr. Budgett pressed his questions, and found that Bill had spent sixpence on beer that day; and he went on to show him what would be the amount for a week, adding: "Now, my poor fellow, stop and think how many little things you could buy for your wife and children for three shillings. Is it kind for you to spend so much when they need food at home? Now don't make any excuse. I know that you feel you have done wrong. Don't repeat it, my dear man. You may become a drunkard if you keep on, and 'drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' Think of this, I pray you, and pray to God for help." At the close of Mr. Budgett's appeal, Bill said with much emotion, "Thank you, sir; it's very good for gentlemen such as you to talk this way to poor men like me." Bill was reclaimed.

It was a rule in his business that each employee should do his work well, or he could not retain his place. It was as necessary for his men as it was for his business that this rule should be rigidly enforced. It was in harmony with another rule of the house also, that all goods should be just what they were represented to be, and that clerks should not misrepresent them in order to close a good bargain. When a boy was introduced into the shop he was set to straightening old nails. If he straightened them well he was promoted to bag-mending; but if he did not do it well, he was dismissed. The expert nail-straightener and bag-mender rose rapidly in the concern; for it was quite sure he would excel in higher departments. Shiftlessness, laziness, deceit, and dishonesty could not be tolerated in the establishment. The men must be as thorough in telling the truth as in mending bags. Honesty was demanded as imperatively as industry.

This reference to "old nails" illustrates another virtue that was prominent in the business—economy. It might really cost more than was gained to save the old nails and straighten them; but the virtue was indispensable in business, and in the career of each employee. A true life must practise economy. This was Mr. Budgett's belief, and so it must be a rule of the business-house. He had beginners instructed in the economical use of wrapping-paper and string in doing up packages—that nothing should be destroyed which could be made useful by labour and pains. Mr. Budgett knew that the curse of many families represented in his shop was improvidence, that many a working-man was kept in the toils of poverty because he or his wife did not know

how to save. He would remedy the evil as far as possible.

Mr. Budgett was a sharp student of human nature. He was not often deceived in a man, after an interview at least. One day he was passing through the store when his attention was called to a young man in one of the departments. He stopped and scrutinized him closely for a minute, then going to the superintendent of that department, he said,—

"Where did you get that young man?" He was told.

"I would not keep him for a day."

"Why? He's a very clever young man."

"Yes, he is clever enough; but he is a rogue."

"Well, I have seen nothing wrong in him; and I never yet saw his equal behind the counter."

"Very well; he is nevertheless a rogue, and you will find it out, too."

Within a short time the young man was detected stealing money, and was dismissed. He secured another place in Bristol, and within a few months was arrested for theft, convicted, and sent to prison. Mr. Budgett read him as he would have read a book.

At first the business was carried on from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and sometimes until ten and eleven. It troubled Mr. Budgett that his men must be so long away from their families. He thought that they should spend their evenings at home. For a long time he pondered the subject in his own mind. Finally he called the employees together in the chapel, and told them of what he was thinking. Perhaps they could do their work in less time by putting more spirit into it. At any rate, they could assist him by giving thought to the subject. The

men were happy over the prospect, and gratified that their employer was planning for them to have more time with their families. The outcome was that the shop was closed at half-past eight at first, then at seven, and finally at six o'clock. All were glad. Mr. Budgett had reasoned, "When the bricklayer lays down his trowel, and the weaver quits his loom, when the reaper puts up his sickle, and the ploughman drives home his team, why should the shopman be obliged to continue his work by artificial light?" He worked away at this problem until he made the answer happen.

He made the employees who were especially useful in swelling the profits of the year sharers in the same, satisfying them that their more careful attention to business was favourably noticed. One of them said, "He never had a good year but I was the better for it when stock-taking came. Indeed, I may say that he was a father to me in body and soul." Another said, "At stock-taking he has sometimes given me a hundred pounds at a time." This same clerk related that at one time when Mr. Budgett called upon his family, seeing that the three children needed clothing, he said, "I will send them a present." He sent each of them a ten-pound note. His biographer says, "On a Friday evening Mr. Budgett would be found standing by the 'Gothic door' [the door opening from the shopyard into the street bore that name], sometimes holding a little basket filled with minute packages in paper, sometimes showing an uncommon bulkiness of pocket. As the men passed, a package was slipped into the hand of each, and one would find that he had a present of five shillings, another of three, another of half-a-crown, and so on—each discerning in his gift

an estimate of his diligence; and to a boy he would give sixpence. He would even give something to an incorrigible lazy workman, but would get rid of him as soon as possible."

The following incident is but a sample of his generosity to his men. For some days he noticed that one of his most competent clerks appeared very sad and in great trouble. He called him to his office, and asked him frankly what caused him so much trouble. He drew from him that the sickness of his wife and children had burdened him with quite a debt, and he could see no way of paying it; and it worried him so that he could neither eat nor sleep. After satisfying himself that the man was all right, he went personally to each creditor and settled every bill, to the astonishment of the disheartened workman. When the family was again independent and happy, and "the house as neat as a pin," Mr. Budgett said to his pastor, "What a luxury there is in trying to make a man happy!"

He always kept a pile of good books and tracts in his office and house for gratuitous distribution. He gave them away to his employees and their families, and also took them with him wherever he went, that he might do good as opportunity offered. On the Sabbath he was as active and tireless as on week-day. Divine worship and the Sabbath-school absorbed his time and interest. He laboured to have not only his own workmen, but the people in the vicinity, avail themselves of these Christian privileges. He taught in the Sabbath-school, and his own money supplied the necessary books and helps. Friends thought that he ought to rest on the Sabbath; but enforced rest would have made him miserable. He was born to

work. He was educated to work. He loved to work. Mr. Arthur said of him:—

"He seemed born under a decree to *do*. Doing, doing, ever doing, his nature seemed to abhor idleness more than the 'Nature' of the old philosophers abhorred a vacuum. An idle moment was an irksome moment; an idle hour would have been a sort of purgatory. No sooner was one engagement out of hand than his instinct within him seemed to cry out, 'Now what is the next thing?' Even in taking a ride he must be learning or teaching something. In his letters he sometimes bitterly complains that he had not sufficiently improved his time; and among such of his memoranda as escaped destruction at his own hand, one note tells of a joyless and uncomfortable Sabbath,—'and no wonder, for I did not rise till half-past five o'clock.'"

But the most remarkable provision for the moral welfare of the men he employed remains to be told. From the beginning of his partnership with his brother the employees were summoned to prayers in a room set apart for the purpose. Then the business was limited and the number of employees small, so that it was quite like a family gathering for daily prayers. When the business became extensive, and several hundred men were employed, then a large room of the establishment was set apart as a "chapel," where the members of the firm and their men met to implore the Divine blessing upon their business, their families, and themselves. Mr. Budgett conducted the service usually, reading from "Fletcher's Family Devotion" the passage of Scripture with comments assigned to that day. Then a hymn from Wesley's selections was sung, and prayer by the leader followed. Some-

times Mr. Budgett called upon one of his men to pray, perhaps more than one. Generally he made some appropriate remarks before concluding the service. From this impressive and touching service the men withdrew to attend to their respective duties in the establishment. Mr. Budgett never doubted the excellent influence of this service upon the hearts of the participators, nor were any of the latter ever disposed to sneer at the arrangement. Such an extensive warehouse in the land was never known in which so much order and harmony reigned, and where the business was constantly prosperous. A clerk who was thirty or more years in the employment of the firm said, "Religion did it." That he was correct no one can doubt. Religion displaces both strife and strikes.

Kingswood was a tough place when Mr. Budgett first took up his residence there. Vice and crime were rampant. There was no Sabbath and no church. Within twenty years, however, the place was entirely changed. Mr. Budgett erected a chapel, built a schoolhouse, established a Sabbath-school, and inaugurated a remarkable reformation. The town changed from one of the most notorious resorts for the vicious and criminal classes in that region to one of the best localities. One man, with the blessing of God, wrought this moral revolution — an illustration of the power of personal character.

We omitted one incident that is so characteristic that we insert it here. It occurred in the early part of his business career. He learned that the pepper which they sold was mixed with some article that was no kin to pepper, and he was conscientiously opposed to adulterations of all sorts. Yet this adulterated pepper was sold generally by the trade, no

one seeming to regard it as dishonest. But it troubled Mr. Budgett. For a long time he reflected upon it, and finally concluded that it was decidedly wrong to sell the stuff, and he looked for a way out of the difficulty. At last he concluded to rid himself of all responsibility in the matter; he would not keep the article on sale. It was night when he settled the matter in this way, and he was in bed, unable to sleep because the bogus pepper made his conscience smart. Several casks of the spurious article were in his shop, and he resolved that they should be destroyed. He arose and dressed himself, went out of the house without awaking one of the family, and proceeded to the shop. The hypocritical casks were labelled P.D., and he rolled them out of the back door to the quarry near by, knocked in the heads, and scattered the spurious condiment among the stones. He never could endure hypocrites in the church or out, and these casks were hypocrites; they should be excommunicated, and no longer suffered to disgrace his premises. When the deed was done he went back to bed, and was soon lost in sound sleep.

His partnership with his brother terminated at the close of the twentieth year, his brother's health being somewhat impaired, and his wealth being sufficient to satisfy his utmost desire. Samuel continued the business alone. Not long after this change, however, his warehouse was burned to the ground one night, with all its contents. The next morning he rode to Bristol and rented a large warehouse adjoining his Bristol shop, and issued a printed circular announcing that all orders would be filled on the following day. The whole business was transferred to Bristol, though Mr. Budgett continued to live at Kingswood, in his

fine mansion built on the spot where the P.D. perished.

We spoke on a former page of his desire to be a missionary, and under what circumstances he abandoned the idea. We omitted to say what we will add here—that, in the early part of his business life, he was licensed as a local preacher, and often rode into destitute neighbourhoods to preach the gospel. He also performed other labours belonging to a local preacher, and enjoyed them much more than he did the perplexities of trade. But he never lost sight of the great missionary enterprise. He became one of the largest contributors to its support. At one time he supported several missionaries in the foreign field, enjoying it beyond measure, because he reasoned that if he had gone out himself as a missionary he would have been only one, whereas his great wealth enabled him to keep several in the field. He never doubted the correctness of his decision in youth after he was able to send substitutes, one after another, to heathen lands.

At the same time, the chief reason for his early decision—that he ought to take care of his parents who were poor, and as they advanced in age would be poorer—was made to appear sound and righteous. With the tenderness and affection of a true son, he supplied their wants, and ministered to their comfort in every way possible. His father died many years before his mother, leaving a good name and record behind. His mother passed away in 1831, and the son thus spoke of her last days in a letter to his sister:—

"I am just returned from beholding one of the most interesting sights the earth affords—I mean the

happy, truly happy, sick and dying bed of a saint ripe for glory. Such is our dear mother. You have seen her; she is not now less happy, only less sensible of her pain than when you left......'Mark the perfect man,' etc.; how is that passage illustrated in her experience!"

In November 1850, Mr. Budgett was walking up a hill when a difficulty in breathing arrested his steps, and he was conveyed to his home as soon as possible. A physician was called, and, after a thorough examination, he pronounced it a serious trouble of the heart. "Incurable?" inquired the patient. "I fear so," the doctor answered honestly. "God's will be done," was the hearty response from the patient, of whom Mr. Arthur said: "Now he and death stand openly face to face. It is hope and fear no longer; the hour has struck, his work is done, the market is closed for ever; purchase and sale, profit and loss, are things of the past. He is facing a world where there are no money, no bargains, no warehouse and stock of earthly goods. There he lies now, in that chamber, between the world of bustle and the world of retribution; while this home, these possessions, these friends which his warm heart knows how to value, are like the relations of an emigrant by the ship's side, awaiting the moment when he shall glide away to the unseen country."

He had a long, distressing illness. He lingered until the 28th day of April 1851. On that morning he sent for his daughter. As she entered the room, he said, "I am so glad to see you. *You understand me?*" In a moment more, looking up to his sister, he spoke, as if he had wellnigh forgotten it, "O sister Elizabeth, I want you to give five sovereigns for me between four persons!" And he named three

of them, but was unable to name the fourth. His last thought and act was to aid the poor. He did not speak again. A short, feeble struggle, and all was over. The great and good merchant of the realm was dead.

His funeral was attended by a great number of people, all sincere mourners. Such a throng had never come to the home of an English merchant before to pay their tributes of respect to his memory. Old men who had grown grey in his service wept over his coffin, and their families joined with them in the honest lamentation. From far and near friends came —ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers, labourers, high and low, rich and poor—to look once more upon the marble face of one they loved and honoured. One who was present said:—

"Just as the coffin was lowered into the vault, a woman standing behind me in the crowd said, 'Ah, poor man! hope he's gone happy!'

"'Gone happy!' replied a neighbour, 'if *he* isn't gone happy, what must *us* do?'

"Turning away with the slowly-retiring crowd, I said to a woman, 'Have you often such funerals as this in Kingswood?'

"She looked at me in a style not at all complimentary to my intelligence, as if to say, 'Where can *you* have spent your days to ask a question like that?' Then, exclaiming with special emphasis, 'Niver!' she left me to better my information.

"Joining a poor but thoughtful-looking man, I said, 'This is a remarkable funeral.'

"'Yes, sir; such a one as we never had in Kingswood before.' Then pausing, he added sadly, 'The best man in Kingswood gone to-day!'

"A few days afterwards, meeting with an elderly man, whom I had seen as one of the retinue of mourners, I asked him if he had not been in the employment of the deceased merchant.

"'Yes, sir, for seventeen years.' Then his countenance flushed, and he added, 'Ah, sir; a great man fallen!'

"I coolly observed that I supposed he had been an important man in the neighbourhood.

"'In the neighbourhood!' he exclaimed. 'There wasn't his equal in all England. No tongue can ever tell all that man did.'

"This man was about sixty years of age. His hair was grey; and as he thus spoke of his late master the tears fell fast."

The secret of Mr. Budgett's success is not a secret. The way of his success is as "plain as the way to mill." The qualities by which he conquered have appeared all along in this narrative. We need not enumerate them. Some people called him a "lucky man;" but there was no luck about it. Luck does not increase the first penny for a horse-shoe into thousands of pounds. Luck never makes a human life honest and pure. It is fully as likely to make one's life the opposite. Luck does not lead to honour and heaven; it is quite as likely to lead to shame and perdition. He won by work, work, work. There is no doubt that his great labours shortened his life. He ought to have lived beyond the threescore years and ten. He accomplished as much in fifty-six as God expects one to do in seventy years. So his life-work was done before he reached life's limit. He went when his mission was accomplished; and there was no reason why he should stay longer.

What a sharp rebuke is such a life to the opinion so often heard, " A man cannot be successful and be strictly honest ;" " Religion has no place in the marts of trade." Such sentiments belittle human nature and insult God. The life of Samuel Budgett proves them false. One of his oldest and wisest employees was asked the secret of his master's success. He answered without hesitation, " His true religion." He was right. Make this world what God would have it, and the people in it what they ought to be, and to win would be the rule. Success like Budgett's would not be the exception, as it is in our day ; it would be the general order.

John Charles Fremont.

EXPLORER.

NEAR the close of the eighteenth century political disturbances broke up the homes of many citizens in France. Some fled to other countries of Europe, and others to foreign lands. They were chiefly the more intelligent, wealthy, and influential class, who had become involved in political affairs, and were forced to flee or be subjected to the guillotine. Many sacrificed their fortunes and lived abroad in want and woe. Many died of terror and grief.

Among the number was a young unmarried man, the son of rich and educated parents in Lyons, his birthplace. He was an aspiring young man, talented and finely educated, of whom doting parents expected great things in the future. Yet he was forced to emigrate, and started for St. Domingo, where one of his relatives lived, but was taken captive by an English cruiser, and, together with all the crew, was imprisoned on one of the British isles. It is not known exactly how long he was confined in prison, but several years at least. He managed to escape in some way, and designed to return to his native land, as the political difficulties that drove him thence were settled. He reached Norfolk, Virginia, in the United States, in safety—a homeless, penniless, almost heart-

broken man. Having no money, he was under the necessity of earning some to defray his expenses to his destination. His thorough education fitted him to teach the higher branches of knowledge, and he found no trouble in gathering pupils.

While engaged in this occupation he met with a young lady of refinement and culture, belonging to one of the first families in Virginia, with whom he fell in love at first sight. His love was reciprocated, and, in the joy and exultation of the hour, he forgot his native land, and married the talented and accomplished girl. Her parents were opposed to her marrying a foreigner at first, especially after so brief an acquaintance; but his fine qualities and education won them over, and they consented to the nuptials. For some reason the devoted couple decided to travel, and they journeyed through the newer portions of the south and west of the United States. After a year they found themselves in Savannah, Georgia, where their first child was born, January 21, 1813; and he was named after his father—John Charles Fremont.

Mr. Fremont continued to reside in Savannah, and several children were born to him. Mrs. Fremont and he were a very devoted couple, and lived for each other and their children. The time came, however, when he concluded to return to France with his family, a decision in which Mrs. Fremont cheerfully acquiesced. She could be happy in any part of the world with her husband. But, a few weeks before the time of their departure arrived, Mr. Fremont suddenly died, plunging the family into the deepest grief. The widow was inconsolable for a time, but her native talents and force of character soon rallied,

and she cast about to learn how she could support her family, as she was left with little property.

A brother of her husband lived in Savannah, and he was about to return to France; and he invited the widow with her children to accompany him, promising assistance. But France without her husband would be more desolate than her native land. Now she could not think of emigrating to a foreign country, and preferred to take her chances at home. After seeking counsel of friends, and giving much thought to the subject, she concluded to gather up the small property she had and remove to Charleston, South Carolina, where she could educate her children. Charleston became her permanent home, and she consecrated her very being to the training of her children. Her strong resolution, amounting to heroic endeavour, and her stronger affection for her children, qualified her to undertake almost anything for them.

John Charles was as talented as his parents, and was very fond of study. The death of his father was a great loss to him, but he depended all the more upon his mother, and she was everything to him. Obedient, loving, studious, and very winning in personal appearance, he was a marked boy. Every one who knew him was a friend. Teachers esteemed him, and prophesied that he would distinguish himself in whatever pursuit he might choose. His mother was proud of him, and his scholarly and exemplary life was a great comfort to her. He was always in advance of his years in intelligence, judgment, and thought, so that friends had reason to entertain high hopes of him. He continued at school several years, outstripping other boys in intellectual progress, and even in manly qualities. He was inclined to the study of law, and

his mother favoured his choice. The subject was thoroughly canvassed between them from time to time. John would have liked a college education, but that was out of the question—his mother could not meet the expense. If he studied law, he must enter upon the preparation by the time he was fourteen years of age without thinking of a university course.

Accordingly, at fourteen, he entered the law office of John W. Mitchell, a distinguished lawyer of Charleston, who was particularly drawn to the brilliant youth by his ability and gentlemanly bearing. It was a coveted opportunity for John Charles, and he commenced the study of law with the ardour of an enthusiast. He was always industrious, ready to take hold of any necessary work, and do it with all his might. His application was intense. His will appeared to command his mental faculties with ease, and he could concentrate them upon the work in hand with Napoleonic skill. Obstacles dwindled away before his onward step. He was born to conquer, and this spirit was manifest in his daily efforts. The result was decided advancement in mastering law, just what Mr. Mitchell anticipated. His intellectual strength developed rapidly.

After a little, Mr. Mitchell thought that a course of classical studies, along with his law studies, would be of great service to him in the practice of law. And the plan was feasible, because an educated Scotsman, by the name of Robertson, was teaching classes in the ancient languages in the city. Mr. Mitchell offered to pay for a course of instruction under Mr. Robertson, for his protégé. Here, too, John excelled, appearing to master Latin and Greek as easily as he did other

studies. This course added much to his labours, but his industry and ambition were equal to the occasion. Nothing seemed too great for them. His teacher declared that he mastered the rudiments of the Latin language in three weeks. He was soon placed in the highest class, which had taken up the Commentaries of Cæsar, and within a few weeks he stood at the head of it. He was equally successful in mastering the Greek language. During the year he studied under Mr. Robertson he read quite a number of classical authors, surprising his teacher by his penetration and mental capacity. Although so young, he appeared to be perfectly competent to point out the excellences of the great writers with whom he became familiar. His introduction to classic authors, however, awakened his interest in warlike achievements. He began to admire heroes such as figured in those ancient times. Military prowess captivated his heart. He honoured men who would risk their lives for their country. The appeal was to his patriotism, and his soul responded without the least reserve. His mother looked on with much anxiety. A boy of his natural bravery, high ambition, and great courage might be led into a military career; and she would deprecate that. Still, she allowed him to press forward, hoping for the best. At the end of a year, Mr. Robertson said that he was well prepared to enter Charleston College, and the generosity of Mr. Mitchell made a college course possible.

The following fact shows much of the boy, and so is worthy of a place here. In 1850, Mr. Robertson published his translation of Xenophon's "Anabasis," and in the preface expressed his esteem and affection for his old pupil, John Charles, thus:—

"In a letter I received from him very lately, he expresses his gratitude to me in the following words: 'I am very far from either forgetting you or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent; and of anything I may have learned, I remember nothing so well and so distinctly as what I acquired with you.' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality, they would never have sprung up to a hundredfold in the full ear."

This is a noble tribute to the fidelity, earnestness of purpose, and true, manly living of a boy of fourteen years. His gratitude, also, for help received is conspicuous; and this is always a conservative and uplifting quality.

He entered college when he was fifteen. Some time in the first year he became a Christian, and united with the Episcopal Church. Then his mother desired that he should enter the ministry, and began to plan with reference to that event. But John thought he was not adapted to the clerical profession; that his impassioned nature would feel cramped and miserable by so quiet and secluded a life. Still he was not strenuous in his objections. There was time enough to reflect, weigh, and arrive at a deliberate conclusion. He was doing finely at college. He ranked with the best students in mental and moral qualities and acquisitions. He enjoyed his literary work more than ever, and pursued it with all his heart until the following incident occurred:—

When he was about half through his college course, he became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, a native of the West Indies, and her attractions proved a match for those of the college. He fell in love with her, very much as his father had done with his mother twenty years before, and he could scarcely endure being out of her sight. He loved with desperation, so that he lost interest in books and preparation for ripe manhood, the girl of his choice absorbing his whole being. The consequence was that he neglected his studies, and lowered his scholarship. The Faculty interposed and warned him, but to no purpose. "Love is blind," it is said, and it certainly blinded John Charles to his own interests, and caused him to act without discretion, reason, or good sense. He persisted in having his own way, and would absent himself a whole day, and even longer, to enjoy the society of his girl. At length the Faculty became indignant over his reckless disregard of their requirements, and they expelled him. Perhaps the punishment was unexpected to him; but he had presumed too much upon the patience and forbearance of his teachers.

His expulsion was followed by the sudden death of a younger brother and a sister, to whom he was most ardently attached. It was a stunning blow to him, and it proved a fortunate one too. For the expulsion and the sorrow together brought him to his senses, and he began to reflect, and ask himself some plain questions. He was soon lifted out of the slough into which he had fallen, and, taking in the situation, he resolved to amend his ways and be a man. That decision meant much to him at this juncture. It saved him, no doubt, from going to the bad. He

resolved to return to his studies, not at the college but to a course of private studies that would fit him for teaching or for political life. He put his resolution into practice at once, giving special attention to mathematics, in which he ultimately became one of the ripest scholars in the land. This proficiency gained for him an excellent position as teacher of mathematics on board the sloop-of-war *Natchez*. Jackson was then President of the United States, and he determined to conquer the "nullifiers" of South Carolina, for which purpose the *Natchez* was commissioned, and set sail. Over two years young Fremont remained on board, and proved himself remarkably efficient as a teacher. He was but twenty years of age when he began his work on the *Natchez*, but he took speedy and high rank for reliability and true manhood. He was loved and respected by all. At the close of the voyage he returned to Charleston to see his mother. In the meantime, the Faculty of the college had heard of his success and noble character, and they bestowed upon him the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and, after a few years, Master of Arts.

Here the reader should tarry for a moment to judge of the prospects of this young man. An affectionate and obedient son in boyhood and youth, having a purpose to acquire as much education as his poverty would allow, and possessing great energy and independence of character, the highest expectations of his friends were awakened. A love affair, however, turned him aside for a little, but Providence restored him to his former noble purpose; so that, at twenty, his *alma mater* bestowed its honours upon him. Such qualities will cast up a highway to renown in almost any pursuit. The great world will yet hear

from John Charles, and his achievements will be publicly recognized. The reader should keep this thought in view.

When the subject of our sketch left the *Natchez*, the United States government had decided to establish several professorships of mathematics in the navy, and he applied for one of them. The examination for the position proved to be very critical, and less than half of the applicants endured the test. But John Charles stood foremost, and received an appointment—as marked an honour as he could have received from the government. He accepted the appointment gladly, and was assigned to the frigate *Independence*, to sail within a few weeks.

In the interim, however, interested friends called his attention to another field of labour. The public demanded a railway between Charleston and Savannah, and certain men, who were specially interested in our hero's future success, advised his appointment as civil engineer to survey the route. He accepted the position, and so thoroughly and promptly did his work as to merit the highest commendation of his employers; and, in consequence, he was introduced to a still better position—that of "assistant-engineer in a corps organized under the direction of Captain G. W. Williams of the United States Topographical Engineers, which was commissioned to make a survey of the route of a proposed railway between Charleston and Cincinnatti."

Here young Fremont began the life of an explorer, for which his industry and daring nature well qualified him. The mountainous region between South Carolina and Tennessee was little known, and Fremont was offered an opportunity, by his position,

of becoming more familiar with it. Being disposed to seize opportunities, he embraced this, and distinguished himself by exploring various mountain passes on the route of the proposed railway. Although so young, he proved himself to be a man of genuine sagacity and pluck, having a patriotic pride in the development of his country. From this time he seemed bent upon discovering mountain passes in the most remote and perilous parts of the land. His ability as an explorer developed rapidly. The amount of information he added to what was known of South Carolina and Tennessee was so great that he began to be famous for elements of character that made him a candidate for President of the United States twenty years after.

Immediately after his work between Charleston and Cincinnatti, we find him "employed in two separate explorations (in 1838 and 1839) of that vast region which lies between the Missouri and the upper rivers, and north to the British line." Very little was known of this part of the country at that time. The hardships and dangers attending these exploring expeditions only served to strengthen the courage and determination of Fremont. He was now "principal assistant to M. Nicollet, a French savant of distinction, whom the illustrious Alexander von Humboldt characterized as one of the brightest ornaments of science." Fremont felt highly honoured and privileged to enjoy the society of so distinguished a scholar, and it proved an exceedingly profitable school for him. For, after completing the expeditions in which he was engaged, he was occupied a whole year with M. Nicollet in arranging their material for government use, preparing maps and other scientific

illustrations. The benefit of this kind of mental labour to a young man like Fremont was beyond computation, and he always so regarded it.

It was while he was arranging for publication the material gathered in the two aforesaid expeditions, at Washington, that he met with the young lady who became his wife, Miss Jessie Benton, daughter of the celebrated Senator Benton of Missouri. She was a highly educated and accomplished girl for one of her age (only fifteen or sixteen), and as beautiful as she was accomplished. Mutual attachment sprang up between them that resulted in their marriage, October 19, 1841. Before their marriage, however, the government sent him to make an "examination of the river Des Moines, in Iowa, upon the distant banks of which the Lac and Fox Indians still retained their insecure homes." Some of his friends thought that Senator Benton caused this order of the government to be issued, sending Fremont away into what was a vast wilderness then, that his daughter might grow older, because he was decidedly opposed to her marrying so young. He had no objection to the handsome, manly, gifted, young government officer, but he felt that one or two years, at least, should be added to her age before entering into matrimony. They were married after his return from the expedition to Iowa.

Just then an event transpired that wonderfully enlarged the views of our young explorer. Marcus Whitman, a missionary to the Indians of the great North-Western Territory, out of which several states have been carved since, fearing that the United States government would relinquish its claim upon that vast empire to Great Britain, made a journey on

horseback to Washington, more than two thousand miles, in the winter season, at the peril of his life. To his surprise he found that the government was about to relinquish its claim to that rich domain "in exchange for certain concessions in cod fisheries." He flung all his knowledge and resolution into the discussion against such a bargain. Even such men as Webster said, "that wilderness will never be of the least value to the United States if we keep it." But the young missionary piled up the facts before them until he satisfied them in part that the great North-West would yet become fairer, richer, and thriftier than New England itself. To remove their false opinion that emigration to that distant country was impossible, he promised that if Congress would delay action until its next session, he would take a thousand emigrants, with horses, carts, cattle, farming tools, and other necessary articles of a complete outfit, into that region during the summer and autumn. Congress delayed, and the heroic Christian missionary redeemed his pledge, and planted a colony there which saved that grand domain to the United States.

Fremont saw this expedition of Whitman's start, and expected just what resulted—triumph. It turned his thoughts to scaling the Rocky Mountains, or finding a pass for emigrants to the Pacific Slope. Senator Benton, his father-in-law, introduced a Bill into Congress, under which Fremont organized and led his first exploring party into that unknown country. It was on this expedition that he raised the American flag upon what was then supposed to be the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and which he named Snow Peak, because its summit bore a burden of snow under a bright, August sun.

Fremont described this flag-raising in the Rockies as follows:—

"Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travellers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down as soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about one thousand eight hundred feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. ......Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the rocks, I succeeded in getting over, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snowfield five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice, and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a ridge about three feet in width. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where flag never waved before.......According to the barometer the little crest of the wall on which we stood was *three thousand five hundred and seventy feet* above our camp, and *two thousand seven hundred and*

eighty above the little lakes at the bottom immediately at our feet.......Having now made what observation our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below; and standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers."

This expedition was eminently successful, and, in consequence, Fremont's fame spread over the land. The London *Athenæum* said: "The government of the United States did well when, in furtherance of a resolution to survey the road across the great western prairie and the Rocky Mountains to the Oregon Territory, it selected Lieutenant Fremont for the execution of the work. We have rarely met with a production so perfect in its kind as the unpretending pamphlet containing his report. The narrative—clear, full, and lively—occupies only seventy-six pages, to which are appended one hundred and thirty pages filled with the results of botanical, astronomical, and meteorological observations."

But Fremont desired to complete his survey across the continent, and explore that vast unknown region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and he asked the government for orders to undertake the expedition. In May 1843, when he was thirty years of age, he started with twenty-five men under his command. He had been on the way but a short time when an order came from James M. Porter, the fussy Secretary of War, countermanding the expedition. His devoted and noble wife read the

order with surprise. She might have sent it forward and intercepted and turned back her husband. But taking a much more statesmanlike view of the matter than Secretary Porter did, she laid the order on the shelf and allowed her husband to continue his journey, for which act the people of the United States have ever been under obligations to her. Fremont proceeded to the tide-water region of the Columbia River, thence proposing to travel from the Lower Columbia to the Upper Colorado, on the Gulf of California. This line of march would take him through an unknown part of the country, inhabited only by savage tribes and wild beasts, every step of the way beset by dangers to life and limb. From deep valleys he looked up to lofty peaks, and from snow-capped peaks he looked down into green valleys. One day a mule, packed with a valuable burden of botanical collections, slid off from the verge of a cliff half a mile in height, and was dashed to pieces below. Fremont ascended heights and traversed localities where no Indians could be hired to go. His men suffered from hunger and thirst, cold and fatigue, until worn out and emaciated, they reached Sutter's Settlement in the valley of the Sacramento. Here they rested until well restored to physical vigour, when they moved forward to explore the valley of San Joaquin, and the great basin beyond the mountains; thence along the western slope of the continent, including the Sierra Nevada range and the Salt Lake region. For eleven months of their journey they were not once out of sight of ice and snow. Fremont's biographer says:—

"At length, having accomplished all that he desired, Fremont returned to his home after an absence of a year, bearing the rich fruits of his toils, dangers, and

heroism in an enlarged and satisfactory acquaintance with the resources of those vast and unappropriated realms, and contributions in botany, mineralogy, geology, together with valuable investigations in meteorology, geography, climatology, and other departments of science."

By this time the United States government had gained so great treasures of knowledge from Fremont's daring exploits that it wanted more. In May 1845, with sixty men and two hundred horses, he led another expedition that involved much more of sacrifice and suffering than those that preceded it. He was to pass through a province of the Mexican Republic, and soon after his expedition was fairly under way the war between the United States and Mexico broke out, though he was not aware of the fact until Mexican opposition forced him to change his course, and march for Oregon. He had reached a part of the country that was infested by hostile Indians, when he was suddenly startled by the appearance of two horsemen, who proved to be part of a guard of six soldiers sent out by the United States government to conduct a messenger with dispatches from Washington to the American consul at Monterey, and also some papers and introduction for Fremont to the same official. The two men said that their party was imperilled by Indians on the warpath behind in the mountains, and they were sent forward for assistance. "No time to be lost," exclaimed Fremont, and hastily summoning ten picked soldiers to his side, four of whom were Delaware Indians, he galloped away in expectation of battle. When night closed in upon them they had travelled sixty miles without stopping for a moment, and, strange to say, they found there the object of their search in a moun-

tain defile. Happier adventurers never met, and Fremont was especially happy, because the messenger from Washington brought letters from his devoted wife and family, which he read with indescribable sensations; also an order from the United States authorities directing him to proceed at once to California, to thwart an attempt that was being made to attach California to the British empire.

On that night, in that mountain defile, Fremont's camp was attacked by Indians, and a hotly-contested battle followed, in which three of his men were killed, two of them Indians, and two or three others wounded. Fremont's escape was almost miraculous. He fought with desperation, and the savages were driven off, leaving several of their number dead on the field. In the morning Fremont returned to the rest of his command, carrying his wounded men with him. He had proved himself a hero in war, as he wished he could when studying Homer's "Iliad" in Charleston College. The coveted opportunity came sooner than he expected.

He lost no time in reaching California. On coming into the Sacramento Valley he found the American population under great excitement because of their perils. Here, for the first time, Fremont learned of the war between Mexico and the United States, and that a division of the Mexican army was rapidly advancing against California, and that the Mexicans had aroused the Indians also to fight the Americans. The attempt to bring California into subjection to Great Britain promised to be successful, too; so that the Americans were really in a forlorn condition. Fremont was exhorted by them to come to their rescue at once, and he did. He called for volunteers, and they flocked to his standard with horses, pro-

visions, arms, and ammunition. A more resolute, fearless, and patriotic army never marched to battle. Fremont moved with so much celerity, and used his command with so much tact, that in sixty days the enemy was driven out of the country.

As a specimen of his exploits in this campaign we cite the following facts. On the 11th of June he captured a convoy of two hundred horses on the way to the Mexican general's camp, with the officer in command and his fourteen men. This was accomplished by twelve soldiers. On the 15th of the same month the Mexican post at Sonoma was surprised, and Fremont's command captured nine brass cannon, two hundred and fifty stand of arms, several officers, from fifteen to twenty soldiers, and a quantity of ammunition. On the 23rd of June, just as he reached Sacramento on his return, he received word that the Mexican General Castro was marching on Sonoma with a large force. So he returned to Sonoma with ninety mounted riflemen, arriving there at two o'clock on the morning of the 25th, after a rapid march of eighty miles without any rest whatever, and at once sent out a scouting party of twenty men to meet General Castro's advance. They soon met seventy of his dragoons, attacked and defeated them, captured nine pieces of artillery, all the transport boats of the party, and would have captured the commanding officer and all his men but for their precipitate retreat.

After this brilliant victory Fremont called together the settlers of Sonoma and explained to them the state of affairs, and advised them to declare themselves independent of Mexican rule, and establish a free government of their own. The people acted upon his suggestion enthusiastically and promptly,

and chose Fremont for their governor. Thus he prepared the way for the annexation of that country to the United States.

The foregoing work was but just consummated when Fremont received word that General Castro had assembled a force of four hundred picked men, with two pieces of field artillery, on the south side of the Bay of San Francisco. Without the loss of one minute he started, with one hundred and sixty mounted riflemen, for the seat of war—one hundred miles distant. In three days he was there, and found that General Castro had abandoned his fortified position, and was retreating to Los Angelos, four hundred miles away. Fremont scarcely stopped for lunch, but started in hot pursuit after him, nor stayed his course until he entered Los Angelos, the capital of the Californias, from which the Governor, all the State officials, with General Castro and his army, had fled in dismay. For some reason the enemy seemed to dread the approach of this young American officer with his gallant men, and sought safety in retreat. Commodore Stockton, with a detachment of marines, acting under orders from the Secretary of War, co-operated with Colonel Fremont in this last achievement, and took possession of the whole country of California as a conquest of the United States, and unfurled there the stars and stripes. Agreeably to the law of nations, Commodore Stockton appointed Colonel Fremont governor of the territory. So complete was this conquest "that even the official organ of the Mexican government on the 16th of October announced the fact that the American troops, under Colonel Fremont and Commodore Stockton, had been successful at every point; that their triumph was complete,

and the entire loss of California to the Mexican Republic had, through these means, been finally consummated."

To John C. Fremont belongs the credit of wresting California from Mexican misrule, and preventing its annexation to the British empire. No wonder that the American nation almost idolized the young hero. Nor is it wholly strange, when we consider what human nature is, that graduates of West Point became jealous of a man who was a self-made military commander. But such was the fact, causing Fremont much trouble and expense, out of which he came with flying colours. The commander, who never saw a military school, by reason of his thorough drill in studies as a preparation for good citizenship, as well as by his native endowments, surpassed the trained generals of the army in successful warfare!

Fremont was prepared for still another expedition, and it proved to be the most perilous of all. He and his father-in-law, Senator Benton, had discussed the practicability of a railway over the Rocky Mountains to California. Both of them believed that such an enterprise was possible, and that at no distant day a railway would thus connect the East with the far West. His fourth expedition was to determine whether the ingenuity, courage, and perseverance of American benefactors could ever accomplish such a stupendous work, if they should try.

In November 1848, "Colonel Fremont, with his company, arrived at the Pueblos on the Upper Arkansas, at the foot of the Sierra which lay in his route." Thence they travelled on foot through snow that was four feet deep, into the San Louis Valley. Here his guide made a mistake as to the best route, assuring

him that the pass was where the telescope revealed a marked depression in the mountains. Colonel Fremont disputed the opinion of the guide, and gave his reasons. His natural sagacity, as well as his experience as a successful explorer, led him to question the correctness of his guide; and the result proved that he was right.

But he finally yielded to his guide, and moved on to cross the most dangerous portion of the frowning Sierras. One day's advance brought them into straits that proved the guide had missed the pass. They had reached the height of the mountain by herculean exertions, beating down the snow with mauls so that their train of supplies could advance. The summit was destitute of vegetation, and the cold was far more intense than they had hitherto experienced, and such a scene of desolation as opened to their view baffled description. While viewing the appalling scene, and Fremont was considering what to do, a terrific snow-storm commenced, and beat upon them with relentless fury. The one hundred and twenty mules were huddled together to keep them warm, but the wintry blast swept over them with deadly effect, and many of them froze in their tracks, and fell over dead in the snow. To advance farther was impossible. To retreat was their only alternative, and that, too, without their baggage. A few hours of desperate struggle against the storm brought them, on their return, to the shelter of great rocks. Here, too, they found fuel for a fire; but they were nearly destitute of food, and it was ten days' travel to the nearest Mexican settlement. Something must be done. They could not remain long where they were, except to face starvation.

Fremont decided to send his guide with three picked men to the Mexican settlement to obtain supplies if possible. They would require twenty days to go and return; could the company survive so long a time? It was the only alternative. After waiting sixteen days their sufferings were so acute, and Fremont's anxiety for his men who had gone for relief was so great, that he proposed to take three of his men and go to meet the relief party on their return. Hurrying away he came to their camp, after travelling six miles, and such a spectacle as the men presented was appalling. King, the leader, was missing, and, on inquiring for him, Fremont was pointed to his dead body a few rods distant. He had perished from exposure and suffering, and, on approaching his remains, Fremont found to his horror that his starving comrades had been feasting on them. With the three survivors he continued his journey, following the trail of hostile Indians to the Rio del Norte, that was frozen over, where he had the good fortune to find an Indian obtaining water from an air-hole in the ice. He proved to be a young chief whom the explorer had met on a former expedition, and was friendly. He became his guide, and conducted him to settlements where their wants were supplied, and horses were obtained to carry relief to his starving men in the camp.

The men whom Fremont left in his camp decided to follow him two days after he left. Part of them perished soon after leaving the camp, and the remainder met their commander on his return with relief. What next? The expedition was completely broken up. Should the leader abandon the object of his search and reach home, if possible? No! he was

made of sterner stuff. His indomitable will was not conquered. His perseverance impelled him to go forward. He repaired to Santa Fé, where he secured a new outfit of thirty men, horses, provisions, and arms, and continued his journey. The country was alive with hostile Indians, and one day the sharp report of a rifle reminded them that danger was imminent. They saw two Indians in the distance, and knew that a large force of dusky warriors must be near. To fight them was out of the question. To conciliate them might be possible. Fremont's long experience with these children of the forest made him acquainted with their characteristics; and in a moment he resolved what to do. Taking with him his interpreter, he went boldly forward to meet the Indians. He entered into conversation with them, and soon won their confidence. His wonderful self-possession carried him through the terrible ordeal, and the result was that Fremont and his party went on their way unmolested. "He found a secure and practicable route, after great researches and unwearied diligence which very few men would have exhibited, which eventually conducted him to Sacramento. He may thus be said to have thrown open, with his own hands, the golden gates to the new Eldorado, which have glittered from afar upon the vision of so many adventurers."

But Colonel Fremont was not altogether satisfied with the results of his fourth expedition. A fifth was necessary in order to determine, beyond dispute, whether it was practicable to build a railway over the Rockies, and where lay the most feasible route. So his fifth expedition was undertaken with as much enthusiasm as he had put into any one of the four preceding it. It was attended with great success,

without any extraordinary trials and hardships, and the object of Fremont's highest ambition was triumphantly accomplished. His fame had now reached all civilized countries.

Fremont now settled in California, and became a leader in organizing the State. He was prominent in the preparation of its constitution, into which he was instrumental in introducing a clause to exclude slavery for ever from its domain. Although born in a slave State, with friends and relatives involved in the business, he was opposed to the system as wrong and cruel. He would have his adopted State for ever free from its blighting curse; hence the provision to exclude it in the constitution.

He was the first United States senator whom California sent to Washington, and that was for the short term of two years. He was now thirty-seven years of age—a man the mention of whose name in almost any public assembly would elicit the most enthusiastic applause. He was known the world over as "The Great Pathfinder." This was when the whole nation was agitated upon the subject of slavery. The feeling against it in the North had culminated in the organization of the Republican party, pledged against the extension of slavery, and Fremont was one of its leaders. In Congress and out, he held that not another inch of freedom's soil should be yielded to slavery. In these circumstances it was not strange that the new Republican party should turn to him for a standard-bearer. There was no other name that was spoken with so much respect and applause by Republicans; and so he was nominated by the National Republican Convention, at Philadelphia, on the 18th of June 1856. But the friends of free-

dom were not numerous enough to elect him. The South had a multitude of sympathizers in the North, and together they elected James Buchanan, who was the slave-holders' candidate.

In 1850 Colonel Fremont received a gold medal from the King of Prussia for his discoveries; was awarded the "founder's medal" of the Royal Geographical Society of London; and was elected honorary member of the Geographical Society of Berlin.

At the outbreak of the civil war in 1861, Fremont was made major-general, with headquarters at St. Louis. He entered upon his military career like a veteran, as he was. Bold, enthusiastic, patriotic, willing to die for his country, he made his mark at the start. He fortified St. Louis, secured Cairo by a happy and successful venture, proclaimed martial law, suspended the issue of disloyal newspapers, and issued a proclamation assuming the government of the State (Missouri), and announcing that he would emancipate the slaves of every man in arms against his country. Herein his wisdom and sagacity appeared; for he saw what President Lincoln failed to see at that time—that emancipation was a military necessity. Mr. Lincoln wrote to him approving all of his proclamation except the emancipation clause; and he asked Fremont to withdraw that, but he refused. Then the President himself annulled it in a public order. Subsequently Fremont was placed in command of the "mountain district" of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, where his most effective fighting was done. In June 1862 he asked to be relieved, and returned to New York where his family had lived since 1856. In 1864 a convention of Republicans, who were opposed to Mr. Lincoln for a

second term, nominated Fremont for President, and he accepted the nomination. But a subsequent conference with Republicans in favour of Mr. Lincoln's reelection, and the growing conviction that the success of the Union cause depended upon continuing President Lincoln in office, led him to withdraw.

After the close of the civil war, General Fremont was conspicuous in the building of railways, particularly in the west and south. From 1878 to 1881 he was Governor of Arizona, where his counsels and labours were invaluable in developing its resources. He died in California in 1889; and a grateful nation paid a noble tribute to his memory.

Few men ever brought more to pass than did the subject of this sketch. All that he achieved cannot be ascribed to his industry and perseverance; something must be credited to his natural abilities. He was born with a high order of talents; but these would not have brought him victories and honours without hard work and firm adherence to a well-formed purpose. Beginning his public life as a young and daring pioneer, he opened the untrod wilderness to the progress of civilization, climbing where human foot had never trod; traced the courses of the grandest rivers in the land; marked out the plainest and easiest way for the emigrant to the Pacific coast; then laid his invaluable contribution of knowledge, acquired at the risk of life, upon the altar of science and learning; and left behind when he died, for posterity to study and admire, the brilliant record of a discoverer, soldier, scholar, ruler, legislator, and public benefactor.

THE END.

Collective Bio

Ed 1908